ECCENTRICITIES OF GENIUS

MAJOR POND

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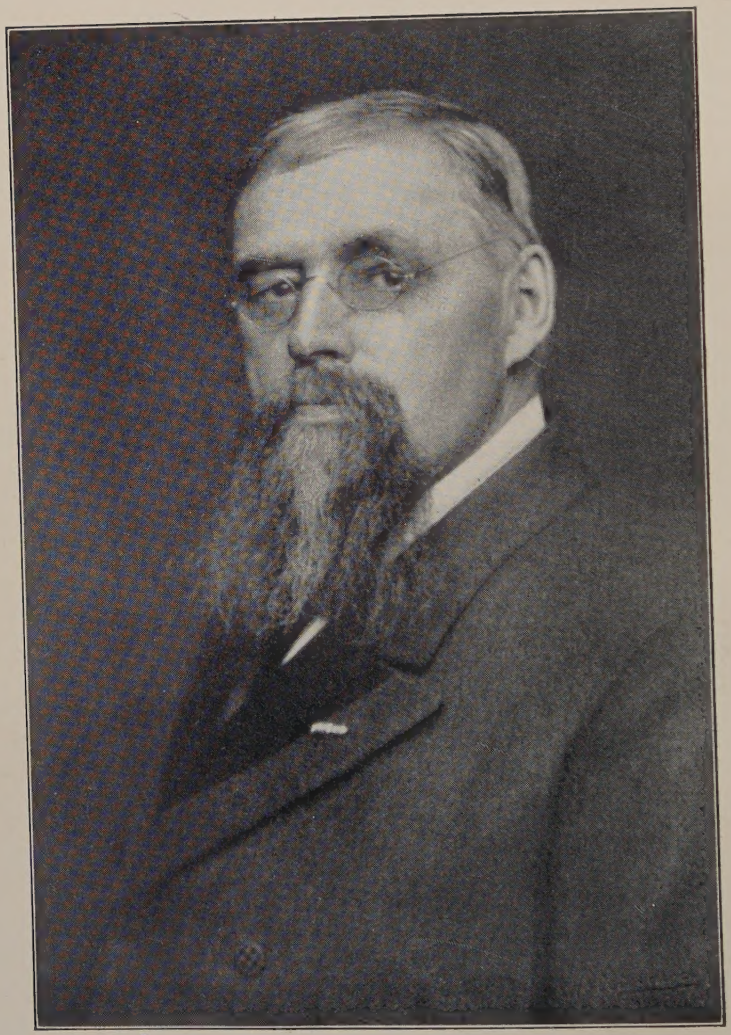

Faithfully Yours

J. B. Pond

ECCENTRICITIES OF GENIUS

BY
MAJOR J. B. POND

WITH 91 PORTRAITS

LONDON
CHATTO & WINDUS
1901

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LIBRARY
COLLEGE OF PUGET SOUND

To

GEORGE R. PECK.

A TRUE FRIEND,
A TRUE GENTLEMAN,
A GREAT LAWYER,
AND MY IDEAL ORATOR,

I Dedicate this Book.

J. B. POND.

71099

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J. B. Pond.

PREFACE

THERE are over 3,000 prefaces in my library. None of them suit me. They are all better and more appropriate than I can write, so I extract from different ones as many as I think are needed for this book of mine.

"If the perusal of these pages should cheer some fainting wanderer on the world's highway, and lead him far from the haunts of evil, by the still waters of temperance, my labor will have been well repaid."—*Autobiography and Personal Recollections of John B. Gough.*

"The author has taken the liberty to dedicate this book to certain enterprising gentlemen in London, who have displayed their devotion to a sentiment now widely prevailing in the music halls, by republishing an American book without solicitation on the author's part."—*Mr. Dooley, "In the Hearts of His Countrymen."*

"Yes, take it all around, there is quite a good deal of information in this book. Information seems to stew out of me naturally, like the precious ottar of roses out of the otter. Sometimes it seems to me that I would give worlds if I could retain my facts; but it cannot be. The more I calk up the sources, and the tighter I get, the more I leak wisdom. Therefore, I only claim indulgence at the hands of the reader, not justification."—*"Roughing It," Mark Twain.*

"A blaze of splendor is the pictorial part of this book, an art gallery on the wing. You need not visit New York, or Dresden, or Berlin, or Rome, to see the masterpieces, for the best part of them is now, my dear reader, *between your forefinger and thumb!* The publishers of this book have ran-

sacked the earth for these three hundred and thirteen gems (313)."

"*GREAT is the responsibility!* of the publishing a book, especially in *this* case where the publishers, a MONTH BEFORE THE BOOK IS PUBLISHED! HAVE SOLD! 250,000 COPIES THEREOF! An unprecedented occurrence in the history of LITERATURE!" (the capitals, italics, and astonishers are mine.—J. B. P.).—"*The Pathway of Life,*" *Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage.*

"It is not to illustrate any heroic achievements of a man, but to vindicate a just and beneficent principle, in its application to the whole human family, by letting in a light of truth upon a system esteemed by some as a blessing, and by others as a curse and a crime."—"*My Bondage and Freedom,*" *Frederick Douglass.*

"Look in the hearts of average men;
The tragedies of doom are there,
And comedies of glad delight,
And hopeless wailings of despair,
And hopes and sorrows infinite—
Shall not a poet now and then
Look in the hearts of average men?"
—"*Waifs from Wild Meadows,*" *Sam Walter Foss.*

FIRST QUESTION ANSWERED.

MY friends often ask how I got into the Lyceum business. I drifted into it, the same as most people do who have to find some place for which they are fitted, or try to. It was my fortune to be raised on the frontier. My father was one of the pioneers of Wisconsin. He was an abolitionist. The Bible and the New York "*Trybune*," not *Tribune*, were almost synonymous in our family, and about the only library we had.

Wisconsin was a sort of refuge for the fugitive slave, and my father kept an underground station. Many a night I have slept out on the prairie with some runaway slaves, with father and the neighbors protecting them against the United States marshal. I found myself, when eighteen years of age, carrying a Sharp's rifle in 1856 with John Brown, in Kansas.

I was between thirteen and fourteen when, after my father had given me a severe drubbing for telling a lie, which was not a lie, I ran away.

Then I was in Fond du Lac. I remember the wooden sidewalks, and seeing boys wearing shoes in the summer time. How I pitied them; I thought it dreadful! I was looking at the wonder scenes, gazing with intense interest into the shop windows. All of a sudden I heard a noise in a shop. I looked in. It was a printing office. It was so wonderful I ventured to step inside the door. Just then the man working the press (who proved to be the foreman) said to me, "Well, what do you want?"

I replied, "Nothing," and stepped back.

He said, "Don't you want to learn the trade?"

"Don't know, sir."

"Don't you want to be a printer's devil?"

At that I was still more frightened. He said:

"You see the editor in that sanctum—" Just then a man came to the door from an adjoining room and spoke very gently to me. *I never forgot that.*

He said, "I want an apprentice to learn the printer's trade. Would you like to try? I will give you $25 for the first year, $30 for the second, and $50 for the third." I agreed.

"You go in there and roll that press," said the foreman.

It seems the regular "devil" had had an altercation with the foreman and left, and one of the journeyman printers was rolling a handbill, while a man outside with his sulky and horse was waiting for it, and that poster I can always recall. It was a rude cut of a stallion, with black letter announcements relating thereto. That beautiful clean white paper and the glossy black ink startled me. I never got over it. I have been using black ink and white paper ever since.

To make a long story short, I was behind that press and covered with printers' ink in a very few minutes. After the handbill was printed, the foreman lifted the form, called me to his side of the press, and said:

"Take this form to that sink and wash it."

I started, and right in front of the sink it seems a little of the lye had accumulated and the floor was slippery. I slipped and down I went. The chase went over my head and the type flew in all directions. The foreman said:

"There! by thunder, you leave!"

The editor stepped out of the sanctum and said,

"What's the matter?"

"He's pied that form," replied the foreman.

"Did you show him how to wash it?" asked the editor.

"He leaves, or I do," said the foreman.

"You can leave if you want," said the editor.

Probably the reader can imagine my feelings at having such a friend to take my part.

So the foreman left, and I did the best I could, picking up the type until it was about time to quit, when the editor told me to come with him to his house.

I went there and looked in; at first I did not dare enter.

There was the first upholstered furniture I had ever seen, a white tablecloth, glass tumblers and napkins—such things I had never seen. There were figures on the carpet. Two beautifully dressed ladies came downstairs and took seats at the table directly opposite me. I must have turned crimson. I was completely dazed by their beauty and so embarrassed I must have betrayed my feelings. I was glad my feet were under the table, for I was barefooted. I went through some motions, but ate no supper. Next morning I was to be at the office, open it, and have it swept by seven o'clock. I had the key in my pocket and it fairly burned there, so anxious was I to be at my new work and to turn that key in the lock.

I was at the office before six to sweep it out. I hunted around and found a broom and began sweeping everything toward the door. I swept the sanctum, a corner partitioned off from the main room of the printing office. I dared not pick up the loose exchanges lying on the floor, but swept around them, and had almost a winrow of dirt moved up to the door, amid clouds of dust, when Walker Rouse, the elder apprentice, came in and exclaimed:

"Whew, what a dust! Why, you haven't sprinkled before sweeping!"

I did not know what he meant until he got the sprinkling pot and showed me how to sprinkle the floor, and then how to dust the bank and cases and the editor's sanctum, pick up and fold the exchanges, and tidy up his desk. All this Walker showed me how to do by doing it for me. At seven o'clock the printers came around. The editor came in at eight.

"Boy," he said, "what is your name?"

"James—James Pond."

"James, your office is looking fine. You are beginning well."

And so it has been going ever since. I think I have had credit a great many times for what somebody else has done.

The Fountain City *Herald* survived but a few months. I went from Fond du Lac to Oshkosh, Wisconsin, where I obtained work on the Oshkosh *Democrat*, served my time as

an apprentice, and then went to Madison, Wisconsin, and worked as a journeyman. In the summer of 1856, with Charles G. Finney, Jr. (son of the president of Oberlin College), I found myself in Kansas, working on *The Herald of Freedom*, at Lawrence; a little later carrying a Sharp's rifle ("Beecher Bible") with old John Brown. In the fall I went to St. Louis, to work during the winter. Then back to Wisconsin.

In 1873, after the war and emancipation of the slaves, I found myself associated with the first gentile paper in Utah —*The Salt Lake Tribune*. About that time the railroad had reached Zion, and there was a tremendous influx of gentiles. We had territorial officers who could not be used by the Mormons, and there was considerable excitement. President Brigham Young and several Mormon leaders were put under arrest. There were so many gentiles that they could not possibly find accommodations at the hotels, and Brigham Young proclaimed to his people that they could open their houses and receive them as boarders, and that a fair price for their board—not exorbitant, but a fair price—should be charged. He thought three dollars a week a good price for board. He admonished his people that they must not forget that they were all missionaries.

It happened that a Methodist minister (the Rev. C. C. Stratton) and his wife obtained board with Ann Eliza Young, then Brigham Young's last and nineteenth wife, who was keeping house by herself in a small cottage, not far from the Lion House. Ann Eliza was born in Mormonism and reared in Utah by her mother, who was an educated woman and one of the first converts of Joseph Smith, living in Nauvoo, Ill., for several years before they migrated to Utah. Ann Eliza was a very intelligent woman, but her whole life was circumscribed by Mormonism. She had never attended any other church, and never read any other literature than Mormon books. She was a conscientious woman. It was through this Methodist minister and his wife that she apostatized.

One evening it was arranged that Ann Eliza should tell her story to the guests of the hotel (the Walker House), where she had taken refuge under the protection of the officials of the territory — Governor Woods and Chief Justice McKean, who lived there. I was there also and had something to do with making the arrangements. She did give her story — the most interesting and thrilling story that anybody ever heard. That speech was telegraphed to the Associated Press, and the next day came telegrams from theatrical managers, showmen, and speculators from all parts of the country. One was from P. T. Barnum and another from James Redpath, the owner of the Lyceum Bureau, in Boston, whom I had met and known in Kansas in 1856. It asked her to lecture.

Our people decided that if Ann Eliza could tell that story in Washington, we would get some attention and legislation. Up to that time we had been able to get little attention and no legislation. I happened to be available and went to Washington with her. I made a proposition that if she would go on a lecture tour I would manage it. She accepted it. That's where I first became a manager.

Although she was to speak first in Washington, they were determined to hear her in Laramie and Denver en route. I got the schoolroom in Laramie, charged $1.50 a ticket, and sold four hundred tickets, and took in $600 that evening. Next, in Denver, she spoke in the New Baptist Church, the

largest auditorium in the city at that time. I remember the night she was to appear in Denver I went to the Inter-Ocean Hotel where she boarded, to escort her to the church, and did not know her. She was dressed up, and—well, she looked very pretty. The leading Methodist minister—she had been converted by a Methodist, and they claimed her—introduced her to one of the largest audiences ever assembled in Denver.

Armed with letters of introduction to Speaker James G. Blaine, President U. S. Grant, and many members of Congress, we reached Washington, where we got into the Speaker's room and she sent her card to Speaker Blaine. He was in the speaker's chair. He came out and shook hands with her and was half tempted to be a little bit funny and jocose, but he discovered at once that she was a lady, a woman with a cause, and an earnest one, and in a moment his attention was riveted. He did not go back to his chair but sent word to somebody else to take his place, and in a few minutes *somebody* else came into the speaker's room, and in not over twenty minutes that room was packed with members of Congress. There was a stampede on the floor, and she held an ovation for two hours. Everybody wanted to see and hear her. Two days after that she did tell her story in Washington. Forty-eight hours later the Poland bill for the relief of the oppressed in Utah was a law.

I will say now that in all my experience I have never found so eloquent, so interesting, so earnest a talker. I have heard a great many, too. She had a cause. She was in dead earnest. She could sway audiences with her eloquence. She was able in two years from that time to leave Utah with her children and her family, and she never returned.

I took a desk in Mr. Redpath's office in Boston and booked Mrs. Young's time in New England and the Eastern States, while, with an Eastern lady as chaperone, she travelled and lectured nightly to as large audiences as were being drawn by the most popular lecturers of that period, such as Gough, Phillips, Anna Dickinson, and Mary A. Livermore. At the end of the season she had earned over $20,000.

I have frequently visited Utah on tours with some of my celebrities, and have found amongst the Mormon people as intelligent and interested listeners as are to be found in any other part of the United States. I do not believe there is a more critical or appreciative public in America. From the time of my first visit to Utah I have known and respected the Mormon people, and some of the best friends I now have are among them. I have always made it a rule to make special terms and prices for that public because of its universal intelligence and appreciation.

In the spring of 1899, it was my privilege to place F. Marion Crawford with the Brigham Young Normal College at Provo, where I found over six hundred young men and maidens studying to become teachers and missionaries for the Mormon church. The president of that college, Mr. Cluff, I had known when a boy living near the spot where the college now stands. His uncle, David Cluff, was a customer of mine in 1868. He kept a furniture store and was undertaker for the town of Provo. He had three wives living under the same roof. Over his store he had an assembly hall where the young people gathered for dancing, theatricals, and other amusements. I attended one of these dances while a guest of Mr. Cluff and was introduced to his wives and several of his children, a cousin of whom is now president of this great collegiate institution. Mr. Cluff, senior, had come originally from Vermont. His first wife was also a New England girl. I think that I was the only gentile in Provo that night. I had driven forty miles by team from Salt Lake City the day before. I was made to feel perfectly at home in this Mormon family and met with all comforts of a home that reminded me of the old-time pioneer households in Western New York and Wisconsin. When the party assembled in the ball room, before the music started—the band was made up entirely of members of the Cluff family—Mr. Cluff opened the proceedings with prayer, as is the custom on all public occasions among the Mormons.

One of the faculty of the Brigham Young College, a lady,

is Mrs. Susa Young Gates, a daughter of Lucy and Brigham Young, one of the most prominent women in Utah and editor of *The Young Woman's Journal* of that State. I had never met Mrs. Gates until on this occasion, but she has been one of my correspondents in Utah for a number of years. She is well known as one of the leaders among women, and is identified with all the discussions and movements for their progress in the United States. I had thought favorably of trying to induce her to come East and lecture to women's clubs and associations. When we met, naturally the memory of Ann Eliza, who was my first star, was still green in this community, and she gently took me to task for having been opposed to her people and religion. To show that Ann Eliza had inflicted an injury to the cause and faith she believed in and followed, I submit the following extract from a letter Mrs. Gates wrote to me while I was in California with Mr. Crawford, shortly after leaving her:

"Major Pond—I like the frank and manly way in which you speak of the unfortunate past and of your wish to help my people in the future. I applied to you simply as the greatest manager on earth; and perhaps had resolved that all transactions should be kept on the strictest impersonal and business basis. But I became convinced after a few conversations with you that you had played an unwitting part in the great harm that Ann Eliza did my father and the whole people. I have been closely observing you, Major, while you were studying me. And I understand how with your generous and chivalrous disposition you could champion the cause of one you esteemed at that time to be an oppressed woman. But Ann Eliza was untruthful. She was a jealous and unscrupulous woman! God forgive her and let Him deal with her. I have no bitterness in my heart for her. I love my religion too well to hold enmity to any one, however wilful and wicked they may be. My dear father was one of the purest and most unselfish of men as well as one of the greatest; and you, Major, who are such a lover of heroes, would

revere my father more and more if you would study him more. Yes, I accept in good faith your candid offer, and will let God and the future prove if a Mormon's friendship is not as high and noble as that of any one on earth. My husband was very favorably impressed with your whole-hearted generous praise of all that you saw, and he stands with me in this offer to 'smoke the pipe of peace.'"

It was while engaged in the Redpath Bureau in Boston, booking Ann Eliza's time, that I became enamored of the business, and a year later, with Mr. George H. Hathaway, chief clerk of the bureau, bought out James Redpath and assumed the management of that fine business. After four years' most pleasant partnership, Mr. Hathaway and I separated, he retaining the Redpath Lyceum Bureau and its good name, and I moved to New York and established a bureau of my own, put my sign in the window, where it has remained twenty-two years and will probably stay as long as I care to work.

I have endeavored to tell of the famous men and women, who have been lyceum favorites, that I have known and managed since I began with Mr. Hathaway in Boston in March, 1875, and most of whom it has been my pleasure to call my friends.

Since I started out as a journeyman printer in 1856, I have realized that the best and most useful advice ever given to me was that of my employer whom I was about to leave. In bidding me good-by, he said: "Now, Jim, you are starting from this minute out into the world to look after yourself. Let me give you some advice. Always associate with people from whom you can learn something useful. The greater a man is, the easier he is of approach. You can choose your companions from among the very best, and a man is always known by the company he keeps. It is much easier to ride than to carry a load."

This advice I never forgot. It was worth more to me than any I ever had. It has helped me always when I set out to try to secure some celebrity, and has invariably proved

true. I have never felt the slightest hesitancy in approaching any famous man or woman, and it never took long to ascertain whether the man was a gentleman or the woman a lady.

In preparing this book I have told of the people as I knew them, and shall avoid any attempt to over-estimate or to belittle their genuine characters.

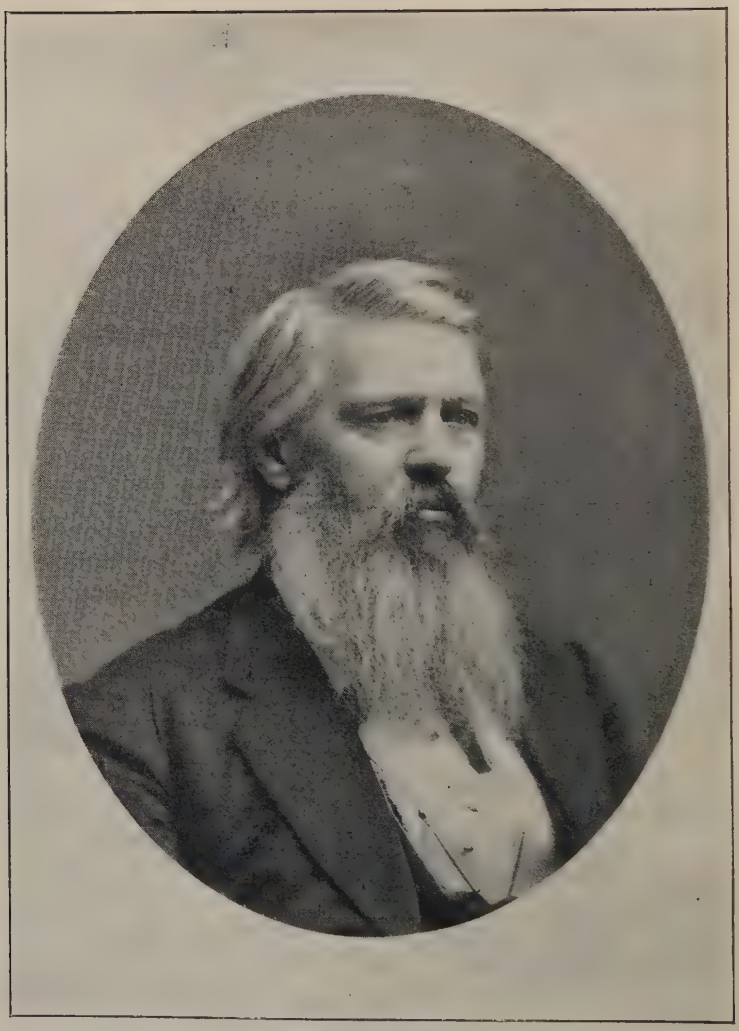
ORATORS

ECCENTRICITIES OF GENIUS

THE TRIUMVIRATE OF LECTURE KINGS.

THE great triumvirate of lecture kings consisted of Gough, Beecher, and Wendell Phillips. Other men for a season, and sometimes for a few years, were as popular as any of them, but it was a calcium-light popularity, whereas the popularity of the "Big Three" endured for their entire lives.

Phillips held his place the longest, beginning lyceum work about 1845, and continuing it to his death nearly forty years later. Gough was the most supremely popular—not the greatest of the three intellectually, but most level to the largest number of the plain people. Beecher came parallel with him and had a higher influence. His position during and after the Civil War reached the altitude of world influence. His command of the Plymouth pulpit was the most enormous mental leverage. Theodore Parker said of it as early as 1856, that its "sounding board was the Rocky Mountains"—the auditorium therefore was the continent. Beecher touched the hearts of men; Gough held to the fear of the effects of wrong-doing; Phillips, through the intellect, reached the conscience of his generation. He was a name in Great Britain, a power in the Northern States. Beecher was a power on both sides of the ocean, a person beloved on all sides. Who shall name other men who have filled the last half of the century with such enduring recognition?



JOHN B. GOUGH.

JOHN B. GOUGH deserves the title of King of the Lecture World, if popularity be made the sole test, and only Mr. Beecher and Wendell Phillips had any claim to contest the title with him, if eloquence—the power to hold and charm audiences—be made the test.

Mr. Gough was a more popular lecturer for a longer term of years than any other favorite of the lyceums. He was a born orator, with great dramatic power. Men of greater culture but less natural ability used to be fond of attributing his success to the supposed fact that he was the "evangelical comedian," that the unco' good, whose religious prejudices would not suffer them to go to the theatre, found a substitute in listening to the comic stories and the dramatic delivery of Gough.

This theory does not suffice to explain the universal and long-continued popularity of this great orator. He never faced an audience that he did not capture and captivate; and not in the United States only, not in the North only, where his popularity never wavered, but in the South, where Yankees were not in favor, and in the Canadian Provinces, where they were disliked, and in every part of England, Scotland, and Ireland as well. He delighted not only all the intelligent audiences he addressed in these six nations—for during most of his career our North and our South were at heart two nations' making with Canada three nations on our continent, and the three distinct nationalities on the British Islands making up the six—but he delighted all kinds and conditions of men. He was at his best before an educated audience in an evangelical community. But when he addressed a "mission" audience in North Street, Boston, or in the Five Points in New York, he charmed the gamin and the poorest classes who gathered there as much as he charmed the cultivated assemblages in Music Hall, Boston, then admitted to be the finest audiences that Boston and its suburbs could turn out.

Mr. Gough never asked a fee in his life. He left his remuneration to the public who employed him. It rose year after year, beginning with less than a dollar at times, until, when the bureau did his business for him, it reached from $200, the lowest fee, to $500 a night. In the last years of his life his income exceeded $30,000. He did more to promote the temperance cause than any man who ever lived. It is strange, but it is a fact, that although Gough never broke down in his life as an orator, and never failed to capture his audience, yet he always had a mild sort of stage-fright, which never went off until he began to speak.

To get time to master this fright was the reason why he always insisted on being "introduced" to his audiences before he spoke, and he so insisted even in places where the absurd custom had been abandoned for years. When the chairman was introducing him, Mr. Gough was "bracing up" to overcome his stage-fright. And let me say right here that the phrase "bracing up" has two meanings; that the slanderous statements often started against Mr. Gough, that he sometimes took a drink in secret, were wholly and wickedly untrue. In his autobiography Mr. Gough has told the true story of his fall, his conversion, and his one relapse, and he has told it truthfully. He was absolutely and always, after his first relapse, a total-abstinence man in creed and life. There never lived a truer man.

For forty years he held the reputation as first in the land as an orator and champion of temperance. He probably delivered more lectures than any man who has lived in the present age. From a carefully kept record we find that from 1842 to 1852 he lectured on an average of 300 times a year, making 3,000 lectures. From 1862 to 1870 he averaged 260 times a year, or 2,080 lectures on temperance. Of these, 1,160 were delivered in Great Britain. After 1870 Mr Gough lectured on miscellaneous subjects. Each year he prepared a new lecture upon a fresh topic. Among the most taking were: "Eloquence and Orators," "Peculiar People," "Fact and Fiction," "Habit," "Curiosity,"

"Circumstances," "Will It Pay," "Now and Then," "Night Scenes," "Blunders," which was his last. From 1861 to the time of his death, February 11, 1886, he delivered 3,526 lectures, making in all 9,600 addresses before 9,000,000 hearers.

Mr. Gough was a charming man personally: modest, unassuming, kind-hearted, and sincere, always ready to help a worthy cause or a needy friend. He was a zealous Christian, but he never obtruded his religious belief offensively on others. One needed to see him in his home to know what a devoted Christian he was.

John B. Gough was among the heroes of the nineteenth century. The incalculable good he did to his fellow-men can never be known. It is no idle statement when we say that he was the direct means, under God, of raising tens of thousands from degradation to be law-abiding men and women. It was my privilege, in 1879, to see in Mr. Gough's library four large books containing the names of over 140,000 men, women, and children who, by his own personal efforts, had been induced to sign the pledge.

It was the habit of John B. Gough, for forty years, to carry two overcoats on his lecture tours. After his lectures he put both of them on—the first, a light one, which he buttoned up tight, and the second, a very heavy one, a sort of combination of heavy ulster and the regulation overcoat.

His two-hour lecture was an unbroken succession of contortions and antics that left him dripping with perspiration. It required all this covering to protect his body from the air before he changed his wet clothing for dry.

On his return to his hotel, Mrs. Gough was always in waiting with fresh clothing. A valet at once set to work rubbing him down, exactly as is the custom of grooming a racehorse at the end of the heat. After this process he appeared apparently as fresh as ever. He would eat a bowl of bread and milk, and always wanted an old-fashioned bowl.

Mrs. Gough was his constant companion, but did not attend

the lectures. During the last twelve years of their travel together she did not hear him once.

Gough was a man of the people, the son of a workingman and himself a workingman, self-educated but not what is technically called a scholar.

WENDELL PHILLIPS

WENDELL PHILLIPS was the bluest of the blue blood of New England. His forefather came over in the *Arabella*, the vessel that followed the *Mayflower*, and there was a clergyman in every generation from the first immigrant to Phillips himself. They were always prominent people. Phillips studied for the law and there was a brilliant career open for him. When he was at college, he showed no sympathy with any radical movement. On the contrary, he was a member of an exclusive set known as The Gentlemen's Club, and used to laugh at Sumner for taking Garrison's *Liberator*. But he happened one day to attend a meeting in Faneuil Hall, and heard the Attorney General of the State vindicate the murderers of Lovejoy, in Illinois, and say that Lovejoy died as the fool dieth. Young Phillips sprang to his feet at once and delivered a short speech which placed him at the head of the orators of New England, a position he kept until he lay still in death. That incident made him an abolitionist for life. He abandoned all ideas of eminence in law or politics and determined to devote his whole life to the anti-slavery agitation.

He was the most polished and graceful orator our country ever produced. He spoke as quietly as if he were talking in his own parlor, and almost entirely without gestures, yet he had as great a power over all kinds of audiences as any American of whom we have any record. Often called before howling mobs, who had come to the lecture-room to prevent him from being heard, and who would shout and sing to drown his voice, he never failed to subdue them in a short time. These were occasions when even such men as Garrison and Theodore Parker were as powerless as children and were forced to retire. One illustration of his power and tact occurred in Boston. The majority of the audience was hostile. They yelled and sang and completely drowned his voice. The reporters were seated in a row just under the platform, in the

place where the orchestra play in an ordinary theatre. Phillips made no attempt to address the howling audience, but bent over and seemed to be speaking in a low tone to the reporters. By and by the curiosity of the howling audience was excited: they ceased to clamor and tried to hear what he was saying to the reporters. Phillips looked at them and said quietly:

"Go on, gentlemen, go on. I do not need your ears. Through these pencils I speak to thirty millions of people."

Not a voice was raised again. The mob had found its master and stayed whipped until he sat down.

He was open and sympathetic to all appeals and causes, and this made him accessible always to the poorest of men. I knew that in Boston among some of his most trusted intimates —men to whom he was always accessible—were workmen and laborers, who would hardly have been admitted at the kitchen doors of others of the "Brahmins" of that city.

George Lowell Austin, in his "Life and Times of Wendell Phillips," says:

"Among all the noble men in Massachusetts who early came to the support of William Lloyd Garrison, in his war upon slavery, none came from a higher social plane, or parted with brighter prospects, or brought to the cause more brilliant abilities than did Wendell Phillips. He might have been congressman, governor, senator of the United States, and, possibly, have risen higher still, had he allied himself to either of the great political parties In the Senate, had he reached that body, he would have ranked with Sumner and Conkling as an orator, and with Fessenden, Grimes, Douglas, and O. P. Morton as a debater."

Eloquent as he was as a lecturer, he was far more effective as a debater Debate was for him the flint and steel which brought out all his fire.

The memory of Mr. Phillips was something wonderful. He would listen to an elaborate speech for hours, and, without a single note of what had been said, in writing, reply to every part of it as fully and completely as if the speech were writ-

ten out before him. Those who heard him only on the platform, and when not confronted by an opponent, have a very limited comprehension of his wonderful resources as a speaker.

In his style as a debater he resembled Sir Robert Peel, in grace and courtliness of manner and in fluency and copiousness of diction. He never hesitated for a word, or failed to employ the word best fitted to express his thought on the point under discussion.

The great agitator's tact was only equalled by the serene humor and pleasant wit that he exhibited. An old friend has recently told me of Mr. Phillips questioning him as to the highest grade he had won in the Union army on the occasion of his going to the Federal capital just after muster-out, as a special correspondent. Mr. Phillips, knowing the young man's radical views, had given him several letters of introduction and was writing one to Senator Sumner when he asked this question, remarking with a gentle laugh: "Yes, a title has its value with my friend Charles." His unvarying urbanity was in conspicuous contrast with the Senator's sometimes unpleasant surliness.

Mr. Phillips was decidedly old-fashioned in many of his ways. When at home, for example, he did his own marketing, and he knew how to buy. His chief purchases, however, were always in the way of dainties for his invalid wife. His own table habits were of the simplest. He was quite apt to answer his own door bell. On the entrance to that quiet Boston house there was no door-plate—only the name painted in large black letters—

PHILLIPS.

I called on him one morning at his house. He answered the bell himself. I remarked:

"Mr. Phillips, you have a very conspicuous sign on your door."

He told me that as the door-plate had been torn off by vandals he had decided to have his name painted on the door so

conspicuously that any one who wished to find his house could easily distinguish the name.

A large commercial block now occupies the ground where the house stood. On the corner of this modern building there is a bronze tablet bearing the following inscription:

HERE
WENDELL PHILLIPS RESIDED
DURING FORTY YEARS, DEVOTED BY HIM
TO EFFORTS TO SECURE THE ABOLITION OF
AFRICAN SLAVERY IN THIS COUNTRY.
THE CHARMS OF HOME, THE ENJOYMENT
OF WEALTH AND LEARNING, EVEN THE KINDLY
RECOGNITION OF HIS FELLOW-CITIZENS,
WERE BY HIM ACCOUNTED AS NAUGHT
COMPARED WITH DUTY.
HE LIVED TO SEE JUSTICE TRIUMPHANT,
FREEDOM UNIVERSAL, AND TO RECEIVE
THE TARDY PRAISES OF HIS FORMER
OPPONENTS.
THE BLESSINGS OF THE POOR, THE
FRIENDLESS, AND THE OPPRESSED ENRICHED HIM.
IN BOSTON HE WAS BORN 29 NOVEMBER, 1811, AND
DIED 2 FEBRUARY, 1884.
THIS TABLET WAS ERECTED IN 1894, BY ORDER OF
THE CITY COUNCIL OF BOSTON.

His benevolence was abounding. He inherited a fair fortune for those days, and he earned a great sum of money as a lecturer. Yet when he died there was nothing left—not even a debt. Mrs. Phillips, who did not long survive him, never knew this, for the friends about her arranged that the frugal household—and that it always was—should go on till the end.

Mr. Phillips was quite an adept with tools, keeping the household goods always in repair. At home, when not with Mrs. Phillips, he was always puttering with tools or engaged in reading and studying. He claimed that, as a boy, there was not an ordinary craft at which he had not done a good day's work. His understanding of the building trades made him always at home with their workers.

Mr. Phillips was in demand wherever his services could be secured. He did not earn so much money lecturing as he might have made. He never allowed lecture committees to lose money if he knew it. In case of bad weather, or a disappointment of any kind to the persons who had failed to realize a profit on the large fee promised, he would invariably insist that he receive only an equitable portion of the profits. Seldom was there such an occasion, for his were the palmiest days of the lyceum.

Mr. Phillips's repertoire was encyclopædic, embracing a vast list: travel, science, current politics, reform, labor, anti-slavery, education, legal topics, foreign matters, biography, and religion. Some of his titles were: "Street Life in Europe," "The Lost Arts," "The Times, or a Lesson of the Hour," "Temperance," "Woman," "The Indians, or in Early Days," "Agitation," "Training," "Law and Lawyers," "Courts and Jails," "The Irish Question," "O'Connell," "Sumner," and "Christianity a Battle, not a Dream."

No speaker of his day ever treated a greater variety of topics, nor with more even excellence, than Wendell Phillips. I quote from some of his letters illustrating an experience while on a long Western lecture tour. From Illinois he writes in a car with a lead pencil: "The weather is dull; only two days since I left that I have seen the sun. Rain, snow, clouds, damp, mud, and grim heavens. Still, the audiences are large." From one of the oil towns in Pennsylvania: "Here I am in an oil town, mud over the hubs of the wheels; literally, one horse was smothered in it; the queerest crowd of men, with trousers tucked in their boots; no privacy—hotels all one crowd—chambers mere thoroughfares, everybody passing through at will, and here I must stay until Sunday. I find some of the Boston people here. Everybody here is making money—the first place I have found where this is the case. Explanation—they have all struck oil."

Again he writes from an Iowa town: "It has been extremely cold. I have been in the smaller towns and have had poor hotels and a generally hard time, rushed from one

train to another, and puffed from station to station. In eleven days I have slept in a regular bed but four nights, still I have been fortunate in filling every engagement, and Sumner has been the favorite subject.

"In Milwaukee, I was at the 'Plankington,' where I had a fine suite of rooms, bath, chamber, parlor with pier glass ten feet high and five feet broad—nothing showy—just comfortable."

Another time from Davenport, Iowa, to Redpath, his former abolitionist friend, as well as manager: "I, the traveller, the 'elderly gentleman,' have been—kissed! in Illinois! Put that in your pipe and smoke it, if you can without choking your envious soul. Yes, kissed ! ! on a public platform, in front of a depot, the whole world envying me. 'Who did it?' do you ask? It was an old man of seventy-three years—a veteran abolitionist, a lovely old saint. In the early days of the cause we used to kiss each other like the early Christians, and when he saw me he resumed the habit."

WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON.—Now that Phillips and Garrison and the era in which they flourished have passed into history, it is common for writers who treat on that period to talk of these two champions of freedom as if they were equals, or of Phillips, even, as if he were Garrison's inferior.

Those who knew both men smile at such absurdities.

Phillips and Garrison were equals in one respect only—in moral courage and unselfish devotion to the slave. Garrison was a commonplace man in respect to intellectual ability, whereas Phillips was a man of genius of the rarest culture. Garrison was a strong platform speaker. Phillips was one of the greatest orators of the century. Only three men of his time could contest the palm of eloquence with him—Webster, Clay, and Beecher.

There never was a more benevolent face than William Lloyd Garrison's. He had a kindly eye, a winning smile, a gentleness of way, a crisp, straightforward way of talking, and a merciless movement in straight lines of thought.

Mr. Garrison visited England after the war was over and the emancipation of the slaves was accomplished, and received unusual courtesies. At a dinner given him by the British Anti-Slavery Society he was presented with a gold watch. As he took it in his hand he said:

"Well, gentlemen, if this had been a rotten egg I should have known what to do with it, but as it is a gold watch, I have nothing to say."

CHARLES SUMNER was an aristocrat. He was my father's ideal. After I had got back from Kansas and visited my father's home in Wisconsin, father said to me: "James, the Honorable Charles Sumner is going to speak at R——. We must hear him."

So we arranged to go. We walked nine miles to hear him speak. My father never spoke of him without giving him his title. He had enjoyed that speech intensely. I do not know whether I did or not. Father occupied a front seat with the intention of rushing up to the platform and greeting him by the hand when he was finished, but the Honorable Charles was too quick for him. He disappeared, got to his hotel, and nobody saw him.

Father said: "James, the Honorable Charles Sumner is going to Milwaukee to-morrow morning, and we can ride with him a part of the way."

We were on the train early the next morning, and so was the Honorable Charles Sumner. He was sitting reading in the drawing-room car.

Father stepped up and said: "The Honorable Charles Sumner? I have read all of your speeches. I feel that it is the duty of every American to take you by the hand. This is my son. He has just returned from the Kansas conflict."

Honorable Charles Sumner did not see father nor his son,

but he saw the porter and said: "Can you get me a place where I will be undisturbed?"

Poor father! His heart was almost broken. During his last twenty-five years he never referred to the Honorable Charles Sumner. Sumner was in greater demand as a lecturer than any other man of his time just about those years.

When at the height of his fame, he lectured in Providence and, at the close, the committee gave him a check for $500, expecting that he would hand it back, as it was at that time such an unprecedented fee. But Mr. Sumner put the check into his pocket.

His price with the bureau was $300 to $500. There was never any difficulty in getting it.

CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW

CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW I regard as the peerless all-round orator of the present time. I have listened to him on all sorts of occasions for the past twenty-five years, and I am bound to say that I have never known a more versatile public speaker. I have heard many jocose references to Chauncey's chestnuts, and have been chestnut hunting whenever I could get into the field where he was, with poor pickings—at public dinners, college commencements, Press Club gatherings, alumni associations, mechanics' associations, workingmen's societies, and political campaigns—and must say that without exception he deviates from the line in which he is expected to talk less than anybody I have ever known excepting Beecher.

I remember a dinner of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick in Delmonico's early in the '80's, where Mr. Beecher and Mr. Depew were the principal speakers. It was a large gathering of the representative Irish-Americans, and there were present quite a number of distinguished foreigners. While Mr. Beecher was speaking, Mr. Depew came over and sat by me, and on one or two occasions intimated that it was one of the most remarkable orations he had ever listened to. After Mr. Beecher had finished, Mr. Depew was called upon, and Mr. Beecher came over and occupied the chair that Mr. Depew had vacated. There was tremendous applause when "Our Chauncey" was called upon. After quiet had been restored, Mr. Depew assumed a very serious expression. In opening his address he told his hearers that he had something serious to say to them: that we were on the eve of a great crisis—great labor strikes—and that he stood there as the representative of the largest labor constituency in America, and he told those men that he should hold them in a certain degree responsible for what might happen. He wanted them to *distinctly understand that he and those he represented were prepared to meet this crisis.* It was a long, earnest speech.

There was not much applause until after Mr. Depew had finished.

Mr. Beecher and I left immediately afterward, drove in a carriage to Dorlon's Oyster House, in Fulton Market, as was his usual custom after a New York speech, where we had supper. During our ride from Delmonico's to Fulton Ferry Mr. Beecher did not speak. He was very quiet until supper was served. I remember the first words that came from his lips were something like this:

"The people of New York and of this country generally have looked upon Chauncey M. Depew as a sort of an entertainer and comedian for public occasions, and don't realize the greatness of the man." Then, after referring to the many responsibilities and trusts which were under Mr. Depew's guidance, he wound up by saying, "Chauncey M. Depew is a great man, and I would like to vote for him for president of the United States."

Of course Mr. Depew is not a lyceum lecturer, but he might be the most successful in America. He never will accept a fee for lecturing, and consequently the manager has little use for him in a business way.

I met him in his office November 27, 1899, and asked him if he could tell me of any incident in his speech-making career that had not been published. He told me that he thought the best speech he ever made in his life had never got into print, and he related the incident:

He and General Grant both had cottages at Long Branch. The General had taken offence at something that Mr. Depew had said in a speech, and for a long time they had passed each other without speaking. This silence lasted about four years. One day he received a letter from Judge Daly urging him to speak at the Sons of St. Patrick's dinner at Delmonico's, saying that General Grant was to be there and would speak. At that time General Grant had never made a public speech. "I took pains," said Mr. Depew, "to prepare a speech for that occasion, although the time was very short and I had a case in the Supreme Court and was obliged to come from Wash-

ington on a late train which reached New York at nine o'clock. I hurried into my evening dress and to the dining hall, where I arrived about ten o'clock. General Grant was speaking. He discovered me as I was twisting myself through the crowd to the guest table. Grant stopped speaking (he told me afterward that his knees were knocking together under the table). As I arrived at my seat I heard the general say, 'Oh! if I could only stand in Depew's shoes!' and he sat down. As I was called upon, I threw away my prepared speech and replied, 'Who could stand in Grant's shoes?' and then all of Grant's achievements multiplied before me and I believe I made the best speech of my life. It never got reported. After I sat down I felt some one take hold of my hand. I looked around; it was General Grant. He whispered to me, 'That was the greatest speech that ever fell from human lips.' Grant insisted on driving me home in his carriage that night, and we were close friends ever afterward."

"Mr. Depew, who are our greatest orators?" I asked. "Compared with a quarter of a century ago we have no great orators, have we?"

"No, we have not," said Mr. Depew. "I know one very eloquent man, with a big resounding voice, who holds his audience spell-bound, but what does he say? It is dull reading the next day." He told me that Phillips and Beecher were the two greatest orators of their time, and that he thought they must have surpassed Webster and Clay.

I told Mr. Depew that when I was in England in 1886, I heard his name mentioned more among the religious classes than any American preacher in the country excepting Mr. Beecher.

He said, "You mean my reply to John Fiske at the Twentieth Century Club?"

"Yes," I said, "that's the speech. It was circulated as a religious tract in Great Britain."

"Yes," he replied, "I am told that millions of them have been circulated. I never considered that much of a speech. It was more an outburst of my heart at the time."

With Mr. Depew's permission I submit the speech, which, with the exception of "In His Steps," has had the greatest circulation in England of any religious document ever published:

THE CHRISTIAN FAITH: A REPLY TO JOHN FISKE.

"I am a practical man, overwhelmed with the cares of business. It is exceedingly difficult for me to get on the plane of philosophic thought. I am a practical man. I believe in the Old Testament and the New Testament precisely as they are presented by Christianity. I am in antagonism to Mr. Wakeman, who dismisses the Bible as entirely a mass of legend, and with Professor Fiske, who accepts it with an interpretation entirely his own.

"It was the atheism of France that taught license for liberty and led to the French Revolution. Where are those old philosophies and the old philosophers? They are dead, while Christianity survives. The school of atheism led to despair. Materialism soon found that every violation of the moral law could go on consistently with its teachings. So pantheism and positivism have followed, only to be destroyed, and now we have the school of humanity and the cosmic philosophy coming close to the borders of Christianity as expounded by John Fiske.

"They tell us there is no more Creator, only a cosmic dust. Who made the dust? There is only protoplasm, indeed. Who made the protoplasm? They tell us of evolution from dust to monkey and then to man; but all the scientists have never found the missing link. The simple gospel of the humble son of a carpenter, preached by twelve fishermen, has survived the centuries and outlives all other philosophies of eighteen hundred years.

"I am not versed in the terminology of the philosophies. I believe them to be of little use to reach the hearts and to influence the actions of simple men. There is no liberty that lasts in the world, and there is no government which has liberty in it which lasts, that does not recognize the Bible.

What is the object of all theology? It is to reach the human heart and to control the actions of men as they are.

"How many of us can even understand what the philosopher says? You might take the whole Stock Exchange and read Kant to them, and it would be utterly incomprehensible to them. Not so with the teachings of the Golden Rule. They could understand at least what that means. I read Mr. Wakeman's pamphlet last night. They tell us God must disappear; that prayer is begging; that the Holy Communion is cannibalism. When did such a religion send out a missionary? When you show me a colony of ten thousand people who have come to live decently by its teachings, I may believe it. But I say now that the Christian faith of my mother is good enough for me. If we believe this faith, what harm? If we disbelieve it, and thereby do wrong, what of our future?"

GENERAL HORACE PORTER

GEN. HORACE PORTER, previous to his accepting the appointment of ambassador to France, has, next to Chauncey M. Depew, received the most applications to deliver orations, make after-dinner speeches, and to lecture. Probably he has received every year thousands more of such applications than he could possibly accept. If he were not a rich man and had no other means of earning money he could, by lecturing, very soon make a fortune probably greater than any other public man in our country could make in the same way.

His inimitable humor, the keenness of his satire, the blandness of his voice, his matchless mastery of himself and his theme, and his love of principle, make him the peerless champion of every worthy cause not only in the community where he lives, but throughout all this land of ours.

He is very popular with the soldiers, having been at one time chief of staff of the late General Grant. I have never known a man whose speeches are so fruitful of genuine fun. During the last two years that he was commander of the Military Order of the Loyal Legion of New York, General Porter secured for the social gatherings of the Legion some of the best and ablest orators and public speakers that could be had, but invariably and unconsciously, with his irresistible introductions or opening addresses, he took the wind out of the sails of nearly every one who followed him. I should not care a pin to present a star for an opening speech before a metropolitan audience where General Porter was in order to precede him.

General Porter and Dr. Depew are alike fluent on all sorts of occasions, and to hear these two after-dinner orators at a banquet on any great occasion is to listen to an intellectual display not to be equalled by any other two men living. No better idea of General Porter's inimitable manner could possibly be conveyed than to quote from the last speech he made in America at a dinner given him by the Lotus Club in New

York, January 10, 1897, the evening before he took his departure for France. He said:

"When I was informed that this club was about to tender me a dinner, although the news was broken to me gently and deliberately, I was seized with a hypnotic intensity of memory which took on the form of neuralgia of the emotions. (Laughter.) But I determined to brace up and come here to-night, whether the ceremonies were of the nature of an ovation or a wake (renewed laughter), for I realized, if ever a man realized, that not to be dined by the Lotus Club would cause in life the feeling of failure and regret. Last night I could think only of what would occur in twenty-four hours after then. I tried to sleep, but that gentle solace did not visit my eyelids. I found myself murmuring over and over again the words: 'Wake me early, mother dear, for I'm to be queen of the May.' (Laughter.)

"There is sometimes a doubt as to whether there is more satisfaction from a dinner in the realization or in the anticipation. Some think it is better not to give a man a dinner, and then have people going about saying, 'Why don't they give him a dinner?' than to give a dinner and have people say of him, 'Why did they give *that* man a dinner?' (Laughter.) But having tasted the enjoyments thus far this evening, I shall always in the future cast my vote in favor of realization.

"So far you have made things easy for me, but my experience has been somewhat like that of a man whom I met in Texas. I got into conversation with him, and he remarked to me: 'I have struck a big thing.' I asked him in what manner he had struck this big thing, and he replied: 'I was sent down here by a religious organization to distribute tracts, and every time I gave a man a tract in Texas he invariably hauled out a gun from one pocket and a bottle of whiskey from another, and, handing me the bottle, he said: "Say, drink some of this, and drink it p—— d—— q——, or my gun will go off!" I have not had to pay for my liquor in this State since I have been distributing tracts.' (Laughter.)

"Your president, in speaking of me to-night, has filled me

full with his encomiums. The only fear I have is that I cannot get away with them all; I fear that some of them may leak out in somewhat the same style as Mark Twain experienced at Niagara Falls. During a visit to the Falls, Mark Twain has stated that while walking under the cataract he became scared and called out to the guide, and in so doing took in about three-quarters of the Falls. Speaking of this afterward, he remarked: 'It was an anxious and perilous moment for me, because I knew if I sprung a leak I should be lost.'

"There is one thing I am glad of to-night, and that is that you have not announced the guests in the formal style they adopt in London. On one occasion when I was there, I attended a reception which was being held in a gentleman's house, and there was a flunky in plush livery, a Home Ruler from the neighboring island. Among the guests who arrived while I was at that reception were General Badeau, General Grant, and Colonel McCook. The flunky, throwing open the door, announced them thus: 'Banjo, General Drunk, and the Colonel's Cook.'

"But you have not given me a toast. In the absence of a toast, it seems to me that there is nothing to speak of but this club and myself, which reminds me of a talk that took place between Johnson and Boswell. At the end of a long conversation between these two men, Johnson remarked: 'You seem to have nothing to talk about except yourself and me, and I am sick of both.' (Laughter.) You will probably have observed that I have a cold in my throat. But it is not a campaign cold. It is like one that a man had whom I met in Arkansas, who had a sore throat, and who, when his wife asked him how he got it, said it was due to a sudden change. He had been eating flannel cakes, and suddenly changed to buckwheat. Probably the easiest thing for me to have given you to-night was one of my campaign speeches, a little altered, so as to bring it up to date. That would have reminded you of the story of the Scotchman who was riding on the railroad from Perth to Inverness, and who was chewing his ticket in his mouth. A friend who was with him said: 'You are

very extravagant to be chewing up a ticket that cost twelve shillings and sixpence.'

"'Nay, mon,' he replied, 'it is a limited ticket, and I am only sucking off the date.' (Laughter.)

"What I like about the Lotus Club is the good fellowship that pervades here. Here the moose-hunter of the North meets the alligator-hunter of the South, and the man who goes tobogganing in the North meets the man who goes coon-hunting in the South. We have dined here great statesmen, authors, soldiers, divines, scientists, and men of art, recognizing equally all branches of art, knowing that all those branches are children of the same God. Men of learned professions, great leaders in business affairs, have been dined here, and many sojourners of other countries have been sent on their way rejoicing. The welcome you have given to me in this club and the fellowship extended to me have touched my heart to its innermost depths.

"And I want to express my deepest sense of gratitude and appreciation. But, alas! my lips can coin no phrases which can repay to you the debt of gratitude I owe to every one here. I shall carry the recollection of this club as one of the pleasantest of my remembrances as long as life shall last, and when life is approaching its end I know I shall, for one, indulge in those reveries which are the glorious twilight of the soul. And, sitting by the hearth fire, I shall watch the droppings of the grains of sand in the great hour-glass and count the beads of memory. And I shall see reflected in the flames of the yule-log the faces passing in review before me of all whom I have met in this club. It will recall to mind all those with whom I have communed here, heart to heart and soul to soul. Some of them may have been buried under distant sods, some may have found graves in the depths of the ocean, and there are others who may not yet have joined the vast army of the dead, but all their faces will pass, as I have said, in review before me, and I know I will find myself whispering: 'Such faces were always the most precious to me.'" (Prolonged applause.)

COL. ROBERT G. INGERSOLL was without doubt one of the greatest popular orators of the age. He never received the full credit due to his great success as an orator during his lifetime, as his vehement assaults on the Christian religion aroused so many and such powerful enmities. But without regarding his creed, judging him solely by his power as an orator, no nation can to-day produce his equal. There was poetry, wit, humor, sarcasm, and tenderest pathos in nearly every lecture he delivered, whether on religion or politics.

Colonel Ingersoll was not invited by the lyceums to lecture in their regular courses, but his fame was so great that he did not need their aid in getting audiences. Whenever he wanted to lecture he sent out an agent, "hired a hall," and lectured at his own risk, and, almost always, when in large cities, to his own pecuniary benefit. In the smaller towns the church influence was always too much for him, and it did not pay him to lecture in such places.

While coming from New England one day with Mr. Beecher, Colonel Ingersoll was in the same car. After a pleasant salutation between the two, the Colonel went to his

seat. In his mischievous way Mr. Beecher said, "I have written that man's epitaph." He showed me written on the margin of a newspaper, with his pencil, two words: "*Robert Burns.*"

FREDERICK DOUGLASS

FREDERICK DOUGLASS for two or three decades was one of the favorites of the lyceum, which he abandoned only after the emancipation of his race. Douglass was beyond all comparison the ablest man whom the black race ever produced in our country, either among the pure black or the class of mixed blood. He himself was a mulatto. His father was pure white of a distinguished Maryland family. His mother was pure black and his father's slave—that is, his mother was a pure black and his father a pure—I should say impure—white. He always gave his mother the credit of his talents. Douglass was born a slave. In early manhood he managed to escape on a ship, and landed in New Bedford, Mass. There he soon learned to read, and worked at such work as he could find. By and by he attended anti-slavery meetings, and soon became a popular speaker and the pet of the abolitionists. His graphic accounts of his life as a slave were very popular.

From giving the story of his life, he gradually branched out into discussions of the political questions of the day, and, next to Phillips, was probably the ablest orator of the anti-slavery movement. Eventually he went to Rochester and published, for many years, a weekly antislavery paper. Its title was *Frederick Douglass's Paper*, which, next to Garrison's *Liberator* and *The Anti-Slavery Standard*, was recognized as the ablest anti-slavery paper in America. Then he became a lecturer, and his fame spread so rapidly that he took rank in the favor of the lecture-going public with Phillips and the other leading lights of the lyceum. When Lincoln came into power, Douglass moved to Washington, and was appointed to office in the District of Columbia as Marshal, a position he held during the entire period of Lincoln's administration.

Douglass's first wife was a plantation negress without any education. A few years ago he married again. His second wife was white, and a woman of education and ability. The

black race has developed under freedom many effective speakers, but Douglass was the only man among them who deserved to be regarded as a real orator. Most of the negro speakers were really benefited in public esteem on account of their color—that is, they could not have had as good a reputation as they won if they had been white, for their audiences made excuses for them that they would not have made for a white man. But Douglass was retarded by his color, for he would have won a higher rank if he had been a white man.

After hearing Douglass and Anna Dickinson speak at the first Southern Loyalist Convention at Philadelphia, John Minor Botts, the famous Virginian political leader, said:

"To-day I have heard the greatest white woman and the greatest colored orator in America. I tell you, sir, if Douglass had been a white man he would have been regarded as one of the greatest men in America."

"Well, sir," was the reply of his Northern listener, "we regard him as one of the greatest men in our country, even though he is a colored man."

In Janesville, Wis., Sol Hudson, proprietor of the American House, would not allow Douglass in the dining-room. The Water Witch Engine Co., under whose auspices Douglass had been engaged to lecture, got out a hose cart and engine and were going to wash out the place. Mr. Douglass came out on the porch and said:

"Go back. Don't blame the man. He is not to blame."

He made a plea there that put us all to shame.

After accepting office, Douglass virtually retired from the lecture field, and whenever he appeared in public made Republican speeches.

Mr. Douglass died in Washington, December 10, 1895.

BOOKER T. WASHINGTON is another great black man who has developed under freedom. He is principal and founder of the Tuskegee Normal and Industrial Institute of Tuskegee, Ala., in the Black Belt, where the colored people outnumber the white three to one.

Mr. Washington, in his speech at the opening of the Atlanta Exposition, September 18, 1895, it is believed by many, solved the race problem. His address was one of the most notable speeches both as to character and the warmth of its reception ever delivered to a Southern audience, and was favorably commented on editorially by every newspaper in the South. Born a slave, he occupies a place among the foremost men of the age.

At the Home Missionary Meeting of the Presbyterians in Carnegie Hall, New York, March 3, 1896, where President Cleveland presided, and where many of the greatest preachers and pulpit orators took part, this modest, unassuming negro of the South was the lion of the evening, next to the President. He was a revelation to the people of the North. He has fire and magnetism and gifts of oratory which few of our Northern orators possess, whether they be black or white. He speaks with force and conviction and leaves an indelible impression on the minds of his hearers.

The President's visit to Tuskegee on Friday, November 16,

1898, was as delightful an occasion as any of the numerous events in Atlanta. Its significance is perceived by all, but it was emphasized when Secretary Long, in an impromptu speech in the school chapel, called attention to the striking spectacle presented by "the trinity seated on the platform, the notable conjunction in that State, of its Governor, the President of the nation, and Booker T. Washington seated together."

It is not too much to say that one of the chief objects of President McKinley's tour in the South on that occasion was the visit which he made to the Tuskegee Normal and Industrial Institution.

The President made there the longest speech of the tour.

He and his party were met at the station by the mayor and town council of Tuskegee and the trustees of the school, and were driven through the town to the school.

A few minutes were spent in driving over the grounds, after which the party, from a grand stand, viewed a general exhibition of school work on floats, carried on wagons.

All the visitors to Tuskegee went away with the memory of a few hours wholly bright with simple, cordial welcome and the evidences that long strides in the right direction toward the solution of the negro problem have been taken here.

At the opening meeting in the chapel of the institution were crowded together the students of the school, the negroes of the vicinity, the white people of the town, and members of the Georgia legislature.

Mr. Washington, in a short speech which he made before asking Governor Johnston to introduce the President, said:

"In the presence of the chief magistrate of the nation, I am glad to testify that in our efforts to teach our people to put brains and skill and dignity into the common occupations of life, we have not only the active help of all classes of citizens in the little town of Tuskegee, but of the best people of the South. Said our present Governor, in his recent message to the legislature: 'Every dollar given to the cause of education becomes invested capital that cannot be lost or destroyed, but

will continue to pay dividends from one generation to another.' These are the words, this is the spirit, that governs the actions of the present Governor of Alabama, and I am sure that no one can more fitly welcome our distinguished guest to the State than Governor Johnston."

Mr. Washington is a star lyceum lecturer when he can afford the time, but he devotes nearly his entire time and gives all his earnings to the institute, and is able through his persuasive powers to secure from rich contributors far more money than the largest pay audiences would yield. Still, many of our first-class lecture courses are able to secure him, and invariably with handsome profit.

PREACHERS

HENRY WARD BEECHER

HENRY WARD BEECHER was my nearest and dearest friend for eleven years. Excepting only Arizona and New Mexico, there was not a State or Territory in the Union in which we had not travelled together. In sunshine and in storm, by night, by day, by every conceivable mode of travel, in special Pullman cars, the regular passenger trains, mixed trains, freight trains, on steamboats and rowboats, by stage and on the backs of mules, I had journeyed at his side. I was near him in the days of 1875–77, at the time of his deepest sorrow, when he was reviled and spit upon; I saw the majestic courage with which he passed through gaping crowds at railroad stations, and at the entrances of hotels and public halls—a courage which I had not conceived mere humanity could possess. I have looked upon him when I felt that I would give my poor life a thousand times could that sacrifice alleviate the mental sufferings that I knew he was undergoing. There were times when it seemed as though he must give way; times when I was the only friend within his reach, and he sought refuge near and with me. It was thus that he came to love and trust me, and that my love and veneration for him became so strong that to lose him left me like a ship without a helm or a commander.

Especially during those three darkest years was he the subject of my sad admiration. Often have I seen him on our entering a strange town hooted at by a swarming crowd and greeted with indecent salutations. On such occasions he would pass on, seemingly unmoved, to his hotel, and remain there until the hour for his public appearance; then, confronted by great throngs, he would lift up his voice, always for humanity and godliness. He always saw and seized the opportunity to speak to the whole great people, and after he had spoken, the assemblages would linger to draw near, seemingly to touch the hem of his garments, to greet the man whom they had so lately despised. How changed I have often seen the public

attitude toward him when he left a town to which he had come but the day before! Thus he went from city to city, making friends and advocates of all who heard or met him, and thus for eleven years was it my delight to accompany him in his work of re-establishing himself in that love and confidence of the people from which unprincipled enemies and an often merciless press had attempted to thrust him out forever.

I thank God that it was my privilege to attend his fortunes to the end, and to see and to hear, on both sides of the continent and on both sides of the ocean, demonstrations of love and confidence that came at length in so unsullied and vast a stream from the church, his friends, his country, and his race, toward him who had brought many thousands of them much nearer than they had been to the common Master of us all.

John Bright told me that Henry Ward Beecher was the greatest orator who spoke the English tongue. When Beecher came to Plymouth Church, in 1847, he was thirty-four years of age, strong and rugged in health, unconventional in manners, but never ungentlemanly. In his free, brusque address and direct approach he was different from more polished clergymen, and no man ever lived more directly under the public gaze than did Mr. Beecher for forty years; his life was seen and read by all men,—his public life,—but few have known of his domestic gentleness and invariable sweetness of nature. He was the centre of loving hearts. Strong and powerful as he knew he was, to those he loved he was as gentle as a mother. As to enmities, he had none, and he hardly knew he had enemies. He was the most joyous, radiantly happy man that ever lived.

I remember saying to him one day after I had seen him walking arm in arm with a man who had injured him, who had been abusing him: "I think you are carrying the doctrine of forgiveness too far."

He said: "Pond, can we go further than to bless those who curse us, and pray for those who despitefully use us? Ah, there is so little known of the spirit of Christ in the world

that when a man is trying feebly and afar off to follow Him, even Christians do not understand it."

No answer could be made to such reasoning, and friends knew and learned from him what was meant by being a Christian. His theory was that as a son of God and in unison with his Father, he had a right to happiness, and this right he would allow no man or set of men to take from him.

He had, as I can bear witness, the power of abstraction, by which he could put away all thoughts of care and trouble, and rise to a higher atmosphere where the heavens were blue and unclouded, while his eyes and ears seemed closed to all lower considerations. To those nearest to him at these times this power seemed almost superhuman.

From my earliest recollection, in our log cabin on the frontier of Wisconsin, the name of Dr. Lyman Beecher was a household word. One day—I think it was in the summer of 1846—my mother was reading a paper that some friend had sent from the East containing a sermon by Henry Ward Beecher, a young son of Lyman Beecher, pastor of a new church in Indianapolis, in which the young man had dared to denounce slavery. Garrison, Thurlow Weed, Phillips, Beecher, Theodore Parker, Finney, were names as familiar to me in boyhood as those of my own relatives. Then came the Kansas conflict, Captain John Brown, and Sharp's rifles (known as Beecher Bibles).

Educated, trained, and a participant in those early conflicts in Kansas, as I was, with the name of Beecher as a beacon light, one may perhaps be able to realize my feelings of reverence and awe for this great man when I met him for the first time in Brooklyn, in his own house, in April, 1875. I never had experienced such a feeling before. My lips trembled, my tongue seemed paralyzed, my throat clogged, my eyes flooded. I was helpless; I was joyous; so filled to overflowing with something that I must have made a fool of myself. Holding fast to my hand, Mr. Beecher walked over to the sofa in the parlor, set me down, and began questioning me about James Redpath, who had owned the Redpath Lyceum Bureau, in

Boston, and for whom Mr. Beecher had lectured. I told him that Mr. Redpath had gone out of the business and had returned to journalism in New York, and that Mr. Hathaway and I had bought out the concern; that a number of engagements for him to lecture had been indefinitely postponed the season before, with a promise on his (Mr. Beecher's) part that new dates should be given the management as soon as he himself could forecast his own time. Nearly a year had passed, and these people were waiting.

To make a long story short, the time was arranged for, and new dates for New England, to begin Monday, April 18, 1875, in New London, Conn. This was the first lecture given by Mr. Beecher under my auspices. From that time until February, 1887, three weeks before his death, Mr. Beecher and I travelled together nearly 300,000 miles. He lectured 1261 times for me.

On many of our lecture tours we were favored with Mrs. Beecher's companionship. Mr. and Mrs. Beecher were both good travellers—never the slightest trouble. They carried their own hand baggage, and would allow no outsider to touch it. One little journey we made together, a sort of "vacation excursion." Mr. Beecher delivered seventy-five lectures on that little circuit of the continent, preached sixteen sermons, many of them in Plymouth churches, and travelled 17,000 miles.

I cannot undertake to give a connected, chronological account of even a part of my wonderful experiences with Mr. Beecher. I have simply selected here and there an episode which will serve to illustrate some characteristic of the man I knew.

We had returned from Mr. Beecher's first visit to Nashville and Memphis, in May, 1879. It had been a short tour of unusual interest to him; he had never before been south of Mason and Dixon's line, except for a single night in Richmond, Va., in 1877. I accompanied him on the tour, and to his first Friday evening prayer-meeting in Plymouth Church after our return, for I was quite certain his people were to be treated to some interesting comments on our journey. I asked

Mr. Ellingwood (Mr. Beecher's stenographer) to take down the "talk" and write it out for me privately, which he did, and here it is—the first time it has ever seen the light of day:

"After the war, for the first time in my life it seemed to me that it was possible for me to visit the Southern portion of my native land. There had always been a sting in the thought that I, a citizen of the United States, who if need be would lay down his life for his country, could not cross Mason and Dixon's line with any certainty of coming back, and that my name was a name to conjure with and bring up evil spirits. It had always hurt my pride of patriotism that I, a loyal and freedom-loving man, could not go where I pleased on this continent, that I could not go into any of thirteen or fourteen of these United States. I had feared that I should die without the sight.

"I did not know how the change was to be brought about, but I believed that there would be emancipation; that the conscience of mankind would slowly unfold and work in secret

NOTE.—This reproduction is from the last photograph Mr. Beecher ever had taken. It was made by Elliot & Fry in London, September, 1886. As he started to leave the gallery, he said to me: "Now, sir, I am ready to be led to the next block for slaughter." He was looking me squarely in the eye as he spoke. The photographer said: "Stand right where you are, just a moment, Mr. Beecher." He shifted his apparatus and caught this picture. J. B. POND.

ways toward liberty, and that in the remote future free labor, applied to the raising of cotton and sugar, would compete in the market with slave labor and lead to abolition. That was my theory; but the Lord cut it short in righteousness; He severed the Gordian knot with the sword; this country was made free from end to end; and ever since I have said within myself, 'Before I die I hope to tread the soil of every State in this Union.' And now I have actually been away down South.

"I went first to Nashville—a beautiful city. The Fisk University, one of the marvels of the world, is there. It is really a very remarkable building, and it is very nobly manned. The whole of it has been sung into existence by men and women that had been in slavery. And, do you know, they look upon you at this church as being the author of their success. For you will recollect that the 'Jubilee Singers' came here impoverished and discouraged, hoping that they might raise a little money by singing. They were hardly able to meet their expenses in getting here. In this lecture-room, on a Friday evening, they were asked to sing some of their songs; and you said, after hearing them, 'Those songs must be heard in the great church'; and when Sunday came they sang there; the fire was kindled, and invitations came in to them to sing in other places. Dr. Cuyler opened his church for them, and other churches were opened. Then they began to have calls from New England; and finally they went abroad. The result was that they earned over $200,000 singing through America, England, Germany, and France; and they have built with their breath that great collegiate institution, where five hundred of their kind are being instructed.

"Talk about old Rome, her achievements and her cathedrals. They are grand; but I will point to the rearing of the Fisk University by ex-slaves and their singing, and say, 'It is the most wonderful thing that has yet been done in architecture.'

"I went the next day to Memphis. I shall never be President of the United States—I have made up my mind to that;

but I had a taste of what it would be to be President, for they gave me twenty-one guns when I went into the town. I thought to myself, 'Am I on earth? and am I in Memphis, on the Mississippi River, clear down in the southwest corner of the State of Tennessee, and only twelve miles from the State of Mississippi? And are these twenty-one guns for the pastor of Plymouth Church? Well, things have turned around pretty lively!' I do not know how many people saw that spectacle; I only know that I saw it.

"I was taken about the city by the editor of the Memphis *Appeal*, one of the most stirring of the Southern papers. I could not ask for a more kind reception than I received at his hands. It was about six o'clock in the evening when I arrived, and the lecture was at eight. As there was no lecture-room large enough to hold the people that wanted to gather, Agricultural Hall was taken, and 4,000 seats were put into it, and out from a gallery, looking down upon the people, I delivered my lecture, and I delivered it just as plump and as fair as I ever did anywhere else. I received just as cordial and respectful a hearing as ever I had, and I never desire to speak to a more thoughtful, cultivated, courteous, sympathetic, and respectful audience than I had in Memphis. Yet they knew who I was, and they very well knew what my sentiments had been and were.

"I bless God that the day has come when a true heart, with kind and sympathetic feelings, will give a man entrance into every State of this Union to discuss any question that it is necessary to discuss before the people of the United States."

It was on January 23, 1877, that I had arranged with W. T. Powell of Richmond, Va., for Mr. Beecher to lecture in that city. Mr. Powell was manager of the Richmond Theatre, and was to pay $400 for the lecture. It was to be on Tuesday evening, and as Mr. Beecher lectured Monday evening in Baltimore, we had arranged to take the sleeper immediately after the Baltimore lecture and be in Richmond early the following morning.

As we went aboard the sleeper at Baltimore a telegram was put into my hands which read as follows:

"Richmond, Va., January 22, 1877

"To J. B. Pond, Baltimore, Md.

"No use coming. Beecher will not be allowed to speak in Richmond. No tickets sold.

"W. T. Powell."

I at once replied: "Have started. Mr. Beecher will be on hand to keep his contract." I did not mention the incident to Mr. Beecher.

Just before our arrival in Richmond the following morning, Mr. Powell came to me on the train and told me that the feeling against Mr. Beecher was so bitter that it would not do for him to attempt to speak; that not a ticket had been sold, and he dared not advertise.

Mr. Beecher and I went direct to the Exchange Hotel, and as he registered our names I saw at once that there was a general disposition, from the hotel clerk down to the negro porter and the bell-boy, to guy us.

We went down to breakfast, and the waiter and head waiter who seated us were disgustingly uncivil. Mr. Beecher made no remarks. We ate our breakfast, and as we passed out of the dining-room into a long hall we met a pretty little golden-haired child. Mr. Beecher, in his characteristic manner, stopped and began talking to and caressing the child, taking some candy from his pocket (he never was without bait for children), offered it, and was just getting into the little girl's favor when the mother came along and snatched her away, as though she were rescuing her from a fierce beast of prey.

Mr. Beecher walked quietly to his room. I left instructions at the hotel office that no one was to knock at his door. Mr. Powell called and assured me that it would be all Mr. Beecher's life was worth to attempt to speak in Richmond. I told him that I would let him off that night from his contract if he would rent me the theatre. He consented, and I at once got out some bills and dodgers and advertised Mr. Beecher to

speak that evening. The Legislature was in session, and passed an informal vote that none of them would go near the theatre. The Tobacco Board did the same.

Evening arrived, and I could get no one to attend the door, so I did it myself. Mr. Powell applied for an extra force of a dozen police, which was of no account, as they were wholly in sympathy with the crowd.

The Rev. Dr. Grey, the principal Presbyterian minister, and the head of a leading institution of learning in Richmond, wrote the chief of police that though he distinctly wished it to be understood that he did not indorse or favor Mr. Beecher's speaking in Richmond, he sincerely hoped that the threat to egg Mr. Beecher would not be carried into effect. As each member of the Legislature and the Tobacco Board knew that none of the other members would attend the lecture, each embraced the opportunity to go; and there, to their surprise, they all met. It was a crowd of men who made the best of the joke they had played upon themselves. They were hilarious and disrespectful.

The time came for me to go after Mr. Beecher. I had no door-tender, but the theatre was full of men, and my pockets were stuffed with dollars, so I left the door to take care of itself. I found him ready. While in the carriage on our way from the hotel to the theatre not a word passed between us, and during the day neither of us had spoken of the situation. When we arrived at the stage door of the theatre the dozen policemen were keeping the crowd back. As we alighted from the carriage at the door, a general yell went up. We met Mr. Powell on the stage. He called me to one side and said:

"Don't you introduce Mr. Beecher. The gallery is full of eggs. You will have trouble."

I stepped into the waiting-room. Mr. Beecher said: "Go ahead; I am ready."

I walked on the stage, and he followed. As we sat down I saw the theatre full of men only. The crowd was disposed to be uncivil; canes began to rake the baluster of the balcony

railing, and feet to pound the floor, and in less than a minute a yell fairly shook the theatre. Mr. Beecher signaled me to proceed.

I stood a moment for them to get quiet, and then introduced him to his first Virginian audience.

Mr. Beecher was to speak on "Hard Times," but had decided to change the subject to the "Ministry of Wealth." As he arose and stepped toward the footlights, another yell went up. He stood unmoved, and waited for some time; finally a lull came, and he began. He said that there was a natural law that brains and capital controlled the commercial world, and it could not be changed even by the Virginia Legislature, which opened with prayer and closed with the benediction. The Legislature were all there, and the public, like any other public, were ready to accept any good-natured drive at the Legislature.

It was not many minutes before the audience was in full sympathy with the speaker, and for two and a half hours Mr. Beecher addressed that crowd, swaying them with his mighty eloquence and telling them such truths as they never before had listened to. His peroration was a tribute to the Commonwealth of Virginia, the Mother of Presidents, her history and her people, and closed with a brief retrospect: how she had prospered when she set her mark high and bred her sons for Presidents and position, but how changed when she came to breed men for the market; how manfully and nobly her worthy sons had kissed the sod, and how sad had been her lot. But in all her prosperity and adversity God had not forsaken her. Industry brought prosperity, and soon, very soon, Virginia was to be one of the brightest stars in the constellation of States.

Such applause and cheers as he got during that address I have never before or since heard.

He stepped off the stage and into the carriage, and we were in our rooms at the hotel before half the audience could get out of the theatre.

After getting to his room Mr. Beecher threw himself back

in a large chair in front of a blazing wood fire and laughingly said:

"Don't you think we have captured Richmond?"

He had no more than spoken when the door opened and a crowd of men came rushing in. My first impression was that it was a mob, as it did not seem that there had been time for them to come from the theatre; but I was mistaken.

The foremost was a tall man with a slouch hat. (They were all in slouch hats.) He said:

"Mr. Beecher, this is our 'Leftenant'-Governor. We have come to thank you for that great speech. This is our member for So-and-So, and this is Judge Harris," and so on, introducing a score or more of prominent Virginians.

"Mr. Beecher, we want you to stay and speak for us tomorrow evening. We want our women to hear you," etc.

Mr. Beecher was in his most happy humor. He shook the Virginians warmly by the hand. He told them that he was announced for Washington the following evening, and his time was all booked for the season. They offered to raise $500 if he would remain over. The following morning at seven o'clock many Virginians were at the station to see him off. All the morning papers contained extensive synopses of the lecture and favorable notices.

After that first appearance Mr. Beecher spoke twice in Richmond to the choicest audiences that the old capital could turn out. I consider this the greatest lecture I ever knew Mr. Beecher to give.

Mr. Beecher had preached in Davenport, Iowa, Sunday, March 4th, and lectured Monday evening. The crowds had been enormous on both occasions. People had come great distances from all directions.

While on the train from Iowa City, the morning of the 6th, a number of people in the same car were returning home from Davenport. Directly behind Mr. Beecher sat two very charming, refined ladies, dressed in black. I was seated directly opposite them, and noticed that they were amusing themselves by trying to gather up a number of Mr. Beecher's

long, white, silky hairs which had fallen on the velvet collar of his overcoat and about his shoulders. The ladies were proceeding so delicately and accumulating so fine a lock of his hair that it attracted the attention of a number of passengers, who seemed so intently interested in their success as to cause absolute silence all over the car. Mr. Beecher seemed interested in a book and unaware of what was going on about him. All of a sudden he quietly turned his head toward me. I noticed the twinkle in his eye, and at once knew something was coming.

"Pond, are there flies in this car?" he asked, as he quietly raised his hand to his shoulder as if to brush away a fly.

The spectators at once burst into a general laugh. The two ladies were, for a moment, apparently paralyzed. Finally one of them plucked up courage to say:

"Mr. Beecher, we have been all the way to Davenport to hear you preach and lecture. We are Brooklyn people. We saw some loose hairs on your shoulders, and could not resist the temptation to secure them as souvenirs. We hope you will pardon us."

"Well," said Mr. Beecher, "my wife never could have been so careful as that."

Everybody in the car heard the conversation, and there was general merriment.

These ladies lived at Muscatine. They had once been members of Plymouth Church. Mr. Beecher entertained them until we reached the junction, where they left us for their home. He had given them all the late news from Plymouth and Brooklyn.

At Burlington, a week later, they came to the lecture with their husbands and families. They also came to the lecture in Washington, Iowa, and Monmouth, Ill. We never made a Western tour that they did not appear in some of the audiences.

March 26, 1878, we were in Topeka, Kan. While on a three weeks' tour in the West we were at the Teft House, having arrived by an early train from Kansas City. We ate

breakfast, and Mr. Beecher retired to his room, while I entertained old friends in the office, and there were many (as the exciting part of my career had been in this blood-bought State), from Mr. McMeakin, the proprietor, with his beard hanging down to the skirts of his garments, to Tom Anderson, Major Adams, Chester Thomas, George Peck, Gov. Tom Osborne, Benjamin Simpson, Rossington, and others. Mr. McMeakin interrupted the conversation by saying that an old colored man at the desk wanted to see Mr. Beecher, and would not accept the explanation that he would see no one during the morning, as he was resting.

The old darkey wore a long-tailed broadcloth coat and a plug hat about the same age as himself. He was a typical Uncle Ephraim. I left the crowd and spoke to him.

"Mr. Beecher is resting. He can see no one until he is up and rings his bell."

"That's right, sir. I know all about that, sir. You just take me to him. You'll know if he wants to see me. He would be here just now if he knew I was to see him."

"What's your name?" I asked.

"It makes no difference. Just take me to him. I lived with him six years in Indiana. My wife nursed Miss Hattie and little Massa Harry. He knows me well 'nough."

It came in such sincere, enthusiastic darky earnestness that I fully realized he was exactly the person Mr. Beecher would be glad to see at any hour.

I escorted him to Mr. Beecher's room, walking quietly in without knocking, as was my custom. He was lying on his bed wide awake.

"Here is an old citizen of Kansas who not only claims that he knows you, but insists that you want to see him."

Mr. Beecher had no more than set eyes on him than he exclaimed:

"Well, I guess he's about right Jim, how are you? Come in and tell me about yourself right away. I haven't seen you for over thirty years."

"Thirty-three years, Mr. Beecher," said the darky

"Well, well, why haven't you reported to me where you were all this time? What has become of Letitia?"

"She's right here, Mr. Beecher. She's going to the lecture to-night just to see you."

"Where are you living? Have you got a family?"

"I live here in Topeka, Letitia and I. We's got four sons. They all time about here. All got good farms but Henry, our youngest boy. He ain't no good. Henry was named for you, Mr. Beecher. He's at the race-track. He trains fine horses for the biggest horseman in Kansas," and he went on giving his history for thirty-three years. He and his eldest sons had been through the war, and they had been in all the struggles in Kansas, and he knew all about it.

"Letitia is mighty anxious to see you, Mr. Beecher. Yes, she is, sir."

"Pond, get a carriage, and we'll ride out to see Letitia. You'll see what good housekeeping is."

We all went down to the office together. The same crowd of old friends were still loitering about, waiting for a chance to see and meet Mr. Beecher, to whom I introduced them, and then ordered a hack.

Mr. Beecher told the gentlemen that he was very glad to see an old servant who had once taken great care of him and Mrs. Beecher, when they first lived in Indiana, and he was going out to see his wife, whom Mrs. Beecher had partly brought up and trained in housekeeping. They told Mr. Beecher that Jim was very well known and respected, and the richest colored man in Kansas.

A few moments later Mr. Beecher and this colored man and I were riding through the streets of the capital of Kansas in an open carriage. There could be no more appropriate background for that picture than the Capitol of Kansas. We soon drove up to a very fine-looking large frame house in the quarter of negro aristocracy. There were flowers in the yard and climbers over windows and doors. As we were dismounting, Mr. Beecher said:

"I see Letitia has not forgotten her love for flowers."

Just then a very large and motherly colored woman came to the door to welcome him. I don't believe that in all our travel we ever enjoyed a visit more than that. They lived over their early life in Indiana, and Mr. Beecher recollected just the incidents and circumstances they were in touch with—the building of the house, the making of the gardens, the flowers, the different horses, cows, and the long rides they had together in his missionary work, prying their old mud wagon out of the mire and pulling the horses out of swamps. Each and all had shared these hardships alike, and were now enjoying alike the reminiscences.

After an hour we drove back to the hotel, Mr. Beecher sounding the praise of his old servants until we arrived. Dinner was ready, and no small portion of the town waiting to set eyes on my star.

About 6 that evening Jim came in with a large pitcher of hot coffee, something that was hard to get in that country.

"Mr. Beecher, Letitia was afeared you would have no good coffee here, and she knowed how much you needed it, as you speak to-night. She never forgot the coffee, you know."

"Oh, Jim, tell Letitia that she knows just how to have a good lecture to-night."

It was a good lecture.

Mr. Beecher's visit to his old servants before he had seen any callers was much and favorably commented upon, and greatly enhanced the popularity of the already best-known colored citizen in the town.

Mr. Beecher never ate before speaking. Not even at home on Sunday did he take breakfast. He was a great coffee drinker, and always required one or two cups of good coffee instead of his meal before a lecture or sermon. He gave me to understand before we started out together that if we were to have good lectures we must have good coffee. So I found it very often necessary to impress upon the host at our hotel that Mr. Beecher's success depended upon the hotel-keeper as much as on the lecturer. It was very seldom we

failed to have good coffee, except when in some frontier city in the far West and through the South.

On August 18, 1883, Mr. Beecher lectured in Butte City, Mont. We arrived by an early train, went directly to the hotel, and Mr. Beecher retired to his room to lie down. We had left Mrs. Beecher for a day's rest at Deer Lodge, about forty miles from Butte, a sort of mountain watering-place, to join her on the following day on our way to Portland, Ore.

While Mr. Beecher was sleeping in the forenoon the proprietor of the hotel told me there was a lady in the parlor who wished to see him. Answering the summons, I found a young woman with a child in her arms. I asked her what she wanted with Mr. Beecher. She replied that she and her husband were members of Plymouth Church; that she wanted him to baptize her baby. I knew very well that under these circumstances Mr. Beecher would be glad to be disturbed, so I called him, and he came to the parlor, shook hands with the woman, patted the baby on the cheek, and asked:

"What are you members of Plymouth Church doing here?"

"My husband is working in the mines."

"How long have you been here?"

"About two years, sir."

"Where is your husband?" asked Mr. Beecher.

"He hasn't any coat, and doesn't care to come in. He's down at the door."

Mr. Beecher turned to me and said: "Pond, bring that man up here."

I found the hardy young miner and brought him up to the parlor. He was in his shirt-sleeves. He shook hands, saying: "Ah, Mr. Beecher, don't you remember me? I am a member of Plymouth Church. I was very unfortunate in Brooklyn. I am a better man now, thanks to you, sir."

It appeared that this young man had been unfortunate in Brooklyn. Through Mr. Beecher's influence, and his wife's, he had resolved to try his fortune in the far West.

Mr. Beecher was deeply affected at their earnest desire to have him baptize their only child, and I knew the baby's

baptism would be very impressive. As I stepped downstairs for a pitcher of water I met an editor of one of the papers, whom I had formerly known. I told him to come upstairs, that Mr. Beecher was about to baptize the child of one of his parishioners. It was indeed one of the most beautiful ceremonies I ever witnessed. I know we all cried.

He questioned them considerably concerning their circumstances, and asked me to see that they had tickets for the lecture that night.

The man had to hurry back to his work in the mine. Mr. Beecher asked the mother to accompany him with her baby to a clothing store across the street, where he purchased a suit of clothes for her husband, giving instructions for them to be sent to his house at once. He then allowed the mother to take her baby home, not without a recommendation to be sure she brought her husband to the lecture that night. The woman replied that she had no one with whom to leave the baby.

"Bring the baby," said Mr. Beecher. "If there is no one else to take care of it, I will, or I will have Pond tend it."

She was very much overcome with all this unexpected kindness. Her eyes were almost bursting with tears of gratitude as she walked away from the store.

After her departure we went to a dry goods store, where Mr. Beecher told the proprietor that he wanted several things. First, everything complete for a child of ten months, such as dresses, flannels, and such pretty things as a child wears, even to the little shoes and stockings, cloak, and bonnet. Then he told him that he wanted some goods for a dress for a woman who was in poor circumstances, but very worthy—something that she could wear and look becoming. He bought two or three calico dresses besides, and such other articles as he thought a poor family would most need, and ordered them all sent to the house. I paid the bills, and have them, receipted, now. They were altogether $83.

That evening Mr. Beecher lectured to an immense audience, all the seats having been sold in advance. We succeeded in

placing two chairs at one side near the platform, which this little Plymouth family occupied. They were very attentive, and enjoyed the lecture immensely. The baby was quiet and playful during the early part of the evening, then fell quietly asleep in its mother's arms. No one was in the least disturbed. I believe the orator got his inspiration for that occasion from this little party.

At the close of the lecture there was the usual rush to congratulate and shake hands with Mr. Beecher, including the Mayor, who presided, and the best people of Butte. I think he hardly noticed them, but made a break through the crowd and went directly to his former parishioners and congratulated them on the good behavior of the baby, told them many things of Plymouth Church and Brooklyn, enjoying it much more than all the congratulations the people had to offer afterward.

As Mr. Beecher and I returned to the hotel that evening, I said: "Mr. Beecher, it seems to me there are few men who would devote themselves for a day to a kindness like that."

He replied: "Next to my own children are the members of my church."

Mr. Beecher spoke in Bloomington, Ill., being introduced by an old gentleman, a former friend of Abraham Lincoln. He was a very old man, and I could see that he was very much respected. As he approached the audience to make the introductory speech, he hesitated for a word, and after a moment felt in his pockets for his manuscript, and discovered that he had forgotten them. Poor old gentleman! He was dreadfully embarrassed, and so was the audience for him. Mr. Beecher helped him out, and explained to the audience that it was a common mistake among speakers, of which he himself had often been guilty.

He was to speak in Decatur that night, and I was obliged to secure a special train, as the regular train was four hours late. I secured a caboose and engine on the Illinois Central Railroad. We reached a small station about half-way to Decatur. We had to take a side track and wait for an upcoming train to pass. I saw a great crowd at the station, but

our side track took us to one side of the town. We had no more than stopped when, looking back, I saw the crowd rushing toward our car. It was during the period when Mr. Beecher was most liable to insult, and I instinctively felt that that crowd were not coming to do him honor. We had a large coal stove in the caboose. It was red hot. A heavy iron poker lay on the floor. I ran the poker into the stove and let it heat The mob came on and insisted on getting into the car. As I was watching the front door Mr. Beecher called, "Pond!" I looked around and saw that they had forced open the back door. I at once asked them to leave, as it was a private car and a special train. They kept crowding in, and I saw trouble ahead if they persisted. I caught the poker (which had become red hot) out of the stove and went for them. I jabbed it straight into them, and they began to get out.

I know that one of those roughs, if he is living, bears a scar, as I sawed the poker square across his arm and heard the meat fry.

We reached Decatur in time for the lecture, and went to Springfield the next day.

Once in 1884 Mr. Beecher requested me to postpone a lecture engagement on account of an important wedding which he said he had on hand. He declined to tell me who was to be married.

In fact, he said, he knew little about it himself. He invited me to his house that evening, and I was sitting with Mrs. Beecher in the library when the door bell rang and the parties were escorted to the parlor. He called Mrs. Beecher to join the party, but I was not invited. They must have remained an hour chatting after the ceremony, and then Mr. Beecher, in his cheerful, delightful manner, escorted them to the door, and they drove off. Mr. and Mrs. Beecher then returned to the library, expressing great wonder, and, I think, satisfaction, at the event.

Then he told me that he had just married C. P. Huntington to Mrs. A. D. Warsham, who was quite a prominent woman in New York and the subject of considerable comment as being

very ambitious. He believed she would make Mr. Huntington an excellent wife. She was just the woman for him.

Several weeks after this incident Mr. Beecher and I were together on the cars and he was having what he called a "general house-cleaning" of his pockets—not an uncommon occurrence. His pockets would often get loaded up with letters and papers, and if he happened to be sitting by an open car window, he would clear out his pockets, tear up old letters and throw them away.

On this occasion he happened to put his hand in the watch pocket of his pantaloons and found there a little envelope, which he opened. When he saw its contents, he called me to sit beside him, and remarked:

"You remember the evening I married C. P. Huntington I was so much interested in the subject that I forgot he handed me a little envelope as he went out of the door. I put it in the watch pocket of my pantaloons, and never thought of it again until just now, and here it is—four one thousand dollar bills.

"Now," he said, "don't tell any one about it and we will have a good time and make some happiness with this money. We will just consider that we found it."

A few days later he called and asked me to go with him down town to look at a cargo of rugs which had just arrived. I think we went to a place somewhere on Pearl street, below Fulton, and we had to go up two or three flights of stairs. The place was packed with rugs, and men were overhauling and marking them. Many were brought out and shown to Mr. Beecher, who seemed to be quite an expert in rugs, as well as in all other lines of art. He picked out quite a number—some of them very valuable ones—and left instructions to have them sent to various friends of his in accordance with a list which he had made out. There was one beautiful prayer rug which he sent to a friend in Peekskill, a member of his church, and I think he sent one to each of his children, and to his sons' wives. He also purchased quite a number for his own house. For one small prayer rug he paid $40. I asked

him to let me pay for that one and keep it for myself. He said: "No; that's the finest rug here. I propose to keep that one for myself." I saw it sold for $95 at the Beecher collection sale, but I would not bid against the young Plymouth Church lady, a near friend of Mr. Beecher, and she got it. All of those rugs would bring higher prices than Mr. Beecher paid for them.

Later we were at Bailey, Banks & Biddle's, in Philadelphia, where he purchased a beautiful coin silver lamp, and paid $100 for it, remarking:

"Pond, this is some of the money that we found." He sent the lamp to his own home, and I afterwards saw it sold in his collection at the American Art Galleries for $18 to Mrs. Blair. I tried to get to the auctioneer to tell him that it was a coin silver lamp and what Mr. Beecher had paid for it, but it was too late.

He bought a pair of andirons in Cincinnati and sent them to his little friend, Violet Beach, in Peekskill. Her mother had lately built a beautiful house adjoining Mr. Beecher's farm. In his letter to Violet's mother he said:

"I send a present to Violet, and if she doesn't like it, let her put it in the fireplace."

He purchased a great many unmounted gems, some of which he subsequently had mounted and gave them to friends. Many were mounted in very pretty rings.

I think he really did absorb the entire $4,000 in making happiness among those whom he loved. This was one of Mr. Beecher's eccentricities.

After Mr. Beecher's death, Mr. C. P. Huntington was very kind to Mrs. Beecher. He always furnished her transportation for transcontinental tours to visit her son on Puget Sound, and it was my privilege to call upon him with Mrs. Beecher's messages, as Mr. Beecher dead was Mr. Beecher living to me, so I took pleasure in going on these errands.

One day I related to Mr. Huntington the incident of Mr. Beecher's discovery of the four thousand-dollar bills, and he replied:

"I should never have given them to him. It was all wrong. I made a mistake. Money never did him any good."

Since that time I have visited many of Mr. Beecher's old friends, and have seen in their houses some of the rugs and other presents purchased with that money—souvenirs that call up fond memories of the dearest friendship one could possibly possess. I often wonder whether happiness made in that way is not more effective than when money is invested in some public library or other charitable institution, where it never arouses any feeling of personal gratitude on the part of the beneficiaries, who, if they are any better off for the legacy, hardly seem to know it.

In many a group of ministers in nearly every large city in this country have I seen Mr. Beecher standing as a father, giving and receiving blessings. When he left churches and halls where he had been preaching and lecturing, crowds always surged around him, accosting him in grateful words, asking to shake hands with him, and cheering him loudly as he drove away.

Episcopalians, Congregationalists, Methodists, Presbyterians, Baptists, Unitarians, Universalists, Jews, and Catholics, all mixed in the crowd and seemed equally anxious to do him honor.

In his private conversation his speech was as perfect in quality of thought, in richness of illustration, and in precision of statement as were his public utterances. This is true of only one other man that I have ever known, and that man, Wendell Phillips, was the least like him of all the orators of his day. One could spend a day in converse with either of these men, then listen to the lecture or sermon, and feel that the conversation was fully equal, if not superior, to the speech. I am bound to say from our long and intimate acquaintance that I believe Mr. Beecher's best things have been said in private.

Perhaps nothing more significant of his sympathy with society at large can be shown than the promptness with which he accepted an offer of chaplaincy by the Thirteenth Regiment of the National Guard, through its commander, Colonel

Austen. In January, 1878, the tender was made and accepted.

As usual Mr. Beecher's action was canvassed and criticised in Plymouth Church, whereupon at a Friday evening prayer-meeting he said: "I did not accept, as you may readily suppose, because I had nothing to do, and because I wanted to fill up vacant time. It was not because I had any special military gifts, or that any special military proclivities led me to delight in such position. I was as much surprised as any one could be when the request was made by Colonel Austen, and I was informed that it was the unanimous wish of the officers of the regiment that I should accept the place. The first impulse I felt on receiving the invitation was to say No, but the second impulse was in the nature of a query, whether there was not some duty there. The question was not exactly 'Should you accept the place?' but rather, 'Why should you not accept it? Is it not eminently wise that a body of young men, organized as a force of citizen soldiers, should have a chaplain? Is not a body of this kind, resembling in some respects a social club, unrestrained by the presence of women, fraught with great danger? Is it not liable to become a veritable maelstrom in which young men may be sucked down to destruction?' It seems to me there is no question that they should be surrounded by some kind of moral influence, and it appeared to be a pertinent question whether, if some one should respond, I was not the one to do it. In my case, there seemed to be special reasons why I should respond. I had been always among the foremost in the matters that led to the war, and was forward in upholding the various measures of the war, and it hardly seemed wise or proper for me to turn away from the citizen soldiery after they had done their duty in that war, thus tacitly saying that they were of no further consequence to the nation or to the community. And even more than all this was the consideration that many of the young men of the regiment are members of my own flock here. And if it is wise and prudent to have a citizen soldiery, properly equipped and ready at all times to serve as

a background of support for the civil authorities, it is certainly well to have them fortified and strengthened by all the good influences it is possible to throw around them. I go not for pleasure, but hoping to do them good. I want to help them as soldiers, as well as individuals, for I don't like to have anything to do with a thing that doesn't go. The regiment has entered upon a new life, and it will be rendered more prosperous than ever. At any rate, I hope you will have its well-being at heart, if for no other sake, at least for my sake, for I should not like to do anything in which I would not have the prayers of my people."

In a formal record, printed in the *North American Review*, Colonel Austen pays high compliment to his chaplain, who, it appears, made his first parade on the occasion of the dedication of the Martyrs' Tomb at Fort Greene, Brooklyn, on the 30th of May, 1878. "He had been invited," says Colonel Austen, "and an order forwarded, to which this jovial reply was received:

"'BROOKLYN, No. 124 Columbia Heights.

"'MY DEAR COLONEL:

"'I will be present, fully armed and equipped, as becomes a chaplain of the Old Thirteenth. Yours ever,

"'HENRY WARD BEECHER,

"'Captain Secular and Chaplain Spiritual of the Old Thirteenth—God bless her.'

"Mr. Beecher had secured a spirited horse, which I had been advised was a Kentucky thoroughbred, and which he proposed to ride. In reply to a suggestion made by me that he might have trouble in the control of so spirited a steed, Mr. Beecher said: 'I can stand any demonstration as long as the horse enjoys himself.'

"The order to march was given, the drums rolled out their first notes, and the horse, unused to such martial sounds, reared and plunged so that I made an effort to have the music stopped. But Mr. Beecher immediately discountenanced it. The Plymouth pastor firmly held his seat, his horsemanship exciting general admiration. He soon brought the steed un-

der complete control, and, in passing me, on his way to his place in the staff line, he said quietly, 'I guess this horse was not aware of the fact that I had my training in Indiana. Out there, when I went to visit my parishioners, in my younger days, I didn't follow the roads, and the rail fences didn't stand in my way. The horse knows all that now, and will march in line in proper order.'

"Our chaplain was right. His bold Kentucky thoroughbred had been instantly and utterly subdued. Not once again did the animal leave the line; but the fire of his eye showed that it was the master hand alone that held him under control.

"On the march the rain began to fall, and, apprehensive of Mr. Beecher's health, I urged him to leave the line and return home. 'Are you going to leave?' and when I replied in the negative, he said: 'A soldier desert on his first parade? Oh, no; I never do anything by halves. I have enlisted for the war, and my maiden battle must be fought out, even if the big drum has bursted.'"

Mr. Beecher's presence was always the occasion of a marked ovation along the entire line of march when the regiment paraded, and his spirits were of the best.

His Peekskill home was his earthly paradise, and every laborer upon it, every animal, almost every insect, had its place in his heart; for that was the wonder of his greatness, that the smallest and the least shared his love and sympathy.

His delight in nature was deep, continuous, and sometimes rapturous.

He kept a farm diary, which was picked up from among the rubbish after the family had moved away. It contained entries at different periods each summer from the time he went to Peekskill until the autumn before his death. There were two books, bound in calf, full of entries in his own hand. It was a complete directory of the farm. Here are a few of the many hundred entries:

"June 12, 1867.—Some pale maple leaves are already letting go. A few descended before my window this morning. One of them stuck into the grass stem first, and quivered in a

way that would make you think it was a bird. This is the very beginning of summer, and before trees have fairly got on their summer robes they begin contribution to death.

"July 5.—Bobolink sang to-day. Bluebirds, none. Robins, larks, wren, yet songful. Woodrobin, some.

"July 18, 1867.—Woodthrush still vocal last night; heard it when on compound road; also in Killendgrass Wood. First new potatoes yesterday.

"July 26.—Woodrobin still sings. Second brood on corner robins coming off. Rain thus far abundant.

"August 3.—Vireo, song-sparrow, meadow-lark, house-wren. For two days robin song ceased. Woodthrush have not heard for two days. On twenty-ninth of July the last hay cut.

"August 6, 1867.—Heard to-day the first yellow-hammer of the season, and also half a song of the robins, and only in snatches. Sparrow still sings. Wren silent. Sparrow yet quite vocal, and bluebirds flying in air give their soft and tender song.

"October 3, 1867.—Yesterday was particularly full of birds that seem to be travelling through on their way south. Bluebirds lisped their gentle and most ladylike notes, robins flew in threes and fives, high in the air. Heard a yellow-hammer and meadow-lark sing. To-night no sound but the melodious cricket, whose gurgle is far more agreeable than the hard and grating sounds of katydid and locust.

"August 2, 1872.—Robin silent for a week. Occasional note yet from woodthrush. Finches, sparrows, and linnets vocal. Young brood of thrushes hatched and now flying near hickory trees. The robin is the most powerful of all singers; his voice leads all, and constitutes four-fifths of the sound in summer mornings.

"1881.—After a faithful service of twenty-three years Thomas James Turner departed this life Wednesday, January 5, 1881, and was buried from my house, with service also in the Episcopal Church in Peekskill, where he had long been a communicant, and with Masonic honors, Saturday, January

8, 1881. He was, according to the measure of his gifts, an upright, faithful, and trustworthy man, who served not for lucre. I should be glad to have his name associated with this place, upon which he lived from about the time I bought it, and who has had a hand in every step in improvements which made it what it is this day."

In 1863 Mr. Beecher made a single speech in Great Britain, as Oliver Wendell Holmes wrote, but it was delivered in piecemeal in different places. Its exordium was on the 9th of October, in Manchester; its peroration was pronounced on the 20th of the same month in Exeter Hall, London. The public is more or less familiar with the result of that mission.

After a few months' absence he returned to America, having finished a more remarkable embassy than any envoy who has represented us in Europe since Franklin pleaded the cause of the young Republic at the court of Versailles. He had no official existence; but through the heart of the people he reached nobles, ministers, courtiers, and the throne itself. He whom *The Times* attacked, he whom *Punch* caricatured, was a power in the land. The change of the ruling classes in England, who were strong for the South, was at once manifest. As Mr. Scott, who introduced him in Exeter Hall, told me years later: "You should have been here to witness the effect of that speech as he swayed his enthusiastic audience hither and thither by his convincing arguments and appeal."

I was a soldier at that time, commanding a battalion of cavalry on the frontier of southwestern Missouri, Kansas, and the Indian country, but I read with eagerness of the great achievements of Mr. Beecher in England. We soldiers looked upon Beecher at home as Beecher in the field. He sharpened the swords, ran the bullets, and forged the cannon. His speeches read by the soldiers made Spartans out of the most timid. He inspired, encouraged, and electrified as no one else could.

During all our travels and associations together in this country my anxiety and determination to have Mr. Beecher heard again in England became more and more intense. I never

could get much encouragement until the spring of 1886, when, after much deliberation and urging by friends, he told me to go ahead. I immediately engaged passage from New York on Saturday morning, June 19. At that eventful Friday evening prayer-meeting, the evening before Mr. and Mrs. Beecher sailed, both the lecture-room and the auditorium were crowded. When the great overflow asked Mr. Beecher if they could not go into the auditorium, he replied: "No; this is our prayer-meeting room, where we have met on Friday evenings for forty years, and I do not feel like making this evening an exception." The overflow filled the main auditorium with members and friends waiting to say good-by to Mr. and Mrs. Beecher.

The ship left the wharf at 6 o'clock on the morning of the 19th, her decks crowded with passengers not yet aware of Mr. Beecher's presence; but as he stood almost alone on the forecastle deck, leaning on the rail, his well-known form attracted attention of people on the ferry-boats, and simultaneously the whistles of tugboats and other neighboring craft were sounded in salute.

Over a thousand Plymouth Church people had risen before the sun to pay a farewell tribute to Mr. and Mrs. Beecher by an excursion down the harbor on the steamer *Grand Republic*.

Before we reached Liberty Island and slowed down, the *Grand Republic* came alongside, her throng of passengers crowded to the nearer guards, and sent up cheer after cheer.

We passed Sandy Hook at 10:30, and were soon out at sea, bound for England. We found on board baskets, bouquets, and banks of flowers. Many friends had sent letters of farewell, and one had provided a basket of homing pigeons with instructions how to send the messages, what birds to fly first, and what others at 2 and 3 o'clock. Mr. Beecher wrote messages to his sons and to his friends in various parts of the country, fastened them to the birds according to directions, took the birds in his hands, playfully gave them parting instructions, and let them fly. They reached their destination in due time.

On the next Saturday morning at daybreak we awoke off the Irish coast. There was a heavy fog, and the fog-whistle was making a horrible din. We could hear voices in the distance, noises of life and commerce; soon the fog lifted, and we saw land. At 6 o'clock we reached Queenstown. Here many of our passengers disembarked, and here, with the Dublin morning papers, we got letters and telegrams, and countless invitations for Mr. Beecher to dine and to speak and lecture. We saw that Gladstone was announced to speak in Liverpool the following Monday, and decided to remain and hear him. We received letters from Dr. and Mrs. Joseph Parker, Dr. Henry Allon, and a host of others of Mr. Beecher's clerical friends, inviting him to preach, and scores of applications from all parts of the kingdom for lectures.

We landed in Liverpool at 7:30 in the evening, and were met by delegations from Bradford, Leeds, York, Carnarvon, Manchester, Edinburgh, Belfast, Dublin, and other cities. Reporters from the London papers were also in waiting. My fondest dream was realized. I want to tell something of that experience, because, under some strange journalistic influence, the American newspaper accounts of the trip rather left it to be inferred that there was lack of success. But let us see.

We spent Sunday, the 27th, in Liverpool. Mr. Beecher had several invitations to preach, but was obliged to decline all since he had not regained his vigor lost in seasickness. He found his way to some church alone, and sat in a large congregation unrecognized for the first time since he was ordained a minister. In the afternoon many clergymen and many men active in politics called to pay their respects.

The first lecture in England took place in Exeter Hall, London, July 19. It was in the same hall that Mr. Beecher had spoken when last in England, during our American Civil War. I believe there was scarcely a clergyman or minister in the city of London who would have declined the honor of introducing Mr. Beecher on this occasion, but Mr. Beecher said to me on the morning of the lecture: "Pond, when I spoke here in

1863, having hard work to find some one to preside, Mr. Benjamin Scott, chamberlain of the city of London, volunteered his services. See if you can find him; I want him to take the chair to-night."

I did find him, still chamberlain of the city. He very modestly referred me to others who, he said, would gladly preside, and would lend more honor to the occasion than he could. That would not do. I told him that he was Mr. Beecher's choice. He seemed highly complimented, and kindly consented to serve for the second time. The great hall was packed, and when Mr. Scott appeared, the memory of his earlier action still green, the burst of applause which greeted him grew as it continued, the audience finally rising, waving handkerchiefs, and cheering.

Mr. Scott referred to the meeting in the hall twenty-three years before. He had never regretted occupying the position filled on that occasion; now Mr. Beecher had honored him by asking him to be present again.

Mr. Scott sat down, and Mr. Beecher arose and was greeted with deafening applause. He stood silent and impassive, his face seemingly untouched by emotion, as he looked around upon the vast audience. As the applause died away he began to speak, but before he could make himself heard the applause was again repeated, with additional emphasis, if possible, and Mr. Beecher was obliged to wait for it to cease. Then, in a strong voice that reverberated around the hall, he recalled the previous meeting. "A long lapse of time in a man's life," he said, "and such lapses give solidity to a man's opinion; they also give sagacity."

He was not surprised at the view some people took of America; they did not know the facts. "America is the younger tree, but the acorn from which it sprang fell from the English oak. Americans are of English lineage and blood. If England is not proud of America, why, then the latter will make her so"—a remark which aroused much applause. The lecture—that one on the "Reign of the Common People," which so many thousands of Americans have heard with pleasure

(and no two audiences ever heard alike)—occupied nearly two hours in delivery, and was frequently interrupted by applause and cheers.

Mr. Beecher preached his first sermon in London on Sunday, July 4, 1886, in City Temple, whose pastor was the Rev. Dr. Joseph Parker. The congregation were admitted by ticket, church members first, then the public, to the capacity of the auditorium. Hundreds, and I may say thousands, came who had to be turned away. That week the religious and secular press teemed with praise for the great American preacher. Every daily paper in London had some kindly notice of him. It is not usual in England for the secular press to notice religious doings, especially those of dissenters, so called. Every denomination has its well-supported organ.

More generous criticism could not have been written than Mr. Beecher received at the hands of the secular and religious press. His sermon was published verbatim, with extended editorial comment.

Sunday, July 11, was an interesting day. Mr. Beecher preached in Union Chapel, Islington, London, for his old friend, the Rev. Dr. Henry Allon, the scholarly representative of the highest class of cultivated, well-educated Congregationalists. There was as great a congregation of intelligent people as I have ever seen. The usual system of first admitting members of the society by ticket was adopted exclusively up to a certain hour. Then the doors were thrown open to the public, and the large auditorium was immediately packed to its utmost capacity. As great a throng outside was unable to get in.

After service, and dinner with Dr. and Mrs. Allon, Mr. Beecher and I, by invitation of Dean Bradley, visited Westminster Abbey, where a number of clergymen of the Church of England were gathered to meet him in the parlors of the deanery. Tea was served, and the Dean invited Mr. Beecher through the various historical private rooms about the Abbey. Dean Stanley's library and desk were just as when he died. Incidents and anecdotes of their late friend were exchanged

between the Dean and Mr. Beecher. The clergymen listened to the dialogue as though fearing to lose a word. As Mr. Beecher entered the Jerusalem Chamber he said:

"I am struck with awe. No room has greater interest to me, unless it be the 'Upper Room.'"

He recalled with remarkable rapidity and correctness the many religious events that had taken place there—the Westminster Assembly and Confession of Faith, the two revisions of the Bible, etc.—and the eminent and scholarly men brought up within the very gates of that sanctuary listened with intense interest to his eloquent exposition of what must have seemed their own peculiar province of history.

The affection and respect with which Mr. Beecher was greeted by English clergymen—those of the Establishment as well as Non-Conformists—was very marked.

The Dean of Canterbury said to Mr. Beecher himself:

"There is one thing, Mr. Beecher, for which we must all thank you, and that is for what you have taught us of the Fatherhood of God."

When Mr. Beecher went (in 1886) through England and Scotland, he was hailed on every side by ministers who bore the most grateful testimony to the happy influence which his ministry had exercised upon their spiritual lives. Many of these men, too, had seen and heard him in America.

Dr. Howson, the dean of Chester, and joint author with Conybeare of the scholarly and famous "Life of St. Paul," came to Plymouth Church to see the man and hear the voice whose printed words had been so much to him. I accompanied him to Plymouth Church. We went home with Mr. Beecher, and they had a delightful time together; and on his return to England he sent one of his books in return for one Mr. Beecher had given him, inscribed, "For gold I give thee brass."

I must make a special reference to the meeting with the theological students in City Temple on Friday morning, October 15. There were about six hundred of the students to whom Mr. Beecher was to talk. The remaining seats in the Temple

were set aside for ministers and clergymen of all denominations, college professors, and visitors, who were admitted on presentation of their personal cards. These were taken up at the door at my request, and I now have the cards of six hundred and eighteen ministers, who, in addition to the students and professors, thronged the meeting, notwithstanding that the rain descended in torrents.

It was estimated by the pastor, Dr. Parker, that nearly three thousand people were present.

Never was Mr. Beecher more elevated in thought, more eloquent in expression, more tender in feeling; and never did I witness a multitude of earnest men more thoroughly filled with Christian joy than on this occasion.

That was a never-to-be-forgotten morning. The address was one of great power, suggestive, reminiscent, witty, full of wisdom and experience; but the great intellectual display came afterward, when he said he would try to answer any question put to him.

I imagine that of all people to ask uncomfortable and insoluble questions, the young theological student, freshly familiar with all the dogmatic niceties and doubts of the books, is the most troublesome, and Mr. Beecher, who always freely laid himself open by great breadth of statement, was an ideal target for their ingenuity. The first question keyed him up to the keenest enjoyment of the situation. For over half an hour he stood there, alert, excited, but never a more complete master of all his powers, and replied to the questions thrust at him from every side in rapid succession—questions of every conceivable sort, in theory, practice, and speculation. His replies were invariably brief, and they came as quickly as a flash of lightning. It seemed as if you could see his mind flash. He was witty, sarcastic, subtle, and humorous. His replies, commonly the very essence of common-sense, went to the mark like a bullet. Here is one question from the balcony that turned the laugh on the interlocutor very suddenly: "Mr. Beecher, I am a clergyman. May I beg to ask one question? I have simply to say how very grateful we should be if, as

many of us are unable to hear you on Sunday morning, you could preach anywhere within our reach on Sunday evening."

Mr. Beecher, quick as a flash: "I shall be perfectly willing to preach in St. Paul's, or at Westminster, at any hour."

"I mean in any chapel in London."

Mr. Beecher replied: "I am afraid I shall have to carry out my original purpose in that regard. I have been preaching in the chapels in London some time, and should like to try some of the larger buildings."

CLOSE OF THE SUMMER IN ENGLAND—TOUR IN DUBLIN.

I have often wondered to myself if the Dublin lecture was truly a success. Mr. Frederick Windee had agreed to pay me £80 for the lecture. Who Mr. Windee was I didn't know, except that his references were good. He wrote me, when I made the engagement, that the "Reign of the Common People" would not do for Ireland. The subject smacked of politics, and it would not do to advertise it in Dublin. The "Institution" would risk "Wastes and Burdens of Society," to which I knew Mr. Beecher would not object.

On our arrival at the station a little weasel-faced Irishman met us and introduced himself as Mr. Windee. He was very polite, but seemed nervous. On reaching the hotel he called me aside and told me he feared Mr. Beecher was a dangerous man for Dublin, but hoped he would not make a mistake. I assured him that there was not the slightest cause for fear.

He placed £80 in Irish bills in my hand. I asked him who was to preside. He told me that the Rev. Mr. Morrison would preside if he could be assured that the speaker would not in any way refer to religion or politics in his lecture. I had to tell Mr. Beecher what the feeling was. He smiled and said nothing. That night at Metropolitan Hall we found a large audience waiting. Mr. Beecher was introduced to the chairman, the Rev. S. G. Morrison, a somewhat patriarchal divine, who without ceremony and with great uncertainty conducted the lecturer to the platform, where he sat down to as cold a

reception as I ever knew a man to receive. All was still as death. The chairman rose, stepped forward, and said:

"Ladies and gentlemen: I have the honor to introduce a distinguished orator from Yankee-land. Mr. Beecher is not on this platform in his clerical character, so we are not to be treated to any exposition of his theological sentiments. Mr. Beecher is not here as a politician, and therefore we will not hear from him any exposition of his political principles (Applause: Hear! Hear!), but Mr. Beecher is here to deliver an address of more than ordinary social importance. As a well-known philanthropist, from his own experience, from the wonderful abilities the great Master has gifted him with, and from his well-known character as one of the most distinguished orators, you may anticipate, I think, a lecture that shall not only be instructive, but delightful. I have great pleasure in introducing Mr. Beecher to your notice this evening." (Applause.)

Mr. Beecher, on coming forward, was received with courteous but not cordial applause. He said:

"I have been very kindly introduced by the distinguished and honorable gentleman who has accompanied me. Therefore, I accept the position assigned me. I have not come to speak on theology, and you shall never know how much you have missed. (Laughter.) I have not come to speak on politics; I have enough of that in my own country. (Laughter.) And even if I knew about your politics, I should think it very inexpedient, 'as one born abroad,' to meddle with local affairs and local questions. I know that it is not necessary for one to know much about politics in order to make a good speaker, but nevertheless I accept the delimitation. There is nothing left of me but this—that I am a man. That is enough. 'A man's a man for a' that,' and as to other things, I give them the go-by in the hope that some twenty or thirty years hence I may revisit you and that then you may be very glad to hear my opinions about those other subjects." (Laughter.)

Mr Beecher gave his lecture in one of his characteristic moods, caused by an attempt to confine him within certain

bounds. The audience soon had reason to believe that he had in some way, perhaps unconsciously, woven a great deal of religion and politics into the lecture; at least the chairman told me after the lecture that he could see and feel it all through. The Dublin papers published the lecture entire the next morning.

The last lecture of the tour had been delivered; there was much handshaking; the people had got as thoroughly warmed as they dared. Mr. Beecher was jolly and happy as he extended his hand to the hesitating people gathered around him, seemingly wishing and hoping, but scarcely venturing, to approach him. "Come right along," he said; "this is my good-by shake. I am glad to see you."

We rode back to our hotel. To-morrow we would be on our way to America. Mrs. Beecher had supper waiting, and we had our small jokes and enjoyed ourselves. Never were three people more happy. Mr. Beecher reminded me that this was not the first time we had knocked off, a day at a time, a long lecture tour.

Between the 4th of July and the 21st of October, fifteen and a half weeks, Mr. Beecher had preached seventeen times, delivered nine public addresses and fifty-eight lectures. For the fifty-eight lectures he cleared the sum of $11,600 net of all expenses for himself and Mrs. Beecher from the day they sailed from New York, June 19, to the day they arrived at their home in Brooklyn, October 31. This was his summer vacation.

His health was always a wonder to me. He never knew what illness meant excepting at sea. He seldom, if ever, showed anger. When attacked in open debate or argument, or when aroused, his eyes twinkled, and then look out—a murderous broadside was about to sink the enemy's ship.

LAST DAYS AND DEATH.

I find the following entries in my diary of 1887:

Saturday, March 5 —In Washington, for Mr. Beecher. In the afternoon received telegram from Col. H. B. Beecher: "Father very ill; apoplexy; suffering no pain. Come home."

Left my business and started for Brooklyn 10 P M The Associated Press publishes the sad news. It is the talk on the cars, and by everybody. Henry Ward Beecher's name on everybody's lips.

Sunday, March 6.—Arrived in Brooklyn 7 o'clock, Mr. Beecher's house. Found a grief-stricken home. Mrs Beecher cannot be comforted. His two sons, the Colonel and Will, and their families, are by the dying bedside of their dear father. I see my dearly beloved—paralyzed, unconscious, never again to know any of those he loves. Dr. Searle, the faithful family physician, with him, and tells us there is no hope. Still, the family ask for another consultation. I went for Dr. Hammond, who tells us that Mr. Beecher will never speak again—that it is only a question of a few hours. It can hardly seem real. This great life is suddenly ebbing. He breathes on. Mrs. Beecher asks me not to go away. Dr. Searle and I waited and watched all night.

Monday, March 7.—Mr. Beecher seems in a deep sleep, as I have seen him sleep many times when very tired. His left side is paralyzed. He can move his right arm. He seems to be addressing audiences, and gestures very earnestly. From 11 o'clock to past midnight I sat by his side, and held his right hand. I believe he is conscious of my presence, for I ask him to give my hand two grips if he knows me, and he immediately responds. His breathing is harder, and at midnight there is a rattle in his throat. Dr. Searle and I keep the watch again. Mrs. Beecher has not laid down nor slept since he was stricken. She is heroic and brave.

Tuesday, March 8.—Dr. Searle awoke me at 4, saying: "Mr. Beecher is failing fast." I was on the lounge in the parlor, and could hear him breathe distinctly in the room above. Everybody in the house was called, and was soon by his bedside. Mrs. Beecher, Colonel Beecher and family, Rev. Samuel Scoville and family, William C. Beecher and family. Respiration, 56 to 60; pulse, 120. The great life is surely going—no hope! He rallies, and raises the right arm. We

again disperse; then we are summoned again. Daylight reveals its sad scene. His breath is shorter. Bulletins are sent out every fifteen minutes telling that Mr. Beecher is dying. Dr. Searle holds his pulse. The family are weeping about the dying bed. It is 9:40 A.M. Dr. Searle whispers to me: "His pulse has stopped. He is breathing his last. He is gone!" Dr. Searle lays the lifeless hand by his side, bends over, and is the first to kiss the cheek of his departed friend, and amid a flood of tears and pitiful sobs, walks away and announces to the waiting multitude outside that all is over. Henry Ward Beecher is dead!

Good-by, my best beloved friend. I shall never have another like you.

Mr. Beecher died of apoplexy at his residence in Brooklyn on Tuesday, March 8, 1887, at 9:40 A.M. The private funeral was held at 9:30 A.M. on the following Thursday at his late home, where none but the members of the family were present. The public funeral took place at Plymouth Church at 10:30 A.M. on Friday, the 11th. In accordance with the request so often repeated by Mr. Beecher, the funeral services were entirely under the direction of his friend, the Rev. Dr. Charles H. Hall, of the Church of the Holy Trinity, Brooklyn, who conducted the simple and impressive ceremonies at the house of mourning, and also at the church in which the world-renowned preacher and orator had earned fame and universal love. Dr. Hall's public address was a model of simplicity, dignity, and manly pathos. He rose to the height of the occasion, and without a sign of exaggerated rhetoric impressed every mind with the greatness of the man who had departed, and comforted every loving heart under his firm yet tender touch. Mr. Beecher's ideas of the fitness of things were never more signally confirmed than by his choice of Dr. Hall, "to bury, not to praise him."

Surging crowds thronged the neighboring thoroughfares. Business was suspended by proclamation of the mayor of Brooklyn. The streets in all directions were filled with the sorrowing multitude, who stood in line for hours with a hope

of viewing once more the face of their departed friend. When the funeral pageant entered Plymouth Church the interior of the great structure was blooming like an immense bower of flowers and living things. Evergreens and roses, smilax and blossoming vines, greeted those who entered. It seemed, indeed, the ushering of the dead into the realm of life. Lying in state during an entire day, the body was viewed by thousands. The crush to gain one glimpse of the remains was terrible, although the interior arrangements were perfect to secure an orderly passing of the long lines of people. The Thirteenth Regiment were the guard of honor; and hour after hour, from 10 in the morning until 10 in the evening, while the great organ gave forth subdued and solemn music, the people entered, looked, and passed. It was estimated that in this slow but constantly moving stream over fifty thousand persons—men, women, and children—had come to see his face for the last time.

On Saturday, March 12, 1887, Henry Ward Beecher's body was buried in Greenwood. His hearse was followed not only by his comrades of the Thirteenth Regiment, his family, friends, parishioners, and fellow Brooklynites, but in sympathy and honor by millions of his countrymen. Not in this generation, at least, has there been a funeral so nobly significant. In the stately procession walked the viewless forms of principles, of governments, of nations, and of races; the guardian spirit of the slave whom he helped to liberate; the fair, sad genius of the Green Isle, for which he so often and so eloquently pleaded; the dusky representative of the Chinese Empire, in behalf of whose sons he again and again *and again* demanded justice; the fair form of modern science with the radiance of the morning sun on her queenly brow; the benign angel of charity, clothed in the whiteness of that purity which renders sin invisible; Democracy, with her free step, flowing hair and cap of many hues; Columbia, full of matronly grace and as benign as the atmosphere of June; and Christianity, calm, motherly, and forgiving—these were the pallbearers by whom the body of our hero was borne to its resting-place.

LYMAN ABBOTT

THE REV. DR. LYMAN ABBOTT was introduced to me by Henry Ward Beecher in his library one morning in 1877 as the editor of *The Christian Union*, then known as "Henry Ward Beecher's paper." We were about leaving for a long lecture tour in the West, and the doctor had called to consult and advise with his chief before leaving. I don't know when I was ever more favorably impressed with a gentleman than I was with Dr. Abbott as I listened to his conversation and the general outline he was submitting for work ahead. Turning to me, Dr. Abbott said:

"Major Pond, we are anxious to secure from Mr. Beecher full accounts of his Western tour, as editorial correspondence, and I want to ask your help. You know how valuable such material must be, as all his friends are anxious to read every word he writes."

This is the spirit that Dr. Abbott always manifested as associate editor with Mr. Beecher up to the end of that partnership, and Mr. Beecher's love and appreciation of his friend was equally steadfast.

Mr. Beecher's interest in *The Christian Union* never diminished, even after he left it, he insisting that now he was out of it Dr. Abbott would feel much more freedom in carrying out his own ideas. Dr. Abbott was a man of remarkable resources, could work easily, and grasp the right and the fitness of things, and he was also a man of great originality of thought, with a mind as clear as crystal, and was progressive. Mr. Beecher said he wished Dr. Abbott had a body equal to his head, but, he added, "he works easily and makes no false motions or superfluous exertion. Every faculty counts."

While on the tour just referred to *The Christian Union* was regularly forwarded to Mr. Beecher, and as he was reading it one time, he turned to me and said: "I wish I could write like Abbott. He is the clearest writer we have." Then he

would read aloud Dr. Abbott's editorials and comment on them as of the finest and soundest.

On another occasion Mr. Beecher told me that in profane history he considered that Dr. Richard S. Storrs was one of the most notable scholars of the day, while in Old Testament history his own brother, Edward Beecher, was the best versed man he ever knew; he seldom had to refer to the book, but could quote literally almost any passage, and could give the names and views of commentators and authorities that seemed almost endless. But the most accomplished, all-round Bible scholar, he believed, was Lyman Abbott.

Once, when speaking of the future of Plymouth Church, I said: "Mr. Beecher, what is to be the future of Plymouth Church? Certainly, there is no one to take your place there."

"If I thought that, I would go out at once," he replied. "That church has been too well brought up to be dependent on any one man for its cohesiveness. I have no fear on that score. *Lyman Abbott* only needs a Columbus."

I have known many instances where friends would complain to Mr. Beecher that Dr. Abbott was working *The Christian Union* to his own aggrandizement. He always gave a sharp rebuke to these suggestions, and lost no opportunity to defend his friend, whom he declared to be the most patient, long suffering, and forgiving man in the world, or he never could have stood the neglect he was constantly receiving at his (Mr. Beecher's) hands. This tendency to impugn Dr. Abbott's methods pervaded even Mr. Beecher's household quite extensively, but to no effect, for if ever Mr. Beecher could rise in his might, it was when good motives of a friend were assailed, and he generally settled the matter on the spot. Mr. Beecher died. The great church was left without a pastor. There was not a minister in the world that this congregation, as a body, wished to even consider as his successor. His friend, Dr. Abbott, who was now at the head of *The Christian Union* Company, its editor and business manager, had given up preaching for his present work. He was available and invited to supply the pulpit, pending the securing of

a pastor. With hesitancy the doctor accepted, on the distinct understanding that he was not a candidate for the pastorate, and for months he preached to that great congregation, which seemed to show no signs of depletion from the loss of its pastor. Only a few famous preachers were thought of. When Rev. Dr. Parker, of London, came over in 1887 for a lecture tour and to deliver a eulogy on his friend, Mr. Beecher, the enterprising men of the press interviewed a large number of church members and printed their expressions, both kind, friendly, and unfriendly, to such an extent that before the doctor was in this country a week he was dragged through the newspapers as one who expected to be called to Plymouth Church, whereas he had his own great congregation eagerly awaiting his return. I don't wonder that he was disgusted and discouraged and unable to finish his tour.

There was a young preacher in England who had made a great impression on Mr. Beecher by his speech of welcome before the Congregational board, at a reception given Mr. Beecher in Liverpool on our last day in England: Rev. Charles Berry, of Wolverhampton.

I had published Mr. Beecher's remarks concerning Mr. Berry in my "Summer in England with Henry Ward Beecher," and some Plymouth people had seen them, and suggested that Mr. Berry be invited to come over and preach a trial sermon. Meanwhile Dr. Abbott was preaching every Sunday, and the church was always full. Mr. Berry was preaching in Wolverhampton on a salary of £200 a year. He came to Plymouth Church, preached two sermons and received a call, with an offer of $9,000 a year. Of course this first real recognition of Mr. Berry as a preacher of unusual ability, and a call to the most famous pulpit in the world, surprised the religious public of Great Britain, and more than quadrupled his value at home. The people of his own congregation at once strongly protested against his going away, and from then until the time of his death he was the leading minister of his denomination in his own country.

During all this time Dr. Abbott was occupying the pulpit

and preaching twice every Sunday. It finally dawned upon the Church Committee that they were really having the finest and most acceptable preaching available in all the world. Dr. Abbott was called to be their pastor, and accepted. There was, of course, some protest, for it did not seem possible to a great many that there were not some "great" men somewhere, and Lyman Abbott had been all his life familiar to them. But the church interest and attendance showed no falling off; it rather increased; the sentiment in his favor became and remained unanimous, and for ten years Lyman Abbott held that pulpit, and, as all the world knows, held it to the highest grade among the pulpits of the land.

The most unanimous protest came in 1898, when Dr. Abbott surprised his congregation by telling them that he was going to resign, and asked them to look for his successor. They were not going to accept his resignation. He had so completely filled their ideal of a pastor and preacher that to lose him meant a certain calamity to the church. Only a few of the veterans—who had seen Mr. Beecher followed by another, without disaster—could believe that Plymouth Church could be satisfied with a substitute for Dr. Abbott.

During all this decade Dr. Abbott had carried on his editorial work and the management of his paper. He had dared to make some remarkable changes. To the great dissatisfaction of many of his readers, he had changed the name of his paper—that well-known, loved and appropriate name, *The Christian Union*—to *The Outlook*. Even the name *Christian Union* was a magnificent property in itself, and the doctor had to answer a great many complaints and listen to prophecies of disaster, but it did not seem to worry him. There was an improvement in form and dress made at the same time, and the smaller page with wider columns was accepted cheerfully. It was a conspicuous and very welcome visitor in the household, and soon had an enhanced popularity. This ran for only a year or so, when another change was made to magazine form, with a neat greenish-gray cover, resembling more the old-fashioned almanac than anything else. This, many of

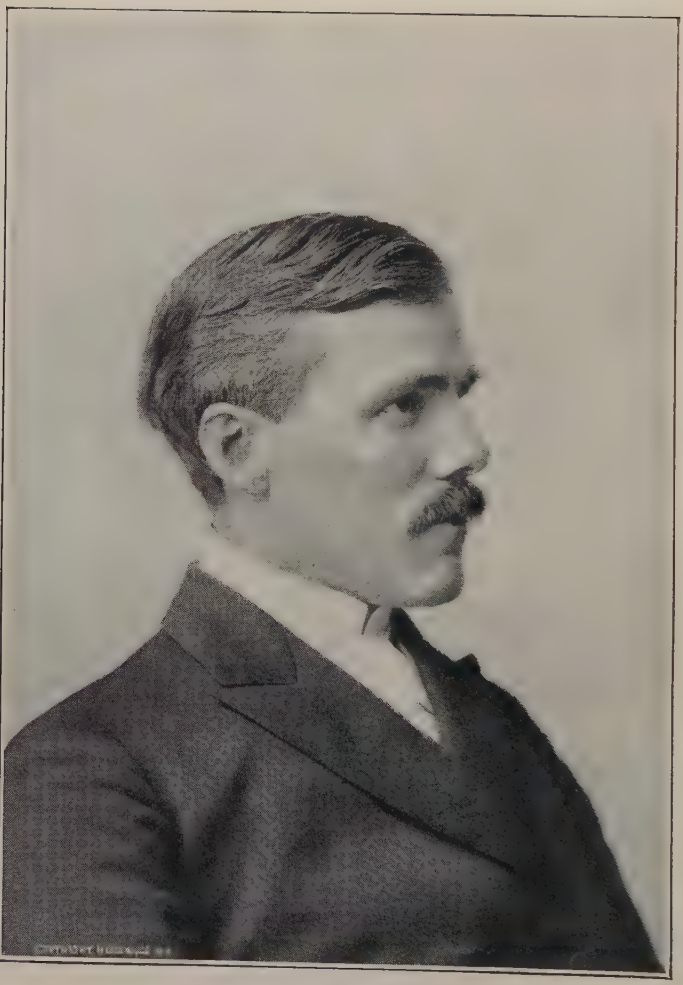
the subscribers thought, was a fatal innovation, but it took only a few short weeks to convince them that the new size was more convenient to read, to carry, and to preserve; and so all the changes came to be acknowledged as advance movements in keeping with the times.

In my intercourse with Dr. Abbott during these ten years I saw that he was under great strain from his many duties. His two sermons a week, his editorial duties, and his lecture engagements were more than any man could keep up with, even had he the physique of an athlete. I learned that his ambition was to reach the great people more extensively than was possible through the pulpit. He told me long before he resigned that he wanted to stop preaching and try to make *The Outlook* more nearly what it ought to be by giving it his best work. His sons were developing good business ability, and he wanted to leave them an established business. The fact that the increased growth and influence of his paper has placed it as the very first in its line is evidence that his head was level, for is not *The Outlook the* paper above all others that voices public sentiment on all the important issues of the times? In all the improvements and continued elements of success he has been peculiarly aided by the discriminating taste and literary talent of his associate editor, Dr. Hamilton W. Mabie, and by the intelligent enterprise and judgment of his publisher, Mr. William B. Howland; yet, after all, *The Outlook* is Lyman Abbott.

The Plymouth Committee was diligent in its search for a successor to Dr. Abbott. I heard Thomas G. Shearman say the evening that Mr. Abbott's resignation was accepted: "We are going to have the greatest preaching in Plymouth right along. Your committee are not ready to report yet, but when they are ready, there will be no mistake." This was at the close of the meeting that had been devoted to eulogistic speeches on Dr. Abbott in the doctor's presence—speeches showing that, if one-half were true, the doctor was certainly a greater man than any that had yet walked upright on this terrestrial globe. It was for that congregation to bide their

time with patience and see what the committee would present. In two weeks Rev. Newell Dwight Hillis, of Chicago, was announced at a prayer meeting for the following Sunday. The committee reported very enthusiastically. They had heard the young man in Chicago, and were in love with him at first sight. Dr. Hillis came. The church had been prepared to do honor to an ideal minister. They did. Dr. Abbott was foremost in welcoming the young stranger to the pulpit, to which he certainly had reason to believe no other man could ever be so welcome as he had been, and then, in all simplicity and modesty, Dr. Abbott took his seat in the congregation and joined in the tide of enthusiasm which rolled over Dr. Hillis. The new pastor was then and there carried up to the highest possible place in the hearts of the congregation. Such a scene of joy and general expression of love and satisfaction could not often be witnessed in any other body of Christian men and women. Plymouth Church is a unique institution—the fruits of forty years of Henry Ward Beecher's inspiration and harmonizing genius.

Since his retirement, Dr. Abbott seems to have been none the less busy. He has been addressing large audiences continually. He has delivered twelve lectures before the Lowell Institute, Boston, has been "preacher to the University" at Yale, at Harvard, at Cornell, and elsewhere, year after year, and at other important places all over the country has been a welcome speaker and, what is better than all, he has given, "without money and without price," an extensive course of lectures before the People's Institute, Cooper Union, New York, where thousands have rushed to hear him and many have been obliged to turn away because the houses were filled on each occasion long before the time to begin. This great crowd contains as intelligent people as exist anywhere, most of whom have seen better days, and who show their appreciation of their opportunities by expressions of joy that can come only from true, loving hearts. The poor have the gospel preached to them by Dr. Lyman Abbott.



NEWELL DWIGHT HILLIS

REV. NEWELL DWIGHT HILLIS, third and present pastor of Plymouth Church (A.D. 1900), is one of whom I hardly dare attempt to write or prophesy, as I fear my heart may outrun my head. He came to Plymouth Church in April, 1899, and has been preaching twice every Sunday to a congregation that tests the capacity of the famous church—the most critical and intelligent congregation to preach to that exists in Christendom—a congregation that seldom heard and never could endure a dull sermon from any of its pastors.

Twelve years ago the public believed that the work of Plymouth Church was sustained and carried on mainly through the tremendous personality of Henry Ward Beecher, and that it must greatly suffer by his death; yet Dr. Lyman Abbott surprised the religious world by infusing into the work of that church increased vigor and strength for ten years longer. Now comes this young minister from the West (more markedly Western than either of his predecessors), born in Iowa thirty-seven years ago, and takes up the work laid down by Henry Ward Beecher and Dr. Lyman Abbott, and carries it on as vigorously as ever. Truly he must be a great man to do this thing.

His preaching differs widely from any other that this generation has heard. It is nineteenth century preaching, embellished by all the intellectual appliances conceivable. I remember that while I was a printer, away back in the fifties, the New York *Sun* announced a cylinder press that could print two thousand papers in an hour. What a sensation in the daily newspaper world! Now, one hundred thousand are printed on one machine in that time, and the demand for an increased output has constantly kept ahead of achievement The same wonderful progress in facilities for travel, in telephony and telegraphy and other applications of electricity, multiplying the efficiency of every conceivable faculty and resource, in every line of thought and invention,

has extended even to the pulpit of Dr. Hillis. Such preaching! So much preaching, and such sound and commonsense preaching! Such showers of words and finished sentences, epigrammatic outpourings of sound thoughts, quotations from the best books on all subjects, ancient and modern! His head is a storehouse of knowledge. Such an encyclopedia of words and facts it seems impossible for one man to be. There is enough in a single sermon to make four good ones for four good ministers, and then there would be enough left over to supply four more.

I sit, just one in that great crowd, and listen spellbound, for it will not do to lose one of those sparkling sentences. I want him to stop, for he has given me more than I can possibly digest in one week; but yet I want him to go on, too, for it seems wrong to break the spell of enchantment. I catch a suggestion that I might surely profit by, but I cannot remember it, there is so much else that I must hear crowding it out. I risk a turn of my head to see if all the crowd are as intensely interested as I am. None of them see me, so intent is each one to catch every word. So it goes on for an hour When he suddenly stops with, "Let us pray," the whole congregation gives one simultaneous long breath. It is a short prayer. Then there is a hymn by the united choir and congregation—old Plymouth congregational singing, nowhere else to be heard. The great crowd rises to go away. I look in front of me and see there this young minister, meeting and shaking hands with the crowd that is rushing forward to greet him, as placid and quiet and as gently receiving his friends as though he had but just now stepped into the hall There is not the slightest show of fatigue. And here I discover the greatest element in all this young man's attractiveness. Dominating all else is his personality. All who meet him and have the privilege of speaking to him and shaking his hand are his devoted, loving friends.

Such is Dr. Hillis, and this the dawn of his career. What will he be at high meridian?

THE REV. DR. JOSEPH PARKER, minister of City Temple, London, and the greatest of living pulpit orators—I do not say the greatest preacher, for I think that distinction has belonged to Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, during the past fifty-three years—has eccentricities that have retarded his friendships among strangers. Dr. Parker and his congregation in London were loyal, staunch friends of Mr. Beecher and his church during the time of the great preacher's deepest sorrow. In 1886, while in England with Henry Ward Beecher, I engaged Dr. Parker to come over here and make a lecture tour.

Meanwhile his friend, Mr. Beecher, died, and as Dr. Parker was coming to America, it was arranged that he should deliver a eulogy on his friend in the Academy of Music, Brooklyn. The net proceeds I was to present to the Beecher Statue Fund, then being raised. It was the Doctor's first appearance on the tour, and a large audience of Mr. Beecher's friends nearly filled the Academy. The net proceeds were subsequently turned over to the Statue Fund as a contribution from me.

At the end of the first week I paid Dr. Parker for five lectures, which included the Beecher eulogy. I made no objections to this. In fact, I knew I had a perfect right to do so. Nothing was said about it in settlement. The Doctor delivered five lectures and I had paid him. The net proceeds of the first

lecture I had donated to the Beecher Statue Fund. I should have sent in a check as the net receipts of the lecture, with no further explanation, and then everything would have been all right and no questions asked; but as many thought the net receipts—about $1,100—looked small for so large a house, and did not take into consideration the expense of the Academy of Music rental, advertising, etc., I made a confidential statement to a member of the Statue Committee of all items, including the fee of the speaker. The secretary happened to be the very last man I should have trusted. He at once had an item for the newspapers, and rushed to the office, and that evening appeared in all the daily papers sensational headlines:

"DR. PARKER TAKES PAY FOR EULOGIZING HIS FRIEND."
"MAJOR POND WITHHOLDS MONEY BELONGING TO THE BEECHER STATUE."
"DEACON WHITE DENOUNCES THE THIEF AND ACCOMPLICE, ETC."

It was exciting. Dr. Parker was on the road filling lecture engagements. Reporters and interviewers found him in Chicago and told him he was charged with refusing to deliver a eulogy on his friend for less than $250. Had he any money belonging to the Beecher Statue Fund? He declared he had none.

The Doctor had been lecturing to crowded houses, but now the reporters completely demoralized him. He telegraphed me that he must stop. He was ill and could not go farther. He returned to New York. Reporters haunted him there. Every interview made matters worse. He engaged passage and sailed back home in a very few days. There was due to Dr. Parker $1,100 for lectures that he had delivered. Of course I had been making money on his lectures, and to stop and cancel was a financial loss to me; but as in all contracts, "illness or unavoidable circumstances render this agreement null and void," I could only settle with Dr. Parker by paying what was due him. I made out the statement and accompany-

ing check for $1,100. He sent for me the day before he sailed. As I came into his dignified and sombre presence the Doctor said:

"Major Pond, I sail for my home to-morrow. My health is such that I cannot go on. The long voyages frighten me, and I am so completely collapsed when I arrive at the end of a day's journey that I cannot address my audiences. Under these conditions, and with this certificate of one of your most eminent physicians, I am legally released from any obligation to you. You owe me $1,100 according to this statement. I propose to go away from America owing no one and having no one owe me, and you wish to pay me? You give me this check, which I suppose is good."

Holding the check in his hand, he proceeded to tear it up. "You are an honorable man. I want you to feel welcome at all times in my house in London. As to what you owe me, I propose to give you five hundred years to pay me, and if when due you cannot meet it I will renew it five hundred years more."

That was Dr. Parker's eccentric business way.

Comparisons were sometimes made between Mr. Beecher and Dr. Parker from the standpoint of pulpit and church resemblances. There were, in fact, few if any points of similarity. In the Englishman's manner there is the note of social dominance and a full gamut of ecclesiastical supremacy. Mr. Beecher had none of this, but in his relation to the public exhibited only a loving paternalism. Dr. Parker directs as well as teaches. Beecher advised and sympathized.

In public affairs, taking their different conditions into view, Dr. Joseph Parker and Henry Ward Beecher would bear a closer comparison, not at all unfavorable to Beecher's British compeer.

Dr. Parker was Mr. Beecher's personal friend of many years' standing, and was his host in England on several occasions, the last being in 1886. During Beecher's English campaign in defence of the Union cause, in 1863, Dr. Parker, then living and preaching in Manchester, was among Mr. Beecher's

firmest and most active supporters. As a speaker, Dr. Parker's manner, though essentially dramatic, is never melodramatic like that of Dr. Talmage. His intellect, and therefore his voice and style, is that of action—insistent, believing, combative, even aggressive. His manner is more emphatic and his tones deeper than were Mr. Beecher's, striking as the latter's often were. The small piercing eyes and peculiar voice hold his audience strongly; even the burr in his tones helps the orator's control. It intensifies the air of sagacity, the expression of intellectual shrewdness, as well as sincerity, which make him one of the more notable personages I have been able to bring into the arena of brain and speech which our lecture forum offers. Dr. Parker does not possess the amazing versatility which made Mr. Beecher so attractive and gave him such a mental charm, nor does he possess at all times the sunny sweetness of disposition which men loved in Mr. Beecher.

Dr. Parker's sincerity is always as apparent as his ability of thought and expression. He gives the impression that all his preparation and power are aimed merely to give suitable expression to the opinions and convictions that are his. Words, tones, mannerisms, gestures, are all simply vehicles. It is the thought and its purpose that dominate all, and this is the secret of his strength, success, and power.

His imagery is English; his poesy belongs to their flowers and verdure; the ruggedness of his speech and manner is that of the bleak moors of the north of England. A middle-class Englishman, the Doctor is the personification of all their sterling traits and sturdy characteristics. His speech is studied, polished, finished; his gestures are trained, and all climaxes are carefully arranged. One can only imagine what might be if the speaker ever broke loose; but he never did so far as I know. Our Beecher, on the contrary, was, while obedient to the law of his themes, free as the wind, fresh as the air, full of fancy and illustration as all out of doors, alive with the human glory and glow of life, sweeping in grandeur, glowing with sunshine or melting as with the dew and the joy of the

eve. All these, and the deep, lifting, surging soul of the man were in his utterances.

But when all is said for Mr. Beecher, it must not be forgotten that Dr. Parker is a power, a unique personality, gifted with a remarkable intellect and endowed with a temperamental quality which makes all characteristics effective for his work. He is a contemporary whose force and value can be measured only by a comparison with one like Mr. Beecher. And I found him an honorable man.

T. DEWITT TALMAGE

THE REV. T. DEWITT TALMAGE made a lecture tour under my management in England in the summer of 1879.

One morning in early June of that summer I was passing a news stand in front of the Astor House in New York and was attracted toward a small placard which read "*Christian Herald and Signs of the Times.* Circulation half a million. Only authorized publication of the Rev. Dr. Talmage's sermons in England." I bought the paper, and read the attractive headlines of the sermons, and a leader by its editor, the Rev. Dr. Baxter, a clergyman of the Church of England, eulogizing the great preacher, describing his popularity as a preacher and lecturer in America and his extensive influence on the religious thought of Great Britain. I was on my way to Brooklyn, and while reading the paper on the ferryboat, I concluded to call on Dr. Talmage and see if he would not like to do some lecturing in England. I found him in his study, very affable, and disposed to look favorably on a proposition to go abroad. He had never crossed the ocean, but had heard that his sermons were extensively published and read in Great Britain. In fact, the last mail had brought a letter from the general secretary of the Y. M. C. A. at Leeds asking if he would consider a proposition to deliver ten lectures under the auspices of his association in the larger cities of England, Ireland, and Scotland, offering to pay his passage and give him £10 a lecture—£100 for ten cities ($500). The Doctor asked me to write out a proposition and to call in the morning. I sat down and wrote on a sheet of paper in his study, as follows:

"REV. T. DEWITT TALMAGE.

"DEAR SIR: I will give you $10,000 for one hundred lectures in Great Britain this summer, paying all the travelling and hotel expenses for yourself and Mrs. Talmage from the time you sail from America until you return; settlement to be made weekly. "Yours truly,

"J. B. POND."

The following morning I called again at No. 1 South Oxford Street, Brooklyn, the Doctor's home, and he read me a letter which he had prepared in duplicate:

"J. B. POND.

"DEAR SIR: I will deliver one hundred lectures for you in Great Britain, beginning within three weeks, for $100 a lecture, you paying the expenses of myself, wife, and daughter from the time we sail until you return.

"Signed,

"T. DEWITT TALMAGE."

I mailed a note accepting his proposition, and he gave me the subjects of his lectures. He wrote a note to the secretary of the Leeds Y. M. C. A., saying that I would soon be in England, and that all arrangements must be made with me. He told me that he had already secured passage on the *Gallia*, to sail in about a week.

The next morning found me on board the *City of Berlin* bound for England for the first time. While on the steamer I wrote a letter to the editor of *The Christian Herald and Signs of the Times* stating that I was coming over to see if arrangements could be made for some lectures by Dr. Talmage, and that I would stop at the Westminster Palace Hotel and hoped to pay my respects to him soon after my arrival. I also wrote Mr. John Lobb, whose address Dr. Talmage had given me, editor of a new religious paper, *The Christian Globe*, who had also asked permission to print some of Dr. Talmage's sermons.

Upon my arrival at the hotel in London, I found several gentlemen waiting to see me: Dr. Baxter, of *The Christian Herald;* John Lobb, of *The Christian Globe*, and Henry Thorn (brother of Charley Thorn, belonging to the family of famous actors of that name), who was secretary of the Leeds Y. M. C. A. All wanted a private interview then and there, but I was very tired. It was past midnight, and I set a time for meeting them the following morning.

The next morning the first and earliest caller was Dr. Baxter, who apologized for the unseasonableness of the hour—8

A.M. He thought he would come early, as possibly he might be of service, as his paper was going to press that day and if I wished any announcement made of Dr. Talmage's coming, its columns were at my service. I replied that I should like to announce that the Rev. Dr. T. DeWitt Talmage would be available to lecture in Great Britain during his summer vacation. Any parties desiring to secure him might address Major J. B. Pond, Westminster Palace Hotel, London. This at once he agreed to, and then asked if I would sell him the right to place on the benches of all the halls where the Doctor lectured copies of *The Christian Herald*. I told him that I had no idea as to the value of such a franchise in his country, and asked him what he considered a fair price. He offered me £50 ($250). So large a sum almost stunned me. However, I showed no signs of the shock, but intimated that a Mr. Lobb, of *The Christian Globe*, had some proposition to make. He replied, "Yes, Mr. Lobb has a new paper, but I consider the established circulation of half a million copies of *The Christian Herald* a great medium for Dr. Talmage, as it prints his sermons regularly." I asked if he paid the Doctor for his sermons. He replied that at one time he had sent him £100. There was no international copyright law then. He then said that if I would accept £100 ($500) for the right, he would give me a check then and there. I concluded to do this, and the first half hour's business talk in London found me in possession of $500, without the slightest expense on my part. Then Dr. Baxter offered another £100 for the sole privilege of Dr. and Mrs. Talmage's and their daughter's photographs, to print on the first page of his paper. I told him that I was not authorized to sell the right, but as he was the Doctor's publisher, I would risk the acceptance of his offer. As I gave Dr. Baxter a receipt for £100 for the sole right to publish these portraits in Great Britain during the tour, I at once telegraphed Dr. Talmage on board the *Gallia* at Queenstown what I had done, and to consider no overtures from publishers who had already gone to Queenstown to meet and to welcome him.

That afternoon Dr. Baxter brought me a copy of *The Christian Herald and Signs of the Times*, fresh from the press, with the little announcement that I had given him inserted at the head of the editorial column. It was not long before ministers began to call and to inquire terms and the possibility of securing a lecture. I had not even time to inquire as to the best hall for a first London appearance. Mr. Thorn, general secretary of the Leeds Y. M. C. A., had come by first train, after receiving my letter mailed at Queenstown. He wanted the first ten lectures in Great Britain, and offered me £20 each for those to be given in the largest cities. When I informed him that I paid the Doctor far more than that amount, he seemed amazed. He said that £20 was the highest fee ever paid for a lecture in England. I told him I was prepared to speculate unless I could get my price. He asked time to wait upon his associates in Exeter Hall, promising to return in an hour. On his return he said that he was authorized to pay me £50 each, for one lecture in each of the ten cities of Nottingham, Birmingham, Manchester, Liverpool, Glasgow, Leeds, Edinburgh, Newcastle-on-Tyne, Bradford, and Sheffield.

Being unacquainted with the country and its lecture system, and knowing the offer to be a substantial one, and that there was $1,200 profit in it for me, I closed the contract, fixing the first date in Nottingham on Wednesday, June 18.

I had been kept in my hotel all day by the crowd of waiting applicants for lectures without a chance even to look out on a London street. I was recognized and addressed by all visitors as Dr. Talmage's "secretary." Such patronage from such a class of men was indescribably overwhelming; they were all ministers from suburban churches. I saw success and profit assured in my venture already in the first twelve hours in London.

That evening I went out into the London streets for the first time in my life. "London by Gaslight" I had read about, and now the reality had suddenly burst upon me! No wonder so much has been said and written of it. I got into a hansom cab for the first time, and told my driver to show me as much

of London as he could in an hour. We went over Westminster Bridge to Spurgeon's Tabernacle. I wanted to see that famous edifice first. It was not lighted, and to me presented a dreary appearance. Then back over the bridge down Whitehall to Trafalgar Square, Picadilly Circus, and out Oxford Street to Holborn Viaduct we went. I wanted to see City Temple, where the Rev. Dr. Joseph Parker preached. That was dark, too, but oh! the flying street traffic of cabs and vehicles of all kinds!

What an amazing sight!

Many handcarts were drawn by men and women in the streets, something entirely new to me. The streets were bordered on each side with cablights—a yellow border when looking in one direction and red in the opposite. All those in motion were being driven with such rapid speed that collision and accident seemed inevitable, but I got safely back to my hotel having seen more in sixty minutes than my eyes had ever before beheld in as many months. I tried to get sleep that night, but sleep would not come. What if the *Gallia* should go down, or Dr. Talmage get ill, or any other accident? I was alone in London, too. I had no one to talk to. I wanted to vent my feelings and could not. It was a long night.

I was up early next morning, but there was no sign of life about the hotel or in the street. I asked the first person I met: "What is the matter—is it Sunday? Where are all the people?" He informed me that it was only 7 o'clock, and that nobody was supposed to be moving about London before 9. It seemed strange to a Yankee. I started out and got lost in Westminster Abbey. How time dragged along. I wanted breakfast, but could get nothing for an hour, so I waited and wondered.

At 8:30 I got into the dining room and gave an order for breakfast and a morning paper. While reading my paper a man in uniform, whom I found to be "boots," approached me with a salute, asking if I were Major Pond?

"Yes," I replied.

"The post has just brought your letters; where shall I take them, sir?"

"Bring them to me here," I said.

"But I can't. There are several baskets full."

"What!" said I. "You must be mistaken. I am expecting no such mail."

"Aren't you Major J. B. Pond?" he again politely inquired.

"Yes; I'm that man. What's the matter?"

"You have several hundred letters, sir. Shall I take them to your room?"

I accompanied "boots" to the office, and there, to my astonishment, were between four and five hundred letters, nearly enough to fill a barrel, and they were all addressed to me, and from every part of England, Scotland, and Ireland, and many telegrams. All were seeking to secure the Rev. Dr. Talmage for a lecture, and all from the two-line announcement in *The Christian Herald and Signs of the Times* the day before.

About 10 o'clock Dr. Baxter called and I showed him what I considered a sight—more letters than I could open and read in two days. He expressed no surprise, but kindly offered to put one or two stenographers and a permanent secretary at my disposal, free of any expense. About noon three young men arrived from Dr. Baxter's with notes of introduction; these were the stenographers and a secretary at my service. "Who am I?" I thought. Such patronage and politeness I was unaccustomed to. It required change of position and getting out into the lobby for a free breath very often.

I began opening letters. They were from everywhere in the British islands, invariably addressing me in words of welcome to Dr. Talmage and his worthy secretary, and asking terms for the Doctor to preach or lecture. Many of them were admirably written, showing that their respect and welcome for Dr. Talmage knew no bounds. I wondered if it were possible that there could be so many ministers who knew and read of Dr. Talmage. I felt certain that the Doctor had

no idea of his popularity over there. Callers flocked in and crowded the lobby of the hotel, waiting answers to their cards. I could not see half of them. I put them off with asking them to write and promising to answer.

I soon discovered that I had made a mistake, and that my contract with Mr. Thorn for the first ten lectures had cost me $5,000, for that was just what the Leeds Y.M.C.A. cleared on them.

I got the letters open. I also got a map of Great Britain and an "A.B.C. Guide," which tells more of that country than all our American guides can tell in many times the space. With the aid of secretaries and map, I was soon enabled to see that I could easily fill five hundred lecture engagements, if I only had them. I replied to the smaller cities that no proposition for lectures would be considered under a guarantee of £100, and cities like London, Liverpool, Manchester, Bristol, Glasgow, Edinburgh and other large ones would require £300. I received acceptances from Belfast and Dublin of my proposition of £200; of that for £300 from Manchester, Liverpool, and Bristol. In all replies to the applications I was non-commital and careful to state that when terms were accepted and contracts forwarded and signed, there must be an accompanying deposit of twenty-five per cent. of the amount of each sum contracted for. Many correspondents were so eager to secure contracts at once that they sent checks by return mail. So many of these checks of deposit came in that it caused great embarrassment and confusion. In some instances they were sent back to me a second time, with the assurance that I was held to produce Dr. Talmage or I would have the law applied to force me. Such a scramble for an attraction I had never dreamed of before. During all the first two days at every mail "Boots" brought in armsful of letters. I decided to wait a day or two and let applications accumulate. On Dr. Baxter's recommendation I accepted an invitation for Dr. Talmage to preach in the Islington Presbyterian Church, Colebrooke Road, Beside-the-Angel (a part of London). He was to have £10 for that. The Sunday business

was not mine, and the secular days were all I cared to be interested in.

The *Gallia* arrived at Queenstown in due time, and I received a despatch from the Doctor that deputations were there to meet him from all parts of Great Britain and he had referred all to me. A day later I met him and Mrs. Talmage and Miss Jessie Talmage at the Northwestern Station in London, safe and well, but very tired. He said he had had a narrow escape of his life; that as soon as the steamer arrived in Queenstown delegations of ministers and deacons and secretaries of Y.M.C.A.'s had rushed aboard the boat and down to his and Mrs. Talmage's stateroom. He heard them coming, shouting:

"Welcome, Talm-o-d-ge." (They all give the broad sound of "o" to the middle "a" of his name.) "Welcome! Welcome! God bless you! God bless Mrs. Talm-o-d-ge. God bless Miss Talm-o-d-ge. Where is the Doctor?"

And rushing into the room they got hold of Mrs. Talmage's arm, she being in the lower berth, and nearly jerked it out of the socket before they knew or cared to know their mistake. They got hold of the Doctor and pulled him out of his room before they let go, and shook his hands, and pulled his shirt nearly off, shouting, "Welcome! God bless you," and kept it up all day on the steamer and on the cars to London, arriving at the Westminster Palace Hotel about 6 P.M., where Dr. Baxter was in waiting. Arrangements had been made for dinner and a reception at the Doctor's house that evening, so our party was obliged to hurry and dress. We drove in hansoms about four miles. Dr. Baxter's father, a noted barrister, seemed to be the head of the household. Ministers and clergymen were assembled to do the guests honor. Lord Shaftsbury was the first lord I ever recalled seeing. Dinner was at a long table, with not much sociability; all wore serious, pious expressions. I think I never saw Talmage so uncomfortable. He asked the blessing, and after dinner in the parlors came a season of prayer. The circle of kneeling visitors was to me as tiresome as the old fron-

tier country prayer meetings of my boyhood days, and there was less feeling in them. Each prayed in his turn, and thus for two long hours there was a contest of appeals to the throne for God's servant, "Talm-o-d-ge." It was twelve o'clock when we got into our cabs to make our way back to our hotel. It was the first chance I had to speak to Talmage alone; but as it was Saturday night, and he was to preach the next afternoon in the Islington Presbyterian Church, he retired at once.

I did not see him the next morning, as he was preparing for the afternoon sermon. An hour's drive, with Dr. Baxter as pilot, and Dr. and Mrs. Talmage in an open carriage, Miss Jessie and I following in a second carriage, brought us to a point where we could look across an open space to a hillside where stood a church. That hillside was black with thousands of people, they all wear black on Sunday there, and as we came in sight the crowd began to move, and soon I saw we were being surrounded by what seemed an impassable mob. Coming nearer, Talmage was recognized, and a shout arose:

"Talm-o-d-ge! Talm-o-d-ge! God bless Talm-o-d-ge!" and the crowd came rushing on. Some jumped on the carriage and grabbed his hands and hung on to them; some got hold of Mrs. Talmage, and some one got hold of Talmage's coat and succeeded in tearing off a piece of his coat-tail. "I want this for a souvenir," shouted that maniac.

They then unhooked the horses, tied a long rope to the carriage, and hauled the great divine through a jam of humanity, and amid uproars and noises that Niagara Falls could hardly have drowned. Finally the preacher was lifted from the carriage, carried bodily over the heads of the mob, and thrust into the crowded church. After he was out of sight, the crowd gave way, and not long afterward a committee succeeded in getting Mrs. Talmage into a side door, but Miss Jessie and I preferred to wait outside in our carriage until after the service. What took place inside can be inferred from the following item, which appeared in *The Daily News* next day (June 16th):

"The public announcement that the Rev. Dr. Talmage, of

Brooklyn, U. S., would preach attracted yesterday evening a very large number of persons to the outside at least of the Islington Presbyterian Church, of which Dr. Thain Davidson is the minister. The seat-holders and a few others having received tickets were enabled to get in sideways, and between them they filled about all the seats almost two hours before the service commenced. Thousands of unprivileged persons either went away altogether or remained to take their chances among the public rush at a quarter past six, the services commencing at half past. The church, which seats about seven hundred and fifty persons, then quickly became crammed, amid cries and shrieks here and there for help in consequence of the pressure, and a few windows had to be broken to increase the ventilation. Many persons were reported injured."

The same performance was gone through after service except that the horses were allowed to be hitched back on the carriage. The mob followed for at least half a mile, shouting praises for "Talmodge" as we drove away. Dr. Baxter left us at the hotel and for the first time our party was left alone free from visitors. The Doctor was very tired. At dinner both he and Mrs. Talmage could talk of nothing but this "overwhelmingly cordial greeting to an American minister." "Major, did you ever hear of such greeting to a minister?" I was asked, and I certainly never had.

"This is going to be awful. How can I ever live through a succession of ovations like that?" he said to all of us.

"DeWitt, you never can endure it," said Mrs. Talmage; "I am sure you cannot."

This was the burden of the conversation at dinner. When I retired to the reading room the Doctor soon followed me, to remark:

"Major Pond, was ever such an ovation given to an American minister in London before?"

"Never," said I instantly and emphatically.

"Major, what would the American papers say of this if they knew the facts? Hadn't some account of this tremendous reception better be cabled to the Associated Press?"

The next morning the following despatch appeared in the New York *Herald:*

"London, June 15, 1879.

"*Herald*, New York:

"Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage preached to-day at the Islington Presbyterian Church, Colebrooke Road, to an enormous congregation. Much curiosity was evinced by the people to see the famous American preacher; a dense crowd blockaded the streets leading to the church. The enthusiasm was immense. Half a mile before the Presbyterian church was reached the carriage of the reverend gentleman was lifted from the ground and carried bodily to the church. It was one of the most tremendous ovations ever paid to an American minister in London."

That Sunday evening Dr. Talmage and I walked out and had our first private business talk. We crossed the street to Westminster Abbey and walked all around it, discussing the wonders of the historic Abbey for some time, when the Doctor suddenly changed the subject.

"Wasn't that the most tremendous, overwhelming reception that a minister ever had?" he said to me. "This excitement is going to use me all up. I never can stand it. What have you done?"

I replied that I had fixed my first ten nights with the Leeds Y. M. C. A., all in the large cities.

"I cannot stand it. I am sure it will break me down. How much am I to get out of it?"

I replied, "You get your $100 a night and your expenses; isn't that our contract?"

"Oh, I can't do that. It would be the ruin of my health; and you would be getting rich and I have nothing."

"Wait, my dear Dr. Talmage, and see how it starts. I came here under terms of a contract with you, and now you don't seem to consider it binding."

"I can't do it. I can't stand it, and must give the whole thing up unless I can have at least $250 a lecture."

"That's all I get for the first ten lectures, and by that time

we don't know whether they will be worth any more. Let's try under our contract and see if it is as great as your prediction. I am ready to do the fair thing. I certainly will make no new contract until we see if the one in existence is any good."

"Very well; stop it all. I will take Mrs. Talmage and Jessie and go to Paris and get rest, which I need and must have."

So we sat on the steps of Westminster Abbey until 2 o'clock Monday morning and the Doctor was booked to lecture in Nottingham that night.

When we separated he asked me what hour he had better start for Nottingham, if he went. I told him 9:30. "I'll see you at breakfast at 8 and tell you finally," he said.

When he and Mrs. Talmage came down to breakfast in their travelling clothes I knew he was going to Nottingham. I felt so, any way. Applications were pouring in, and I saw that I could obtain certainties of from £100 to £200 a lecture after the ten Leeds lectures had been given, so I was prepared to make concessions to the Doctor, if he showed any disposition to be fair. As we sat down to the table the Doctor handed me a note written by his own hand on a narrow strip of paper. It read as follows:

"Pay me $200 a lecture and my expenses, not those of my family, and I will go on for one hundred lectures. Put this note in your pocket." I read and replied:

"All right, Dr. Talmage. I accept. Mrs. Talmage, do you know about this?"

"Yes, Major Pond. I am so glad you and the Doctor have come to an agreement."

So we started for Nottingham. Mr. Thorn met us at the station there and drove the Talmages to some gentleman's house where, they were entertained. Mr. Thorn returned and dined with me at my hotel. I asked him how the bookings were. He replied that everything was full. I asked if he sold reserved seats. He said:

"No; the people had filled the house early that afternoon and

not another person could be got in. He and his committee had been all the afternoon collecting the entrance fee from the crowd now in their seats. He was ready for Dr. Talmage to go on at any time."

When he went to the hall there were thousands of the same human strata that had been seen the Sunday before, waiting to set eyes on Dr. Talmage, and they were enthusiastic to the verge of insanity. The police had protected a back entrance, so that the chairman, mayor, and speaker could get in. I was obliged to stand until I could bear it no longer, and went out.

I arranged with Thorn to pay me for the two following lectures in Birmingham and Manchester, so I could return to London and proceed to fill the balance of the time, and he to look after the welfare of the "star" while I agreed to join them on the following Saturday in Liverpool. At my London hotel I found great stacks of letters, but as my time and route were all mapped out, they did not trouble me. Still all the letters must be opened in order to know which of them most needed attention. There were many applications with accompanying checks for from £20 to £40. It seemed incredible that there could be such a craze over a minister, and yet that it caused no comment whatever in the daily newspapers or the secular press in any way. I expected to read blazing headlines of the first great occasion in the London morning papers, but there was not a word. The London secular press seldom mentions religious doings.

I then set to work to finish booking the time. There was much to do in arranging ninety one-night stands for a great attraction, and surely I had the greatest one I had ever known. I was working into midnight when a telegram came up. I would not have opened it had it been a seasonable hour. It was from the Doctor, and read:

"Birmingham, June 19, 1879.
"J. B. Pond, Westminster Palace Hotel, London.
"Stop everything. To-night surpasses all.
"Signed, "T. DeWitt Talmage."

He was booked for Manchester the following evening, and a great audience was expected. I replied:

"Must keep the Manchester engagement. Will meet you there to-morrow."

So I left London and arrived in Manchester about 5 o'clock the next afternoon. Passing the City Hall and public buildings my "cabby" drove into a dense crowd of thousands massed together. I never saw the like. I asked my driver what that crowd meant. He said a Yankee minister was to lecture there by the name of "Talm-o-d-ge." I asked the name of the building. He said it was Free Trade Hall.

I discharged the cab and tried to get into the outskirts of the crowd. I had a small handbag. The crowd was not noisy, but simply made a rush for the door, which had been burst open, and filled the hall with all that could get in. Every now and then I could hear some one say, "I *will* see Talm-o-d-ge," and then he would make a break, only to be crowded back. I slipped up to a policeman and asked what this all meant. He told me the same story, of a Yankee minister that was to lecture. He had never before heard of "Talm-o-d-ge," but the crowd evidently had. I said to him, so as not to be overheard: "I am a Yankee. I am Dr. Talmage's secretary." He didn't even wait to look at me, but with both hands in the air he shouted:

"This is Dr. Talm-o-d-ge's secretary! Here! Here! Dr. Talm-o-d-ge's secretary! Here! Here!" Just then the crowd within hearing turned their eyes on me and made a rush, all shouting, "Dr. Talm-o-d-ge's secretary! Here! Here!"

The next thing I knew I was being carried above the heads of that crowd and shot along head first. So I was carried over and on these heads, until I was nearly in the centre of great Free Trade Hall. How they found a place for my feet I don't know. They passed me on by their hands until there was a place to alight. "Dr. Talm-o-d-ge's secretary," was the cry. The crowd was orderly and numbered about six thousand, or as many as could possibly get inside of Free Trade Hall, which is one of the greatest auditoriums in the world.

They were singing "Hold the Fort," while the Y. M. C. A. committee, in their shirt sleeves, were collecting the admission fees, ranging from one shilling to half a crown. No objections were made to paying, for everybody expected to do that, but the rush of thousands was more than the hall could accommodate.

I remained there until Dr. Talmage and Mr. Lee, his host, who was to preside, and family arrived. I heard the lecture, and it was the first one of Dr. Talmage's that I ever heard through. The people cheered as he came in, and it seemed for minutes as though the roof would be fairly raised. I never heard such cheering. After the lecture it was midnight before the crowd would let up on shaking hands and becoming enthusiastic over the Doctor. It was a scene that could not be produced in America.

The Doctor saw me after the lecture and asked where I was stopping. I told him at the Queen's. He said he was stopping with Mr. William Lee, a distinguished resident of Manchester, and that he and Mrs. Talmage would call in the morning. I went back to my hotel. About 11 o'clock the next morning Dr. and Mrs. Talmage arrived and came up to my room. There was very little ceremony. The Doctor struck right out from the shoulder. It was business!

"You have got to pay me $350 a lecture or I go home from here. I cannot stand this tremendous succession of ovations."

"If you can do it for $350, can't you stand the same thing for the price agreed upon in London? I am paying you twice the amount of our original agreement," I said.

"I am killing myself and making you or somebody else rich. I get nothing for it. Say yes or no." He was positive but good natured. I didn't hurry to reply, but related my experience of being suspended over the heads of that multitude for half an hour yesterday, remarking that it seemed days.

Mrs. Talmage, always a loyal wife, would often remind her husband that it was no use attempting to go on. He could not stand it. I did not get angry. I really enjoyed it,

only there were people waiting outside to see me. Dr. Baxter wanted to buy a return date in Manchester, and did buy it then and there while the Talmages waited. In a side room he gave me his check for £300, and I signed a contract. I returned and invited Dr. and Mrs. Talmage to lunch. They accepted. The conversation between them was as to what steamers sailed first and which was the most desirable route. I heard it all. This was an open date, Saturday. He was to preach in Manchester the following Sunday, so I did not hurry.

I felt sure the tour would pay if the people did not get disgusted. They had expected a great Calvinistic divine to give them religious lectures. Many made unkind expressions at his provoking so much laughter and at the secular tendency of his address. I felt a little uncertain, but finally said: "Dr. Talmage, I am getting $250 each for this series of ten lectures, as you know. Thorn is making the fortune—not I. I am getting tired of this, but I will give you your $250 each for the one hundred lectures; no more." He said nothing, but waited. Finally getting up, he said, "Well, that's the best you will do, is it?"

"Yes, sir; and I may change my mind in ten minutes. If you do this, I will hire an English lawyer to draw up papers that will hold."

"All right, then, make your contract and I will sign it."

This had been a long siege. I went out, and by direction of the hotel proprietor found a solicitor, who came to my room, got all the details, and went back. He must have worked all night on the document. It was a remarkable paper, drawn up in the English form, with many pages of "whereases," "said party," etc., having a long ribbon and large red wax seal about the size of a Boston cracker attached. The party of the second part (Talmage) after hearing it read, signed it, as I also did. When all was over, the Doctor said very pleasantly that he was glad that there was an understanding at last.

We went together to Liverpool, Glasgow, and other cities

in Scotland. Such crowds! He missed the train for Perth. I had told him that he must take a certain train in order to be on time. A party had taken them to the Trossachs, and when the hour arrived to begin the lecture in Perth, a telegram came from the Doctor stating that he had missed the train and would arrive about 10. The audience, which congested the hall, seemed quite patient for two hours. The time was late and the curfew bell said 11 o'clock. Many demanded their money back, and got it to the amount of £40; but still there was a large audience waiting, and the Doctor got through a little after midnight. The following Sunday we spent in Glasgow. The Doctor preached in the morning and in the afternoon we settled up.

The tenth lecture of the tour concluded my contract with the Leeds Y. M. C. A. at $250 a lecture. On this ten lectures I had made nothing, but during that time I had booked the balance of the tour of ninety more lectures at a very handsome profit, the lowest fee being £80 a lecture, and in some instances £250. The final lecture in England was sold in Liverpool to the Y. M. C. A. for £400, to be September 11. Eleven weeks booked for five lectures a week, twenty-five per cent. of the guarantees paid in advance and in my bank in London. Good prospects indeed.

Secretary Thorn, of the Leeds Y. M. C. A., who had managed the first ten lectures, presided at a dinner given to Dr. Talmage in Leeds three weeks later. In his official report, which he read on that occasion, he stated that the Association had netted about £1,000 ($5,000). This was $500 profit on each lecture. At the low prices paid for admission to lectures in Great Britain, 1*s*, 2*s* 6*d* to 3*s* 6*d*, it shows that the crowds must have been enormous. As the lectures were all sold to local committees in the towns yet to be visited, I felt certain that in most cases these parties had pretty heavy responsibility, especially as the religious press was complaining of the lack of piety in the Doctor's discourses. His lecture on "The Bright Side of Things" had provoked laughter where many had expected sacred things. I feared a reaction,

for in all the crowds I heard expressions of bitter disappointment.

From Leeds, after two lectures in near cities, we came to London. Dr. Baxter, of *The Christian Herald and Signs of the Times*, was to pay me £200 for the first London lecture in Exeter Hall, which was crowded. Dr. Talmage had already preached in the same hall, with the usual large gathering of disappointed outsiders.

When we arrived in London I found there was quite a feeling against Dr. Talmage, aroused by the Rev. Dr. Joseph Parker on account of the questionable verdict in his ecclesiastical trial by the New York Presbytery just before he left. But the Rev. Charles Wood, a young Presbyterian minister visiting London at that time, now in Philadelphia, succeeded in bringing Dr. Parker around, and Talmage was invited to preach in City Temple, but had not the open date and had to forego the honor. However, the ladies of both sides exchanged friendly calls, and all went well.

After our return to London and the Exeter Hall lecture the business from this time began to decline. It was difficult in many instances to collect the guarantees, and I often felt like a thief when accepting money that responsible parties had guaranteed with a reasonable assurance that it would prove profitable. Then again, others had persisted in having dates, and threatened the law if I did not make the contract and accept the twenty-five per cent. advance payment. Some of these I enjoyed holding to the terms they had almost compelled me to make.

Several causes contributed to the revulsion of public opinion and the depreciation of the Doctor's value. Chief among these was the disappointment in his religious zeal. These religious "lower" classes, whose only literature is the penny religious weekly, had pictured him as an ideal man of God. With his marvellous insight into the human heart of the nineteenth century, he had, through his sermons, touched chords beyond the reach of any other man of his time. He had shown that he knew the burdens, the temptations, the bitternesses of men

and women who gain their daily bread only by a struggle. With this master key he had unlocked their hearts, and they sought his presence very much in the same spirit that the multitude followed Christ into the wilderness. I believe I witnessed marvellous, unmatched scenes in old England that summer. Such tribute as was laid at Talmage's feet was never paid to any other religious leader, and when these people came to find the lectures more of a secular, not religious character their disappointment knew no bounds. His final lecture in Liverpool was a dismal failure. Four responsible men had signed the contract for $2,000. I settled for $500, and if Dr. Talmage had not refunded that amount to the Y. M. C. A. committee I believe he would have been mobbed. The crowd gathered outside the Northwestern Hotel, calling for Talmage, and it seemed as though every vituperative adjective the English language possesses was applied to him by these religious fanatics. He had made the feeling. If he had only emulated his own teachings instead of using an old American lyceum lecture, he might have had a triumphant home-coming instead of the one he did have; but he seemed to disregard in every way the wishes of the people who paid to see or hear him. The result to the management was simply a loss of the time. The Doctor got all that was made on the tour. Instead of one hundred lectures the tour was shortened to seventy, for which Dr. Talmage received $17,500, the management "his labor for his pains." Had Dr. Talmage kept his original agreement he would have netted $7,000, but by his "eccentricity" he made $10,500 more than he expected when he started on the journey.

I have made very few engagements for Dr. Talmage since his memorable season.

Dr. Talmage's sermons have been more widely read and circulated during the past thirty years than those of any other minister that has lived in his time. *The Christian Herald and Signs of the Times*, of London, has sent out from five hundred thousand to nearly a million a week since 1870. Next to *The Christian World* it is the greatest religious newspaper prop-

erty in Great Britain. The price is a penny, and it sells almost wholly to the lower classes, who depend upon it for their only reading, both religious and secular. It is printed in muddy black with cheap, coarse zinc cuts. It now has an American edition, edited ostensibly by Dr. Talmage, with a circulation equal, if not greater, than that in Great Britain. This is a reproduction of the English edition, but on much finer paper and beautifully printed—an essential feature for a religious household paper in America, no matter how remote or primitive the fireside it reaches. This American edition prints one of Dr. Talmage's sermons every week. It is most skillfully managed and considered a great property. It is seldom seen in the public reading rooms or library, or among the upper middle class homes, but drive out into the country among the farmers and stop at a farmhouse for a drink of water, and while you wait the first object to attract your attention is a copy of *The Christian Herald and Signs of the Times*. From the Atlantic to the Pacific this religious paper has found its way into the houses of the poor religious classes, and, of course, must do incalculable good.

Another means of disseminating Dr. Talmage's sermons for the past two decades has been the "patent insides" of country newspapers. Over six thousand different weekly papers by this method send out his weekly sermon, and while the doctor had a pulpit his sermon appeared in one of the Monday morning papers in every large city.

"Dr. Talmage's Sermon in the Great Tabernacle yesterday. By special telegraph to *The Courier-Journal*," etc.

Dr. Talmage has the greatest congregation of readers of his sermons of any man living, and this is his means of advertising. To gather up a large audience for him in the western country all that is needed is a railroad junction where cars can be run from all directions, the erection of a temporary amphitheatre, and the announcement that Dr. Talmage is to preach, and all the facilities for bringing out crowds will be tested to their fullest capacity. Under these conditions the doctor is the greatest one-man attraction in America, and what cares he

for such comment as the following from *The Congregationalist*, the New England organ of that denomination:

"If in humility it may be done without violence to the feelings of our Presbyterian brethren—whose particular funeral it is—we feel called upon to inquire if it be not nearly time for the reign of ordinary propriety to set in as to the Talmage business. It was bad enough to have a lot of old sermons weekly stereotyped through the land on Monday mornings during his late tour to the Holy Land, as having been delivered by him on the previous day on Mars Hill and elsewhere; and to have accounts so gorgeous as to be manifestly fictitious in their coloring, sent abroad as the great man's intercourse by the way with kindred great men. But now that this dazzling pulpit light is once more shining and shimmering at home, we think the world at large could manage, without overwhelming grief, to dispense with Mr. Louis Klopsch's Boswellian columns, detailing the amazing Talmage experiences, and recounting the tremendous Talmage remarks at various places along that route, which has been beatified and forevermore advertised as that of his travels."

The Toledo Blade, one of the papers which published Talmage's sermons during this Palestine tour, came out with a frank explanation that none of them were cabled, and that they were all prepared before the doctor left home. *The Blade* further made matters interesting by admissions that some of them, including the one credited to Mars Hill, were never delivered at all.

What cares Dr. Talmage for all this? He has his public, that he has educated, adamantine in its faith in him. He is said to be the richest minister in the world, and he has *earned* it all himself.

CHARLES H. SPURGEON was, to me, a name, next to that of Beecher, to conjure with. When I arrived in London for the first time, June 3, 1879, and started out to see the sights, the first place I instructed my "cabby" to drive to was Spurgeon's Tabernacle.

It was about sunset when I first set eyes on the famous building. I know I felt a disappointment. It was not what I expected to see. The surroundings were not attractive. The high iron gates suggested more a prison than an invitation to go up to the house of the Lord. I made no stop, but directed my driver to show me the City Temple, on Holburn Viaduct, where the great Dr. Joseph Parker preached. It was in the gloaming that I first saw this famous "church." It was not as large as I expected. In most of our cities it would be considered a very ordinary, comfortable house of worship.

"Do you call that a large church?" I asked the cabby.

"It isn't a church, sir; it's a chapel. There's a church," he said, pointing to a still smaller edifice on the adjoining corner. "That's where the lord mayor worships." I learned then and there that only the Church of England has the right to the name of church for their places of worship (all others are chapels), and that there are no church bells or chimes except in the Established Church. I drove back through Ox-

ford Street and Picadilly Circus to the Westminster Palace Hotel.

On returning to my hotel I sat down and addressed the following letter to Mr. Spurgeon:

"Westminster Palace Hotel, June 3, 1879.

"Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, Nightingale Lane.

"My Dear Sir: I am in London for the first time in my life and have set my eyes on the great Tabernacle, which was the first object of interest I wished to visit, as your name and your church have been almost a part of my life for a number of years, being a fellow-Baptist.

"Inasmuch as you thought enough of a letter that I wrote you to publish it in one of your books, I write to ask if I could have the pleasure of an interview with you at your convenience. Meanwhile, if a note from you would facilitate my getting a comfortable seat to hear you next Sabbath, I would very much appreciate it.

"I am, yours very truly,

"J. B. Pond."

The next morning I received the following letter from Mr. Spurgeon:

"Nightingale Lane, Balham, Surrey, June 5, 1879.

"Dear Sir: It will only be a waste of time for you to see me, as I am not at all in your line, and I am happy to enclose you cards. "Yours truly,

"C. H. Spurgeon."

"Major J. B. Pond, Westminster Palace Hotel."

There were two printed admission tickets to the Tabernacle. When Sunday morning arrived, in company with a friend, I went early to the Tabernacle in hopes of getting a comfortable seat. There was a great throng on the steps, hundreds of people having already congregated there while waiting for the doors to open. I noticed near the church an open gate, through which people were passing to a side door. I tried to pass in, but was stopped by a large, somewhat plain spoken, typical Englishman, who told me that my tickets were good when the front doors were opened.

I said, "Why can I not pass in here the same as others do?"

"Oh, you can by dropping something in the box."

I then saw that people were dropping pieces of silver into the box and passing in. I said to him, "How much am I expected to drop in?"

He replied, "Anything you please. A half crown is the usual amount."

So dropping in two half crowns ($1.25) I was enabled to pass in at this side door of the great Tabernacle, where a gentlemanly usher gave our party good seats. Already several hundred people had entered in this way, and before the doors were open the lower floor was about filled with these contributors.

When the main doors were thrown open, there was a general rush of men and women in all directions, carrying umbrellas and jumping over the pews to get to the very nearest available seats, and almost immediately every seat in the church was occupied and great crowds were standing against the wall in the back galleries. I think I never witnessed such a squabble of people rushing into a building. They created a dust that was almost suffocating.

Very soon the great preacher appeared on a plain platform with no rostrum or pulpit except a small table at his side, where lay a hymn book and a Bible. Mr. Spurgeon immediately pronounced the invocation and then read a hymn, which the congregation sang without organ accompaniment or any other music except their voices. As the congregation rose, clouds of dust seemed to rise with it, so that it was almost impossible to distinguish the people in the top gallery.

It was a remarkable scene—a very devout crowd of worshippers who entered into the spirit of the occasion and did worship the Lord and Mr. Spurgeon with tremendous intensity.

I saw a number of Plymouth Church people near where I sat. I remember asking one or two of them how this compared with Plymouth Church. They all expressed disappointment. For intelligence, the congregation was not to be compared with Plymouth; it was another class of people, of a

much lower order than I supposed could possibly form the congregation to which Mr. Spurgeon had preached so many years.

Passing out through the crowd I shook hands with Mr. Spurgeon. He didn't recognize me. The following day I wrote him that before leaving England I should very much like to pay my respects to the man I had read and admired many years, making no reference whatever to my business. In reply I received the following strange letter, which showed that the great preacher really impugned my motives and thought I was bound to secure him for a lecture tour in America:

"NIGHTINGALE LANE, BALHAM, SURREY, June 6, 1879.

"DEAR SIR: I am not at all afraid of anything you could say by way of temptation to preach or lecture for money, for the whole of the United States in bullion would not lead me to deliver one such lecture. It would only waste your time and mine for you to see me, though I feel sure you are one of the pleasantest men on earth. Your good-natured pertinacity is so admirable that I trust you will not waste it upon an impossible object, but be content to have my acknowledgment that if success could have been achieved, you would have achieved it. "Yours very truly,

"C. H. SPURGEON.

"Major J. B. Pond, Westminster Palace Hotel."

I returned home without the sight.

I revisited England in 1886 with the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher. Remembering the cordial letter Mr. Spurgeon had written me on my previous visit, I thought it no more than proper to drop him a line, stating that I was again in London and asking if he was of the same opinion still, and disinclined to allow me the privilege of a call to pay my respects, stating that I was visiting England with the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher. I didn't even suggest that Mr. Beecher would like to meet him, as that was not a part of my interests. I received the following letter in reply:

"WESTWOOD, BEULAH HILL, UPPER NORWOOD, July 13, 1886.

"DEAR SIR: I have, in as plain a manner as possible, on former occasions declined to make your acquaintance, and I

beg with all courtesy and decision to do the same again. I know your business, and I have no wish to enter upon it further. I can communicate with Mr. Beecher myself should I wish to do so. At present I have no object for which to seek an interview. "Yours truly,

"C. H. SPURGEON."

The morning I received the above letter from Mr. Spurgeon I breakfasted with Dr. and Mrs. Parker at their home in Daleham Gardens, where a number of distinguished ministers and friends had been invited to meet Mr. and Mrs. Beecher. There were present Mr. James Clarke, editor of *The Christian World;* the Rev. Dr. Simon, pastor of Westminster Chapel; the Rev. Dr. Henry Allon, Union Chapel, Islington; and the Rev. Dr. Clifford, Westbourne Park Chapel.

During the conversation some of the ministers present were of the opinion that Mr. Beecher should deliver his last lecture in London in the great Tabernacle, as it was the most appropriate auditorium in London and could accommodate the largest number of people. I said that I thought it impossible for Mr. Beecher to preach in the Tabernacle, as I did not believe that Mr. Spurgeon was friendly to Mr. Beecher. This seemed to surprise Dr. Parker, as well as the other representative ministers present. Dr. Parker suggested that Dr. Allon and Mr. Spurgeon were the greatest of friends, and he was sure that Mr. Spurgeon would be delighted to extend the invitation to Mr. Beecher; and Dr. Allon was of the same opinion. I remember that he said, "Most assuredly Mr. Spurgeon would expect to invite Mr. Beecher to occupy the Tabernacle." I handed to Mr. Beecher Spurgeon's letter, which I had just received. As he read, I noticed a smile come on his face. He passed the letter to Dr. Parker, who also read it, and then to Dr. Allon, who, I think, passed it back to me. The enthusiasm for Mr. Spurgeon and the Tabernacle suddenly ceased.

On the occasion of Mr. Beecher's first sermon in London, July 4, the congregation was admitted by ticket—the church members first and then the public, to the capacity of the audi-

torium. Hundreds, and I might say thousands, came who had to be turned away. As the congregation had to be admitted by ticket, and as many were unable to secure these, a rumor easily started in one of the religious papers that Mr. Beecher was preaching the Gospel for money, and that the tickets to hear him preach were sold at the doors of the house of the Lord. The secular press took it up. Newspaper correspondents cabled it to their representative journals across the Atlantic. London *Truth* enlarged upon it, and Labouchere's letter to *The New York Herald* repeated it.

One of the first comments on the story was in *The Baptist*, a paper of which Mr. Spurgeon was supposed to be one of the editorial writers—an article which found a place in nearly all of the leading papers where Mr. Beecher was booked to lecture or preach. So I wrote the following letter to that paper, which was published without comment:

CHARGING TO HEAR THE GOSPEL.

"31 Montague St., London, W. C., July 25, 1886.

"To the Editor of *The Baptist*.

"Dear Sir: May I be allowed to correct a statement made in your excellent paper of the 23d inst. concerning Mr. Beecher and his lectures and sermons?

"Mr. Beecher does not charge for preaching outside his own pulpit in Plymouth Church, Brooklyn. I have managed all his lecture tours for the past eleven years, and I have always arranged that he should preach on the Sabbath while absent from home, and that under no circumstances was there to be a charge of any kind made for hearing him preach the Gospel. True, when in other cities, in order to protect pewholders and members of the regular congregations, it has been necessary to issue tickets of admission to the side doors before the house was opened to the general public.

"Mr. Beecher is a lecturer as well as preacher. He delivers on an average one hundred and fifty lectures a year, and has during some seasons lectured upward of two hundred times, besides preaching every Sabbath. He lectures because he finds it profitable both to himself and to those who are glad to pay their money to hear him; but *never* has he received a *penny* for preaching outside his own pulpit; and if London

were bullion, and he could have it for preaching one sermon here, it would not even tempt him.

"Mr. Beecher receives from me the same pay per lecture that I give him in America. My business is furnishing lectures and high-class entertainments to lyceums and lecture associations in America. I supply lecture and musical societies throughout the United States with the best talent to be had. It is part of the American system of education, and the Americans are educated to it, and generally prefer it to trashy shows. They expect great men to address them; and when Dean Stanley, Professor Huxley, and Herbert Spencer came to America, I had hundreds of applications from all parts of the land asking their terms and approximate date; and when I replied that these men could not be secured, many of my constituents accused me of shiftlessness and neglect of business, and poured upon me all sorts of abuse because I did not supply them. I have 'imported' a great deal of English talent: George Dawson, Canon Kingsley, Bellew, Matthew Arnold, and last season Canon Farrar, who made a great deal of money in America, lectured every day and preached twice every Sabbath for three months. He was not abused nor falsely accused because of his success. Thousands tried to get tickets to hear him preach. They were not to be had, as the church congregations where he preached had them for themselves and friends. Canon Farrar received £200 each for his last three lectures in America, and the management made something too. The public were not only satisfied, but grateful that so rare an opportunity had been offered them.

"Mr. Beecher is not a rich man, nor a money-lover. He does not know what becomes of his money. He lives the Gospel that he preaches. He has many drafts on his purse that he would like to meet. He does all that he can to assist the needy. He has two thousand eight hundred members in his church, all as dear as his children to him. Reverses overtake many. His name is the first that goes on a note to give a deserving friend a new start in life. Could you but know a hundredth part of the good he is constantly doing, you would be as ardent a believer as I am. I bring him to England during his summer vacation to lecture. He gets every penny from me for his lectures that he gets from any service in Great Britain. He wants to preach every Sunday, so I leave Saturdays open, and place the Sundays where he likes to preach. If it were money we were after, I would have him lecture Saturdays and rest Sundays, and make £25 to £100

myself, and be £50 better off (every week) so far as this world's goods are concerned. The ministers for whom he preaches manage their own congregations, and Mr. Beecher does not know as much about it as you do.

"Referring to Mr. Spurgeon on this subject of 'charging to hear a sermon,' where 'the managers charged a shilling to hear him preach,' and he remarked that 'if he had known it he never would have preached,' I will ask you to kindly explain the difference between charging a shilling and doing as I have on two different occasions when I went with some friends to hear Mr. Spurgeon. By putting money in a box at the side door I was allowed to go in and get seats, and I always found that a good-sized congregation was accommodated in this way by 'paying what they liked,' before the main doors were opened to the general public.

"If this is not charging an admission, I want to know what it is. I certainly could not have got a comfortable seat unless I complied with this custom.

"I am, yours very truly,

"J. B. Pond,

"Manager of Henry Ward Beecher's Lectures."

RT. REV. HENRY C. POTTER

BISHOP HENRY C. POTTER of New York is the one clergyman of all that I know whom I most wish was a lyceum lecturer. It seems as though he is about the only one of his class of great and lovable clergymen that has been spared to us, now that Chapin, Beecher, and Phillips Brooks have passed away. He is ever going about doing good, and is as much at home and as well appreciated among the very poorest people as among those in the very highest station of life.

He is recognized by all who meet him on the street, and something kind is said as he passes by. If he would only be a lecturer! Thousands would pay to see and hear him, because they would know that they were to have something worth while in return for what they gave.

There is no great function, public or private, that he is not one of the first to be invited. He marries sons and daughters of the millionaires, and the poorest people as well, and all along the intermediate classes. In the Episcopalian families no name is more generally known, respected and loved.

The bishop is one of our very best public speakers. His addresses under all conditions abound with wit, humor and pathos, and sound sense. It is the simplicity, modesty, and real manliness of his make up that causes him to be just what he is and what he cannot help being. In every sense that the word implies, to every one who knows the meaning of the word, he is a *man*.

He told me of an incident that occurred as he was passing along Fourth Avenue. Some urchins were playing in the street, and he overheard one of them say: "There goes the Bish. He's no chump." I would rather have that eulogy from that urchin than from any statesman I know of.

THE VERY REV. S. REYNOLDS HOLE, dean of Rochester, was engaged by me for a lecture tour in America during the season of 1894–95. Since Canon Farrar lectured in America there has been no clergyman of the Church of England that I considered of sufficiently high standing to supply the demand that came most especially from the Episcopalian churches and societies. One of the best proofs that Dean Hole was such a man, if he could be secured, was the fact that as soon as it became known that negotiations were pending, the Lotus Club wrote to him tendering him a dinner on his arrival.

He came in October, with Mrs. Hole, and put up at the Everett House. He arrived on the 24th, and he was at once interviewed by representatives of all the newspapers. The next day he and Mrs. Hole received calls from many clergymen and their wives, and from nearly all the horticulturists in the vicinity. Roses in great profusion, of every form and variety, were sent in, for the Dean is known all over the world as the king of rose growers. Never was there a finer collection of roses than those which came to the Everett House during the Dean's stay.

Then he yielded to Sarony's invitation to come over and be photographed. The scene between the Dean and Sarony was indeed picturesque. When the great photographer and

artist found an interesting subject his enthusiasm was intense. The magnificent stature of the Dean fairly captivated him. He reached up (whoever knew Sarony will understand) and caught the Dean's hand, exclaiming, as he looked at me:

"Major Pond, you have at last brought me a subject that I can enjoy. We're going to have a good time."

"I'd just like to hug you, sir," said the artist, turning again to the Dean.

"I've not the slightest objection," the Dean replied, and Sarony tried to encircle the big man with his arms. The famous artist, Mr. Herbert A. Olivier, who accompanied the party from England, made a sketch of the scene at that time, which is as correct in detail as a photograph could be.

On Saturday, the 27th, came the dinner at the Lotus Club. Dean Hole's "Reminiscences" had made him widely known as the friend of Dickens, Thackeray, Leech, and other great Englishmen of the past generation. A distinguished company gathered to meet him, including the president, Frank R. Lawrence, the Rev. Morgan Dix, rector of Trinity Church; Dr. Arthur Brooks, Rev. Dr. David H. Greer, President Schurman, of Cornell University; the Rev. Dr. James MacArthur, and many other distinguished guests of the club.

Even at his advanced age Dean Hole looked stout and lusty. He is six feet three inches in height, and his body is built on the typical lines of John Bull. As one of the New York journals expressed it, he "is certainly one of the finest specimens of Elizabethan ecclesiastical architecture that England has ever sent to this country." His head is large and covered with a mass of silvery gray hair. His features are strong and have an expression of benevolence and good humor.

In introducing the guest, Mr. Lawrence said:

"Two occasions come to my mind this evening—the Lotus Club's receptions to Charles Kingsley and Dean Stanley. To-night we are equally honored in the privilege of meeting Dean Hole. We cannot greet him without recalling the facts which his 'Reminiscences' have made familiar here. We recall him

as one who clasped hands with Thackeray and was the friend of Dickens; but it is his own individuality as a man and author that makes him dear to us."

The Dean, on rising, said:

"I can assure you, gentlemen, that when I received your invitation, having heard so much of the literary, artistic, and social amenities of your famous club, I resembled in feelings —not in feature—the beautiful bride of Burleigh, when—

> "'A trouble weighed upon her,
> And perplexed her night and morn,
> With the burden of an honor
> Unto which she was not born.'

"I could have quoted the words of the mate in Hood's 'Up the Rhine,' when, during a storm at sea, a titled lady sent for him, and asked him if he could swim. 'Yes, my lady,' says he, 'like a duck.' 'That being the case,' says she, 'I shall condescend to lay hold of your arm all night.' 'Too great an honor for the likes of me,' says the mate.

"Even when I came into this building—though I am not a shy man, having been educated at Brazennose College, and preposterously flattered throughout my life, most probably on account of my size—I had lost this sense of unworthiness; but your gracious reception has not only reassured me, but has induced a delicious hallucination that, at some period forgotten, in some unconscious condition, I have said something, or done something, or written something, which really deserved your approbation. To be serious, I am, of course, aware why this great privilege has been conferred upon me. It is because you have associated me with those great men with whom I was in happy intercourse that you have made my heart glad to-night.

"It has ever been my ambition to blend my life, as the great painter does his colors, 'with brains, sir,' and I venture to think that such a yearning is a magnificent proof that we are not wholly destitute of this article, as when the poor wounded soldier exclaimed on hearing the doctor say that he could see

his brains: 'Oh, please write home and tell father, for he has always said I never had any.' Be that as it may, my appreciation of my superiors has evoked from them a marvellous sympathy, has led to the formation of very precious friendships, and has been my elevator unto the higher abodes of brightness and freshness, as it is to-night.

"Yes, my brothers, it is delightful to dwell 'with brains, sir,' condensed in books in that glorious world—a library—a world which we can traverse without being sick at sea, or footsore on land; in which we can reach the heights of science without leaving our easy chair, hear the nightingales, the poets, with no risk of catarrh, survey the great battlefields of the world unscathed; a world in which we are surrounded by those who, whatever their temporal rank may have been, are its true kings and real nobility, and which places within our reach a wealth more precious than rubies, for all the things thou canst desire are not to be compared with it.

"In this happy world I met Washington Irving, Fenimore Cooper, Hawthorne, Willis, Longfellow, Whittier, and all your great American authors, historical, poetical, pathetic, humorous, and ever since I have rejoiced to hold converse with them. Nevertheless, it is with our living companions, with our fellow-men, who love books, as we do, that this fruition is complete, and so it comes to pass, in the words of one whose name I speak with a full heart, Oliver Wendell Holmes, that 'a dinner table made up of such material as this is the last triumph of civilization over barbarism.'

"We feel, as our witty Bishop, afterward Archbishop, Magee described himself, when he said, 'I am just now in such a sweet, genial disposition that even a curate might play with me.' We are bold enough to state with Artemus Ward of his regiment, composed exclusively of major generals, that 'we will rest muskets with anybody.'

> "'Linger, I cried, O radiant Time, thy power
> Hath nothing else to give. Life is complete.
> Let but the happy present, hour by hour,
> Itself remember and itself repeat.'

"And yet one more quotation, wherewith to make some amends for the stupidity of him who quotes lines most appropriate, by Tennyson, from 'The Lotus Eaters,' and repeated by one who has just crossed the Atlantic:

"'We have had enough of action and of motion we,
Tossed to starboard, tossed to larboard, when the surge was seething free,
And the wallowing monster spouted his foam fountain on the sea;
Let us swear an oath, and keep it with an equal mind;
In this hollow Lotus land to live and lie reclined
(Here where the Queen of Clubs so royally we've dined),
On the hills, like gods together, careless of mankind.'

"And now, gentlemen, let me give—

"'Evermore thanks, the exchequer of the poor.'"

Then President Schurman of Cornell welcomed the Dean on behalf of the universities. He was followed by Dr. MacArthur, who made a fine speech and paid a splendid tribute to the guest of the evening. Mr. Brooks was the next speaker. Dr. Greer raised many a laugh by his witty remarks.

Dean Hole's first lecture in America was in Calvary Baptist Church, Fifty-seventh Street, New York. Notwithstanding that the rain came down in torrents, the great church was crowded. The Rev. Dr. Morgan Dix introduced the speaker. The good Dean entertained his audience fairly well, but was a disappointment to many, due largely, I thought, to his bad advisers. He had been told that the more he amused American audiences and made them laugh, the better satisfied they would be. It is often a misfortune to a clergyman to be a wit. There were on the platform and in the audience people as learned as the one who addressed them. In his Rochester congregation he had been accustomed to addressing a different audience—an audience that he must talk down to. It took him only a short time to discover that in America the pews are as high as the pulpit, and he gave his audiences a scholarly and delightful entertainment. His popularity increased to the end of his tour.

He did not come to America for gain. All his earnings on the tour were applied to the restoration of an arch in the tower of the Rochester Cathedral, where the good Dean is fond of showing his Yankee visitors his American lecture proceeds.

It was Mrs. Pond's and my privilege, during our visit to England in the summer of 1897, to be guests for three days at the Deanery. During our stay a garden party was given in our honor by the Dean and Mrs. Hole. We were shown on the place over a thousand varieties of roses, and we thought they must certainly be the very choicest in all the world; but the morning of the day of the garden party, a number of wagons and carts came driving in, loaded with banks and boxes of roses from various persons whom the Dean said were his disciples. They were displayed in a large basement room of the Deanery, and we were invited to view them. The great room was filled with tables on which the roses were displayed. It was certainly the most beautiful floral display that we ever saw, and the Dean assured us that nothing could be more perfect.

"You see," said the Dean, "my dear Major and Mrs. Pond, the fruits of our efforts in rose culture; our disciples have all outgrown their teachers." There was every color and almost every variety of rose. How I wish I could adequately describe them!

The garden party was a magnificent affair. The parishioners and best citizens of Rochester and its neighborhood were there—about four hundred—Rochester's "Four Hundred," I presume. The guests' table was under an immense rose-tree as large as a common apple-tree, in full bloom. It was the first and only large rose-tree I have seen in blossom.

Among the guests were Mr. John Morgan Richards of London, and his daughter, Mrs. Craigie ("John Oliver Hobbes"); a Mr. Arnold, brother of Sir Edwin Arnold, a scholarly gentleman and poet, who would be famous were he not eclipsed by his brother, and Mr. Latham, an English gentleman who now owns and lives in the famous Dickens home at Gad's Hill, near by, who, the day before, had shown us all over the

place and through the house, the unique Dickens library, the dining room, and the chair at the head of the table where the great novelist died.

I was never so impressed with the fact that there is more in this life than just to live and breathe and have a being, and that when life's efforts are made in the right direction, what should be called "higher life" is almost within the reach of all who desire to attain it.

I must declare that of all the visits I have ever made in Europe, and of all the hosts and hostesses whose hospitality it has been my honor to enjoy, the Deanery at Rochester, Dean Hole (now past eighty), and his estimable wife, are among the very brightest of my memories. May they long be spared to us!

I copy from the good Dean's book, "A Little Tour in America," the following anecdote, which will give his estimate of one of our American plays that he saw while here:

"I had also the gratification of seeing those popular favorites, Mr. and Mrs. Kendal, in 'Lady Clancarty,' and was specially delighted with Mr. Denman Thompson in 'The Old Homestead.' Toward the end of the play, his manager came to my box with an invitation to an interview, and I had the pleasure of thanking Mr. Thompson for his humorous, pathetic, bright, and wholesome performance, and of telling him how much he resembled in many ways the greatest comic actor of his day, Mr. Buckstone.

"Next morning there appeared in the New York *Herald* a paragraph headed, 'A Dean Behind the Scenes,' and shortly afterward I was gently rebuked by a brother clergyman as having imperilled the dignity of my office. As counsel for the defence, I made answer, 'Reverend sir, in the play entitled "The Old Homestead," two young fellows, who had been making fools of themselves and had gone to the bad, were brought back to a right mind—to their home and duty. They were shown the misery and degradation of vice, and then, in contrast, the happiness and the honor of a righteous life. I went behind the scenes to thank the teacher of that

object lesson, and if you, my brother, will prove to me that by one of your sermons you have persuaded two prodigals to get away from the husks of the swine and return to their Father's house, I shall rejoice to pay my respects to you in the vestry, or wherever we may meet.' "

THE BISHOP OF RIPON, DR. BOYD CARPENTER, the Queen's favorite minister, is regarded as the most eloquent man in the English clergy. I visited him at his palace during 1897. He said he wished to visit America soon, but had three hundred and ten parsons to look after, and did not know just how soon he could arrange to make the trip.

His great theme is Dante. A distinguished woman told me that she had heard him deliver a course of five lectures on Dante, and she thought she had never heard a man so intensely interested in his subject or so eloquent. His palace is a sort of public hotel for all members of the clergy, and Mrs. Carpenter told me that though a yearly income of £10,000 seemed enormous for a Bishop, she was often put to it to know how to make both ends meet. She kept count one year, and they entertained more than six thousand persons.

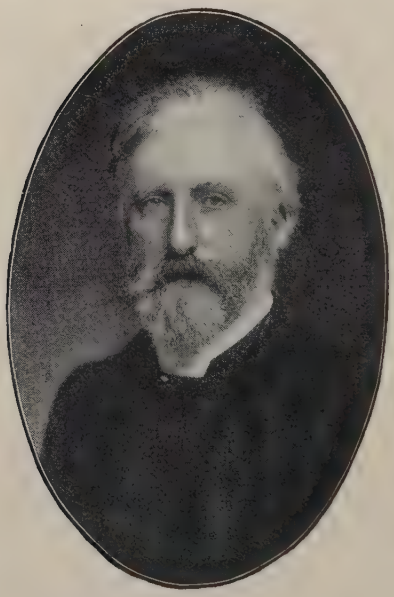
The Bishop writes a personal letter to the Queen every month, and receives one in reply. He has a copy of every photograph that Queen Victoria ever had taken, with her autograph written on each one.

A warm feeling of personal friendship exists between the Bishop of Ripon and the Dean of Ely, yet the two men are very unlike. The wide difference between their points of view is apparent from these few words in one of Dr. Carpenter's letters to me:

"Dean Stubbs is a man well known for his strong social sympathies. He has been the champion of the agricultural laborer, and in all questions he, as such, has taken *a strangely liberal line.*"

The Bishop of Ripon has had invitations to deliver the Noble course of lectures at Harvard University, and the Lowell Institute lectures in Boston. I know that he would be pleased to come to our country, but he is such a very busy man that up to this time he has not found it possible.

THE VERY REVEREND CHARLES WILLIAM STUBBS, D.D., Dean of Ely, is a most charming gentleman and esteemed as one of the most accomplished English pulpit orators of the Church of England. Through the Rev. Dr. John Watson I induced him to come to America in the fall of 1899 to give a series of lectures to fill the demand which seemed to me had long existed in this country to hear from the platform one of the ablest lecturers of the Church of England.



Besides being a fine pulpit orator, the Dean of Ely is a pleasing platform speaker, with but little English mannerism, a scholar of fine type, an essayist of gentle humor and kindly wit, a man of practical affairs, and a sympathetic poet in touch with history and humanity. As a poet he has the ballad quality, the lyric tone.

Not only were his prepared lectures polished and scholarly, but when called upon suddenly he was always ready, with wit and humor and anecdote, for any occasion, as is attested by the following portion of an impromptu speech made at a banquet tendered by the Lotus Club to Sir Henry Irving in New York on the evening of the day of the Dean's arrival:

"Mr. President, Sir Henry, Gentlemen of the Lotus Club: In this atmosphere of resistless eloquence and wit and humor

and good fellowship and eulogy, I confess I find myself somewhat embarrassed—embarrassed by the generosity of your kindly feeling toward me, expressed by your president, but embarrassed especially because your president has treated me with not even that amount of generosity which he extended to the gentleman who spoke last and who needed no such generosity. I have not even had a twenty-minutes' grace in which to concoct any impromptu humorous remarks. What, then, can I do? I think it was one of your own prophets—shall I say one of your own poets?—one of the greatest of your literary men, an ambassador to England some years ago, a man of whom I am always glad to think as a personal friend of my own, Mr. James Russell Lowell, who once said that an after-dinner speech should consist of an anecdote, a commonplace, and a quotation. Now, how can I fulfil those canons of speech to-night?

"An anecdote. I am reminded, partly by the frank comradeship of this meeting to-night and partly, also, by the rapidity with which the time is passing by, that I am staying with one of the clergy of this city who is not very well known to me as yet;—although I find that to know almost any American is to love him as a friend—and who, perhaps, may therefore be a little surprised to-night if I return toward the small hours, as at present would seem to be my prospect. And that recalls to my mind an incident which I remember a good many years ago in my Cambridge life when I was present at a banquet given in the hall of St. Peter's College, Cambridge, in honor of its six hundredth anniversary. There were many illustrious members of the college present, and many and long speeches. I remember that it was half-past eleven o'clock at night when Sir Frederick Bramwell, the brother of the judge, was called upon to respond to 'The Toast of the Applied Sciences.' He said something of this kind: 'Gentlemen, I could have conceived occasions when it would have been delightful to me to expatiate upon such a subject, but at this hour of the night the only application of science that appears to me to be appropriate to the moment is the application of the domestic

lucifer to the bedroom candle.' (Laughter.) Whereupon your ambassador, Mr Lowell, with that happy genius, that quick power of composition, and that delightful grace which were always so characteristic of him, wrote on the back of his menu card, and tossed across the table, these lines:

"'Oh, brief Sir Frederick,
Who thy wit could catch,
Hold thee a candle,
Or find thy match?'"

(Applause.)

Dean Stubbs is a man above middle stature, of robust frame and English aspect, with just a trace perhaps of some Scandinavian ancestor in the long head and face and the ruddy complexion. He is descended from the same Yorkshire yeoman stock as the present Bishop of Oxford, the author of the "Constitutional History of England," whose kinsman he is, and from which stock in old days there came such men as the well-known Puritan writer, John Stubbs, who wrote the "Discovery of a Gaping Gulph," and who, when his hand was cut off by order of the Queen, as a penalty for the publication of his outspoken pamphlet, waved his hat with the other hand and cried, "God save Queen Elizabeth!" The distinction which some men have gained as the champions of a great cause, or the leaders of a great movement, is a surprise to us when we see them. In their bodily presence there is nothing indicative of power, and we have to wait for the explanation of their ascendency. No such surprise will be felt by those who look upon Dr. Stubbs for the first time. We see at once that his physical endowments fit him for leadership. The tall, massive, upright frame, suggestive of his yeoman ancestry; the easy, natural dignity of his bearing; the firmness of his step, as of one who is clear as to his own course, and whom it would not be easy to move from any position that he felt called upon to take; the high, broad forehead, the alert and penetrating glance—all make it easy for us to believe, even before we have heard him speak, that he possesses characteristics which explain his position and influence. He impresses

one immediately as a strong man both intellectually and physically.

In speaking of his recreations, he said: "I am president of the Ely Golf Club, am fond of bicycling, work at carpentering, am maker and patentee of the Sleepy Hollow chair, and few things please me more than to show my English, especially my American friends, round the cathedral." And any one who has heard the Dean's exquisite lectures on the Ely Cathedral may well be delighted with such a guide.

Unlike other clergymen who devote themselves exclusively to theological studies and abstract disquisition, Dr. Stubbs has examined and discussed some of the most vital practical questions of the day—the relief of the poor, the condition and needs of laborers, the welfare of artisans in the great manufacturing centres, the advancement of women, and the education of the masses. His life, accordingly, has been one of practical industry and effort for the good of others, and, while building an honorable renown for himself, he has been, in the largest sense of the word, a public benefactor.

He has always taken such a deep and active interest in the problems of labor and capital that he has become known as a "Christian Socialist." In explanation of the meaning of this term as applied to himself, he relates the following anecdote:

"I had called on a rich old merchant in the North to ask him for a subscription. At first he was somewhat grumpy. 'Come,' he said, 'they call you a Socialist; what do you mean by Socialism?' 'My dear sir,' I replied, 'it depends on *what* Socialism you mean, political Socialism or Christian Socialism, for there is a great difference between the two. Of the Political Socialist I hold very much the same opinion as that of Ebenezer Eliot, the Corn-Law Rhymer, who wrote long ago—

> '"What is a socialist? one who hath yearnings
> For equal division of unequal earnings,
> A rogue, or a bungler, or both, he is willing
> To fork out his penny and pocket your shilling."

But while the political Socialist says, "What is yours is

mine," the Christian Socialist says, "What is mine is yours."' The old man's eyes twinkled. 'Ah!' he said, 'I've met a good many of the first sort; I never met any of the second. However, here's £5 for your fund.'"

The Dean began his American tour with a course of six matinee lectures in the Lyceum Theatre, New York. His subjects were: "Shakespeare as a Religious Teacher," "Ely Cathedral" (illustrated), "Milton and the Puritans," "Ideal Women of the Poets," "James Russell Lowell," and a second lecture on "Ely Cathedral" (also illustrated). Other lectures which he gave in this country were on "Shelley," "Browning," and "Charles Kingsley and Christian Socialism," but the illustrated lectures on "Ely Cathedral" were the only ones that drew big money. The others were too scholarly for the American lyceum in its present condition.

Some idea of the delightfulness of the Dean's illustrated lectures on the Cathedral of Ely may be had from the following criticism by William Winter, published in the New York *Tribune:* "The exordium of the Dean's discourse, devoted to a portrayal of the physical beauty of the wide, dream-like fenlands of England, with Ely Cathedral—an image of sublimity and mystery—towering through the white mist and the hazy, golden light, fell upon the ear like a strain of music, and easily lured his hearers into a mood of fancy and sentiment, making them sympathetic with the glories of the past and reverent of the grandeur of the passionate religious devotion expressed so well in those wonderful old minsters of Europe—which seems to have utterly died out of the earth. Later it pleased the Dean to make his lecture a familiar talk, and to grace it with occasional tints of playful humor: the colloquial and rhetorical strains are not harmonious, and it is never easy to mingle them, but, certainly, the speaker managed this difficult involution with singular grace; but, at the last, reverting to his poetic vein, he rounded his work with noble eloquence and power. More than seventy pictures, many of them very lovely, were incidentally displayed—the spectacle culminating in a view of the shrine of St. Awdry, from which the white mar-

ble sarcophagus of the virgin Queen Etheldreda has disappeared—hidden, it is believed, somewhere in the great cathedral—perhaps to be restored in a purer, because a more spiritual, age, now dawning on the world."

While in New York, the Dean being very anxious to hear Dr. Hillis, the Plymouth pulpit being the Mecca of all visiting clergymen and ministers from the other side, we arranged to attend one Sunday morning. The Dean was intensely interested, but I think was much surprised by Dr. Hillis' unique style. "A nightmare of eloquence!" he exclaimed.

In Boston he repeated his New York course of lectures in Steinert Hall, which seemed to be the most popular lecture hall in Boston at this time. It is a very deep cellar under the Steinert Piano Rooms, and is quite prettily fitted up, but oh! if there should happen to be a panic down there, no one would escape to tell the story. Back of the stage is an elevator shaft used for carrying pianos up and down from the basement to the top of the building, and this causes a strong draught from the back of the stage, through the auditorium, and out to the sidewalk. Acoustically there is an advantage in this, because the draft carries the sound through the audience room and one can be distinctly heard throughout the place in almost a whisper. But in cool weather both audience and speakers have to keep on their coats and wraps, as the cold draught carries away with it all the heat from the radiators. It is the best Boston has, unless you go up two or three more flights to the Y. M. C. A. Hall, which is about as inconvenient for an audience as anything could possibly be.

Notwithstanding all these drawbacks, the fashionable people of Boston turned out to welcome the Dean of Ely. He was the social lion of the season and the special pet of the literary Episcopalians and the faculty of Harvard University. He preached three times in Trinity Church—Phillips Brooks' old pulpit—for his friend, Dr. Donald, and was also university preacher in the Appleton Chapel, Harvard, where he was listened to by a great crowd of undergraduates. Some of these sermons are published this autumn in a volume with the title

"Pro Patria!"—sermons on special occasions in England and America.

The papers gave excellent accounts of his sermons and lectures, and, on the whole, Dr. Stubbs' visit proved a financial success; but, compared with former days, when a first-class lecturer was a first-class attraction, there was much to be desired. Fifteen years ago a course of such lectures would have filled Tremont Temple or Music Hall.

At Columbus, Ohio, he preached for the St. Andrew's Brotherhood, and met with a very cordial reception. He preached in Philadelphia and gave a course of lectures there with great success.

On the announcement of his proposed visit to Chicago I received a letter from the Episcopalian Bishop of that city denouncing a dean who could come to America to lecture for money; but notwithstanding this, the appointments were made for that city.

The Dean of Ely did not come to America to make money. He came to make friends, and I am sure he did it. He wanted a holiday, and he came to our country to get it, and if, not being a rich man, and having six sons to educate and put out in the world, he chose to pay his way by earning his travelling expenses, I do not see what business it is of the Bishop of Chicago to question the dignity of the Dean. That can quite well take care of itself.

Dr. Stubbs gave his first lecture in Chicago for the Twentieth Century Club, which for a number of years has had the first appearance of all my stars, and generally assures a good audience on the following evening in Central Music Hall. The local manager, however, in that city in some way conceived the idea that nobody but Episcopalians would care to hear the Dean of Ely, and so worked through the church instead of advertising through the general public. The result of such a course, together with most gloomy conditions of mud, sleet, rain, and snow combined, was poor business, although a delightful lecture to those who were present. The Chicago *Journal* said:

"Because of his scholarly attainments, his bright and sympathetic views, the lecture of last evening was one of the most charming and instructive addresses of the kind ever heard in Chicago."

"*The Elite*, an illustrated society journal of Chicago, addressed to people of culture and fashion," in an article on the Dean, says in allusion to his lecture before the Twentieth Century Club: "He gave his hearers much pleasure. They all said so at the time. Many remarked that the occasion was one of the club's best evenings. The Dean has been misquoted in the newspapers (of course without intention) as to what he said on that evening by way of rebuke. The manner in which he administered the rebuke was gentle to playfulness—yet it held a bit of quiet sarcasm. But no offence was given and no offence was felt. He caused his audience to laugh and put it on its mettle."

This is, of course, in allusion to the foolish indignation of the yellow journals of Chicago about an interview with the Dean by the American *Outlook* in which Dr. Stubbs spoke of "the hateful unloveliness of the city, and its wilderness of mean streets."

This interview happened to appear just at the time when there was a lull in yellow journalistic excitements in Chicago, and his description of that city furnished material for some very elaborate editorials and cartoons and the publication of private letters which patriotic Chicagoans were invited to contribute. The affair was taken up by the press throughout the country, and at the present writing the Dean of Ely is the best-advertised clergyman of the Church of England. There would be no difficulty in booking a profitable tour for him this season (1900–1901) if only he were available. Several of my friends in Chicago wrote to me that if I dared to visit their city again I would be a candidate for the Vigilance Committee, for having brought Dean Stubbs to this country. Knowing that the Dean would appreciate the humorous side of the situation, I sent him some of the newspaper clippings and wrote him that if I were driven out of my own country on his

account I might wish to seek refuge in the confines of Ely Cathedral. To this he replied as follows:

"Deanery, Ely, July 25, 1900.

"My Dear Good Major: I am delighted to hear that you and Mrs. Pond are coming to the Isle of Refuge—you are quite safe here. If the Vigilance Committees of Chicago meditate a raid upon you at Ely, we will open the sluice at Denver and put the whole of Cambridgeshire outside the Isle twelve feet under sea water. But how sadly wanting in humor some of your journalists must be. I thought that was an English prerogative. The Chicagoans were really very kind, my hostess at the Twentieth Century Club quite charming, and I believe she was the sister of the mayor. How strange! And Mr. Newman was as kind as he could be and his wife was more so. But why must I praise an ugly street because I like a man who lives in it? I didn't praise New Jersey; why Chicago? No. It is a hatefully unlovely place, but I admire greatly the men who, because they live there—poor things—are so loyal and patriotic. To be loyal for a noble city like New York is fine, but to be loyal to Chicago, that is sublime. Pray announce that I am coming over next spring to lecture in Chicago on 'The Ideal City of the Poets,' to be illustrated with 'dinky second number' lantern slides of the City of the Wind.

"I have just had a pleasant visit from Mr. and Mrs. Thomas, my kind hosts in Philadelphia, and a continual stream of Americans who heard one or the other of my lectures are passing through here daily, and very pleasant it is to me to welcome them. We are suffering from an exceptionally torrid summer—93 degrees in the shade yesterday. I feel, to use one of your quaint Americanisms, as 'limp as a half-yard of chewed string.'

"Kindest regards to your wife and Bimbo and Miss Glass.

"Ever sincerely yours,

"Charles W. Stubbs."

Evidently the good Dean retains the humorous pluck of his old Puritan ancestor, and if on his next visit the irate Chicagoans cut off the offending right hand which wrote the *Outlook* article, the dean will good-humoredly wave the bleeding stump and cry—"Bravo Chicago!"

WOMEN LECTURERS

WOMEN LECTURERS.

AFTER my first experience as a manager with Ann Eliza Young and my joining the Redpath Lyceum Bureau, the field enlarged quite as rapidly as was desirable. Boston remained the headquarters, for the New England States maintained very largely the older lyceum courses and organizations. Women speakers were notably in demand, quite in contrast with the public requirements of later years. The suffrage agitation held place in the North with anti-slavery discussions and correlative topics. It was the twin sister of the temperance movement which Gough so graphically and eloquently presented, and there were strong personalities among the women lecturers. Their cause commanded, in days of public scorn and denial, the splendid service of orators like Wendell Phillips, Frederick Douglass, and George William Curtis, as well as scholars and speakers like Higginson, Hale, and others whose names come to me in crowding memories.

But their most efficient arguments for mental, civic, and industrial equality were always best illustrated in the person and speech of their own brilliant agitators: Lucy Stone, the incomparable Susan B. Anthony, Elizabeth Cady Stanton, and a score and more of others.

There were many able women of letters and art, too; among others, Julia Ward Howe, Mary A. Livermore, Mrs. Scott Siddons, Clara Barton, Charlotte Cushman, Helen Potter, Clara Louise Kellogg, Annie Louise Cary, and Mary Proctor.

SUSAN B. ANTHONY is one of the best-known women of our times and one of our ablest women orators. She will occupy in the history of the Woman's Rights movement the same position that William Lloyd Garrison held in the history of the anti-slavery movement—the position of a sincere pioneer whose fidelity to principle and tenacity of purpose never faltered or failed. She deserves a place in the foremost ranks of the champions of her sex, for she has given her whole life and her whole heart to the work. It seems probable that these veteran women may live to see the triumph of their cause.

Miss Anthony is now eighty years young, and her vigor of youth is constantly growing. To show that there is no rivalry between her and Mrs. Stanton, the two great champions of woman's rights, I submit the following tribute from Mrs. Stanton to her life-long friend on her eightieth birthday:

I.

My honored friend, I'll ne'er forget,
That day in June, when first we met:
Oh! would I had the skill to paint
My vision of that "Quaker Saint":
Robed in pale blue and silver gray,
No silly fashions did she essay:

Her brow so smooth and fair,
'Neath coils of soft brown hair:
Her voice was like the lark, so clear,
So rich, and pleasant to the ear:
The "'Prentice hand," on man oft tried,
Now made in her the Nation's pride!

II.

We met and loved, ne'er more to part,
Hand clasped in hand, heart bound to heart.
We've travelled West, years together,
Day and night, in stormy weather:
Climbing the rugged Suffrage hill,
And bravely facing every ill:
While resting, speaking, everywhere;
Quite often in the open air;
From sleighs, ox-carts, and mayhap coaches,
Besieged with beetles, bugs and roaches:
All this for the emancipation
Of the brave women of our Nation.

III.

Now, we've had enough of travel,
And, in turn, laid down the gavel.
In triumph having reached fourscore,
We'll give our thoughts to art and lore.
In the time-honored retreat,
Side by side, we'll take a seat,
To younger hands resign the reins,
With all the honors, and the gains.
United, down life's hill we'll glide,
Whate'er the coming years betide;
Parted only when first, in time,
Eternal joys are thine, or mine.

The following letter sent me by Miss Anthony, just as I was putting the finishing touches on this book, shows that she is still active enough to give personal attention to a large correspondence:

"My Dear Friend: I have just found your card of Christmas and New Year's greeting of 1898 and 1899—among *autograph letters*—a huge pile of them—that I have undertaken to demolish this beautiful July Sunday morning. How your

card found its way into the pile is past my knowledge, for I am sure the rest of the envelopes are not farther back than six weeks. It seems but a very short time since I made a general clearing up and out of a similar pile.

"Do you remember how Henry Ward Beecher used to say he enjoyed writing his name for the boys and girls? Well, how few there are left of the pioneers in either anti-slavery or woman's rights. I feel almost like a *Spared Monument* of both crusades.

"I hope you are well and that all is well with you.

"Very sincerely yours,

"SUSAN B. ANTHONY,

"July 22, 1900. "Rochester, N. Y."

JULIA WARD HOWE

JULIA WARD HOWE comes from a long line of Puritan ancestry. She was an ardent worker in the anti-slavery cause. In 1856–57 she and her husband, Dr. Howe, edited an anti-slavery paper, *The Boston Commonwealth*, and were leaders with Garrison, Sumner, Phillips, Higginson, and Theodore Parker. It was Dr. and Mrs. Howe who brought about meetings in Boston for the discussion of the problems of the Abolitionists on one side and pro-slavery advocates on the other. Robert Toombs of Georgia, who boasted that he would hold his slaves under the shadow of Bunker Hill Monument, and Colonel Sam Houston of Texas, took part. "I remember," said Mrs. Howe, "we had lively times."

All through the Kansas Free State struggle and the startling raid at Harper's Ferry, in which the Doctor's name was closely connected with that of "Old John Brown," Mrs. Howe was the unflinching helpmate of the brave philanthropist and scholar with whose name her own is interwoven.

In 1861 Mrs. Howe wrote the "Battle-Hymn of the Republic." She gave me the manuscript, which I have yet, and she told me how she came to write it.

"Late in the autumn of 1861, I visited the capital with a party of friends, among whom were Governor and Mrs. Andrew, Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Whipple, and my pastor, the Rev. James Freeman Clarke. One day we drove out to a review of troops some distance from the city. The day was fine and everything passed off well; but a *sudden surprise* on the part of *the enemy* interrupted the proceedings before they were well begun. A small body of our men had been surrounded and cut off from their companions; reinforcements were sent to their assistance, and the expected pageant was necessarily given up. We turned our horses' heads homeward. For a long distance the foot soldiers filled the road. They were before us and behind us, and we were obliged to drive very

slowly. We presently began to sing some of the well-known songs of the war, and among them, 'John Brown's Body Lies a-Mouldering in the Grave.' This seemed to please the soldiers, who cried, 'Good for you!' and they themselves took up the strain. Mr. Clarke said to me, 'You ought to write some new words to that tune.'

"I replied that I had often wished to do so.

"In spite of the excitement of the day, I went to bed and slept as usual, but awoke next morning in the gray of the early dawn, and, to my astonishment, found that the wished-for lines were arranging themselves in my brain. I hastily rose, saying to myself, 'I shall lose this if I don't write it down.' Immediately I searched for a sheet of paper and an old stump of a pen that I had had the night before, and began to scrawl the lines almost without looking. Having completed that, I lay down again and fell asleep, but not without feeling that something of importance had happened to me."

The poem was written at Willard's Hotel, and, set to music, was sung by every soldier in our army.

She has spoken to French scholars and wits in their own tongue and chief city. In Florence and Rome she has spoken to Italian audiences, having in Rome, during her last visit, also read two sermons to liberal congregations. She is a person of great wit, as well as learning, being as a speaker essentially and intellectually womanly; but she can startle her audience even now by some unexpected and spirited outburst of opinion that justifies her high reputation as a poet and her noble record as a brave, clear thinker. Her intellectual activity is unremittent. She could always have more engagements than she desires, and, as a marked favorite, is still in request.

Mrs. Howe is the aunt of Marion F. Crawford, the sister of a famous banker, wit, and bon vivant; the mother, too, of a brilliant daughter who has also made her own place before the public.

She is past eighty years of age, and yet, if I said to her, "Mrs. Howe, I have an engagement for you to speak in Omaha next Monday night," she would be there.

She is a great traveller and a great woman, and still available for the lyceum.

Mrs. Howe has devoted her life untiringly to everything that elevates humanity. For thirty years she has been lecturing in all parts of the United States, and has always shown herself the elegant, well-bred, highly educated woman.

At the tenth annual reunion of the Medal of Honor Legion of the United States, held in the Academy of Music, Brooklyn, Tuesday evening, September 11, 1900, Mrs. Howe was present and received such a welcome as she will probably never forget. Despite the fact that the temperature ranged away up into the nineties the great auditorium was crowded. Over every available space in the entire building were draped American flags whose folds across the front of the boxes and across the proscenium were held in place by golden eagles with outstretched wings. On the speaker's desk was an immense bouquet of lilies, which was presented to Mrs. Julia Ward Howe after the "Battle Hymn of the Republic" had been sung.

The members of the Legion, numbering over two hundred, occupied seats on the front of the stage to the right and to the left of the speaker's desk. Seated back of them and rising tier upon tier clear back to the wall were four hundred bright-faced young ladies, all in dainty gowns of white, who led the inspiring singing as Mrs. Howe was conducted on the arm of Col. Willis L. Ogden to the speaker's stand from the box on the right of the stage. While the band played her hymn the great audience arose and greeted her with cheers and storms of applause that were long continued.

After the singing of the hymn and after Mrs. Howe had taken her seat at the front of the stage, Mr. James McKean, in a few eloquent words, presented her the massive bouquet of lilies. He said:

"Mr. Chairman, after the inspiring words of the 'Battle Hymn of the Republic,' any words from me must, indeed, seem trivial and inopportune; but the committee in charge of this reception request me in their behalf, and on behalf of this

great audience, and on behalf of our distinguished guests on this occasion, to express the infinite pleasure given us that we have here present that lady who was inspired to write this noble hymn to the tune of which the armies of the Republic have marched in the past and will march forever to victory and success.

"Some of us can recall the first appearance of this magnificent hymn and have participated in that discussion of the line, 'In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea.' There was a contention on the one side that reference was had to the Mayflower, which carried the spirit of Christianity across the ocean and planted on our shores the institutions of liberty and glory. I suppose the true interpretation was the great hymnology of Bethlehem, the meaning of the place where 'Christ was born across the sea.' Whether it have one meaning or the other, we feel thankful that you have woven into that beautiful hymn that reference to lilies. Perhaps that line has suggested to the committee that they ask you to receive to-night, as a very slight token of their appreciation, this bouquet of lilies. Their beauty is temporal, their fragrance is ephemeral, but be sure, in presenting them to you, it is a token of our everlasting gratitude for what you have done and an appreciation that you are able to be here to-night."

Mrs. Howe, in a voice that was heard distinctly in every part of the great Academy of Music, replied as follows:

"My dear sir and you defenders of the country—my country—I am happy to be here to-night and in the presence of this great multitude thank you for your reception to me. When you were fighting in the field I was one of the women who at home was praying for you. We were anxious every time you entered a contest, but that dear old flag has never been dishonored. I remember going to Washington just after the war broke out and I thought, 'What can I do?' I had children and I was obliged to look out for my soldiers at home, but I still wondered what I could do. It was at this time that the hymn which you have sung came to me, and if it has cheered and made you happy I thank God for it. I am

glad there are so many of you left and I am glad that I am here to see you.

"Some of you I know. I am now only an aged matron, but I thank God that your courage and patriotism is to be handed down to the future, and we are certain that the flag will go nowhere except on honorable errands, and when once gone it shall never be recalled. God bless you all." (Great applause.)

Mrs. Howe was born in New York, May 27, 1819. She is therefore now in her eighty-second year.

Julia Ward Howe will be long remembered for her work for women, for literature, and in the anti-slavery cause; but she will be most loved and longest remembered for her inspiring "Battle Hymn of the Republic":

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord:
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored:
He hath loosed the fateful lightning of His terrible swift sword:
His truth is marching on.

REFRAIN.—Glory, glory, hallelujah,
Glory, glory, hallelujah,
Glory, glory, hallelujah,
His truth is marching on.

I have seen Him in the watch fires of a hundred circling camps;
They have builded Him an altar in the evening dews and damps;
I can read His righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps;
His day is marching on.—REFRAIN.

I have read a fiery gospel, writ in burnished rows of steel:
"As ye deal with My contemners, so with you My grace shall deal;
Let the Hero, born of woman, crush the serpent with his heel,
Since God is marching on."—REFRAIN.

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat;
He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judgment seat:
O be swift, my soul, to answer Him! be jubilant, my feet!
Our God is marching on.—REFRAIN.

In the beauties of the lilies Christ was born across the sea
With a glory in His bosom that transfigures you and me:
As He died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,
While God is marching on.—REFRAIN.

ANNA E. DICKINSON, from her first appearance until she retired from the lecture field, was without question the "Queen of the Lyceum." She made her début as a speaker early in the war. Attending a Quaker secular meeting, or a woman's rights meeting held under Quaker auspices, when she was hardly out of short clothes, she heard a man make a bitter, sarcastic speech in opposition to granting women equal political rights.

"I got madder and madder," said Anna, in telling the story, "and just as soon as he sat down I jumped up like a Jack-in-a-box and began to reply to his tirade. As I spoke I left the pew and walked down the aisle to where he sat, and shook my fist in his face as I continued to answer him. I had no idea of speaking at all, and was as much astonished as anybody at what I did."

That settled it. There was no escaping her destiny after that. The speech astonished every one who heard it by its splendid rhetoric and logical force. She was invited everywhere after that. When Fort Sumter was fired on, she found her true vocation, for no one loved the Union more passionately than this young Quaker girl, and an assault upon it fired her soul with the intensest fervor. She took the stump for the Republicans in New England, and created a cyclone of patriotic enthusiasm wherever she went. The Democrats gave her the

credit of changing Vermont from a Democratic to a Republican State.

She went from there to Connecticut, and was equally successful in arousing political patriotism and in urging men to volunteer. East and West, wherever she appeared in the Northern States, the same story was told. Everywhere she was recognized as an oratorical Joan of Arc.

During and after the war she lectured in regular courses, and became so popular that only Gough and Beecher rivalled her as a lyceum favorite; but it was on war topics that she was heard at her best. Then, in pleading for the Union, she spoke and looked like one inspired, and never failed to thrill and enthrall her audiences. In vituperation and denunciation she had no rival among living orators. In politics she had a "level head." The power of her arguments was surpassed only by the force of her anathemas.

This great woman had a passion for the stage, and after having established a just claim to be regarded as one of the greatest actors in a true sense in her country's history, she yearned to win the reputation of a great player on the mimic stage. Of course she failed. The stern and stalwart personality, the imperious individuality that made her a great factor in the history of her day, disqualified her for excellency on the stage, and not even her most devoted friends could conceal or deny the fact that she was a dead failure. With all her skill as an orator, and with all her ability as a writer, Anna Dickinson broke down utterly when she attempted to win Thespian laurels.

MARY A. LIVERMORE

MRS. LIVERMORE, still a favorite in her seventy-ninth year, is the most successful woman on the platform I have known. Interested actively in her husband's pastoral and editorial work as a leading Universalist minister, Mrs. Livermore was one of the first American women to fill a pulpit or occupy an editorial position. She had given her public "testimony" against chattel slavery before her marriage, upon her return home from Virginia, where, in the early forties, she had been occupied as a governess. Her career as a lecturer, however, fairly began with the closing years of the Kansas strife and the first election of Abraham Lincoln. Indeed, I first saw Mary A. Livermore among the reporters in the Wigwam in Chicago in 1860, when Abraham Lincoln was first nominated for President.

At that time she was the busiest woman in the Northwest, editing her husband's paper, carrying on a regular correspondence for other journals, writing books and magazine articles, managing hospitals and homes, while advancing an extended temperance agitation. Withal her home was always attended to. The civil war found the largest of place for this great-brained woman. At the request of President Henry W. Bellows of the United States Sanitary Commission, she, with her friend, Miss Jane O Hoge of Chicago, became associates in the Northwest and co-operated in all the vast labors of both sanitary and Christian commissions.

Soon after being placed in charge of the Northwestern branch of the United States Sanitary and Christian Commission, she, with a few other women, went to Washington to talk with President Lincoln.

"Can no woman go to the front?" Mrs. Livermore asked.

"No civilian, either man or woman, is permitted by *law*," said Mr. Lincoln. But the great heart of the greatest man in America was superior to the law, and he placed not a straw in their way.

Mrs. Livermore's first broad experience of the war was after the battle of Fort Donelson. There were no hospitals for the men, and the wounded were hauled to the steamers in rough Tennessee wagons, most of them dying before they reached St. Louis. Some poor fellows were chopped out of the frozen mud where they had been lying from Saturday morning until Sunday evening.

She asked a blue-eyed lad of nineteen, with both legs and arms shattered:

"How did it happen that you were left so long?"

"Why, you see they could not stop to bother with us. *They had to take the fort.*"

The Sanitary and Christian Commission expended about $50,000,000 during the war. Of this the women raised the greater portion, and Mrs. Livermore was one of the most efficient helpers in raising the money. She went among the people and solicited funds and supplies of every kind.

One night it was arranged that she should speak in Dubuque, Iowa, that the people in that State might hear direct from their soldiers at the front. When she arrived, instead of finding a few women, she found a large church packed with men and women eager to listen. The governor of the State and other officials were present. She had never spoken to a mixed assembly. It was arranged that a prominent statesman present should jot down a few facts from her lips, and then, as best he could, tell the audience the experiences of the woman who had been on the battlefields amid the wounded and dying. As they were about going on the platform, the gentleman said:

"Mrs. Livermore, I have heard you say at the front that you would give your all for the soldiers—a foot, a hand, or a voice. Now is the time to give your voice."

After a moment's hesitation, she said, "I will try."

When she rose to speak, the great crowd before her seemed blurred and dark. She could not even hear her own voice, but, as she went on, the needs of the soldiers crowded upon her. She forgot all fear, and for two hours held her audience

spell-bound Men and women wept, and patriotism was rampant.

At eleven o'clock $8,000 was pledged, and then, at the suggestion of the presiding officer, they remained until one o'clock to perfect plans for a fair, from which they cleared $60,000. After this, Mrs. Livermore spoke in all the cities, helping to organize many of the more than 12,500 aid societies formed during eighteen months.

As money was more and more needed, Mrs. Livermore decided to try a Sanitary Commission Fair in Chicago, then her home. The women said, "We will raise $25,000," but the men laughed at this as an impossibility. The farmers were visited and solicited to give vegetables and grain. Fourteen of Chicago's largest halls were hired. The women had gone into debt $10,000, and the *men* of the city began to think and declare them crazy. The Board of Trade called on them and advised that the Fair be given up; the debts should be paid and the men would give the $25,000 when, in their judgment, it was needed.

The women thanked them courteously, but pushed forward in their work.

It had been arranged that the farmers should come on the opening day, in a procession, with their gifts of vegetables. Of this plan the newspapers made great sport, calling it the "potato procession."

The day came: The school children had a holiday, the bells were rung; one hundred guns were fired, and the whole city gathered to see the "potato procession."

Finally it arrived—great loads of cabbage and onions, and over four thousand bushels of potatoes. The wagons each bore a motto draped in black, with the words:

"WE BURIED A SON AT DONELSON,"

"OUR FATHER LIES AT STONE RIVER,"

and other similar inscriptions. The flags on the horses' heads were bound with black The women, who rode beside a hus-

band or son, were dressed in deep mourning. When the procession stopped at Mrs. Livermore's house, the jeers were over, and the dense crowd wept like children.

Six public halls were filled with things for sale, while eight were closed so that no other attraction might compete with the Fair.

Instead of $25,000, the women cleared over $100,000! Then Cincinnati followed with a Fair, making $225,000; Boston, $380,000; New York, $1,000,000; Philadelphia, $200,000 more than New York.

Mrs. Livermore had resigned all positions save the one on her husband's paper, secured a governess for her children, and subordinated all demands upon her time to those of the Commission's work. She organized soldiers' aid societies; delivered public addresses to stimulate gifts of money and supplies in the principal towns and cities of the Northwest; wrote letters by hundreds personally and by amanuenses, and answered all that she received; wrote circulars, bulletins, and monthly reports; made trips to the front with sanitary stores, to the distribution of which she gave personal attention; brought back large numbers of invalid soldiers, who were discharged that they might die at home, and whom she accompanied in person or directed by proxy to their several destinations; detailed, by order of Secretary Stanton, women nurses for army hospitals, and accompanied them to their posts. In short, the story of her own and other women's work during the war has never been told, and can never be understood save by those connected with it. Mrs. Livermore has published her reminiscences of those crucial days in a large volume, entitled "My Story of the War" (Hartford, Conn., 1888), which reached a sale of over fifty thousand copies.

Then Mrs. Livermore entered as a speaker and writer on woman's suffrage, blazing, as she did in the Sanitary army work, a wide road and a broad place for herself, until early in the seventies she devoted herself entirely to the lecture platform.

For twenty-five years Mrs. Livermore has been the most

conspicuous of women orators on the lecture platform. Hers was the first woman's name on the list of the Redpath Bureau. She has the widest range of topics of any woman lecturer—biographical, historical, political, religious, and reformatory. She has lectured on an average of one hundred times a year in the lyceums, besides over one thousand times on temperance and a thousand times on woman's suffrage, for she has always advocated the enfranchisement of her sex, with her other work. She has travelled more miles than any woman living. She can preach as well as lecture. I have known her to travel and lecture six nights a week, and when she returned from a long lecturing tour she would tell us of having preached twice on nearly every Sunday during her absence, besides morning addresses before schools and societies of women.

Mrs. Livermore has written a score of useful books, and edited half a dozen papers, been active politically, foremost in the social life of her home locality, taken an interest in all public affairs, political and economic, and yet has always been an ideal wife and mother. Around her are happy homes with devoted grandchildren while over fifty years of married life have knit closer the bonds of personal and spiritual life. She is an ideal American woman in all the active ways of its engrossing life.

While in Boston, January, 1900, in charge of the exhibition of Tissot's paintings, "The Life of Christ," and also a course of lectures by the Dean of Ely, I sent invitations to Mrs. Livermore, expressing surprise at not seeing her at either place. She wrote me:

"MELROSE, MASS., January 7, 1900.

"DEAR MR. POND:

"You are very kind to remember me so generously, and I appreciate it. The time has been when wild horses could not have held me back from an exhibition of the 'Tissot Paintings,' nor from the admirable lectures of Dean Stubbs. But I am an old woman now—I shall be eighty on my next birthday, and while I am in remarkable health, and rarely know a sick day, yet since my husband's death the heart has gone out of

me forever. I keep steadily at work, omitting nothing that I ought to do, but it is the stern compulsion of duty now that moves me. I rarely get beyond what I ought to do, and that consumes my time very thoroughly. The joy of work, the pleasure of doing, the delight in seeing and hearing new things have gone from me. I am not sorrowful, nor desolate, and I thank God that I was permitted to accompany my husband to the very verge of the life beyond, and that he was conscious and serene to the last moment. I have only a hand's breadth of life before me, and shall not live long enough to get once more into my old touch with the life of to-day.

"I sent two of my pretty granddaughters to the Exhibition of Paintings, who took with them a picture of you, to help them identify you, if you were present. They came home, declaring that 'they had stared every man at the show out of countenance,' but they did not find you. They would have introduced themselves to you, if they had found 'a man to match their picture.' They were enthusiastic over the paintings. 'They were as exquisite as miniatures,' they said. Yesterday, my oldest granddaughter and namesake, just graduated from Wellesley, went with her betrothed to see the paintings. I haven't yet heard their report.

"Oh, my dear friend, nobody dies of 'rheumatism,' nor of asthma. People afflicted with those perennial ailments live to kill everybody that helps take care of them. So, buy a cane, or a pair of crutches, according to the sort of rheumatism you have, and keep on hobbling round. I thought I had rheumatism for two years, and doctored for it, and anathematized it—when it turned out to be a broken tendon. I had neglected it so long that it was past cure when I consulted a specialist, and now—now I wear a cane, and all my friends add to my collection of canes on my birthdays and at Christmas.

"Once more thanking you for your kindness, I remain,

"Yours very truly,

"Mary A. Livermore."

MISS LUCY STONE was to address a meeting of the Anti-Slavery Society, of Malden, Mass., of which William Lloyd Garrison, Wendell Phillips, and Theodore Parker were the presiding geniuses, in the autumn of 1847. The following announcement was made by the pastor of the Congregational Church: "I am requested by Mr. Mowey to say that a hen will undertake to crow like a cock at the Town Hall this afternoon at five o'clock. Anybody who wants to hear that kind of music will, of course, attend."

Everybody besieged Mr. Mowey to learn what kind of hen it was. He told them it was Miss Lucy Stone, a young woman who was graduated from a college in an Ohio town called Oberlin, where women were allowed the same educational privileges as men. This remarkable announcement was a great advertisement, and brought together a large meeting.

It was the first time in the lives of the people that a woman's voice was heard from the rostrum in the cause of freedom. From that time onward for many years Lucy Stone travelled and lectured in behalf of "woman suffrage" and the slave, suffering the same persecutions as did Phillips and other lecturers.

One night, while speaking in New England, a pane of glass was removed from a window behind the speaker, and a hose put through it. The little woman lecturer was deluged with ice water. Wrapping her shawl closely about her, she calmly finished her address. Again, at Cape Cod the Anti-Slavery

Society held a meeting in a grove. The mob surrounded the speakers and roughly handled Mr. Foster and Miss Stone. The bravery of the latter so won the admiration of the leader of the mob that he defended her with a club, and stood by her while from a stump she addressed the multitude. The listeners were so moved by her speech that they subsided into quiet, and at its conclusion a collection of $20 was taken up to pay Foster for his coat.

When Lucy Stone died, at Dorchester, Mass., October, 1893, the entire press of America and the civilized world eulogized her. The Boston *Herald* said: "She goes to her grave honored, beloved, and mourned by the whole American people." The New York *Independent:* "The death of Lucy Stone removes one of the world's greatest benefactors." *Harper's Weekly:* "Her life was full of earnestness, goodness, blessedness, and the world is better that she lived." I knew Lucy Stone only slightly during the last decade of her life. She was small in stature, dainty in dress, and possessed a voice of singular sweetness. Hers was a sympathetic and charming personality. Never again will there be a woman orator of her type. Conditions are wanting. She was a product of the times.

CLARA LOUISE KELLOGG

MISS CLARA LOUISE KELLOGG, born and educated in America, gifted with one of the sweetest voices ever heard, endowed with common sense, energy, and character above reproach—of American lyric artists of this generation there is no name that has carried more weight. She was educated not only in her own, but also in the French, German, and Italian languages. Her musical talent amounted to genius, and she translated a repertoire of standard Italian operas into English. Making her début in the Academy of Music, in New York, in 1862, she became a favorite at once and held first place as an American prima donna for twenty years without a peer. Without a peer in that field she was also a thoroughly sensible business woman. Sought after in society more than any other of our singers, she was always a sincere and devoted lover of her art. Her personal friends were among the choicest people we have; she was never in any company that was not the best. She read the newspapers, and took an active part in all important national issues. She was a brilliant conversationalist. She never wanted a great guarantee for singing where there was no cash in the house. She made money for herself and her manager. She made a fortune and retired. She owns a pretty summer home in New Hartford, Connecticut.

She has been an honor to her profession, her sex, and her country. She possesses all the qualifications that the word lady implies. Her associate artists respected, admired, and loved her. Miss Kellogg is an expert on the banjo, and is very fond of negro songs.

Many and many an evening when we had an off night, or were spending Sunday in some poor hotel, she would get the company together in the parlor, and if there happened to be a piano, she would give us an evening of song and music in which the principals of the company would join, and the

doors would be thrown open and the corridors and adjoining rooms thronged with guests, who were delighted with an entertainment that wealth and managerial skill could never produce.

Her speaking voice was almost as agreeable to listen to as her singing voice, and thus she was an admired attraction wherever she happened to be. In the hotel parlors, or in a box at the opera, she was invariably surrounded by groups of charmed listeners. She was a Good Samaritan, too. Having studied medicine, she carried a little case of standard remedies. If one of the singers was threatened with a cold she could always nip it in the bud. If an accident occurred, she had bandages and necessary supplies to bring relief.

She could comfort the distressed. Here is an instance: On our arrival at St. Paul, while waiting in the hotel parlors to be assigned to our rooms, William, our piano-tuner, came to me with tears running down his face. He was in deep distress; he must leave us at once and go back to New York. His brother had died. Miss Kellogg, seeing the poor fellow, immediately came to his relief.

"What is it, William?" she asked.

"My brother is dead. I must go home."

"When did he die?" asked Miss Kellogg.

"I did not get the letter until just now. It has been forwarded from Omaha. He has been buried two weeks."

Miss Kellogg tried to persuade him that he could be of no assistance in hurrying home now, that in a short time we would all be back, and he would be better off to remain with the company. Besides, we could not spare him, as there was no one to take his place. He was persistent, being a superstitious young German.

Miss Kellogg said at last, "Now, William, come with me."

She walked out with him to a dry-goods store, bought a piece of black crêpe, and tied it on his arm in a very elaborate bow. She made him get a silk hat and have it trimmed with crêpe. In half an hour William was back among us, decor-

ated in full mourning and completely consoled. The entire company were sympathizing with him. He was almost happy, and the rest of us were satisfied and pleased.

Clara Louise Kellogg knows the way to every human heart, from the most humble to the highest.

EMMA ABBOTT, "honest little Emma" is what George Lake called her. I first knew this child singer in 1867. She was a member of a concert company. It was not a bad company, either, at least, Chicagoans thought so. It consisted of

Mrs. Frank Lombard ..... Soprano.
Little Emma Abbott, the child wonder ..... Song and Guitar.
L. J. Boutwell ..... Tenor.
Tom Corwin ..... Basso.

In Appleton, where I lived, I managed the concerts, which were then considered a great success. The receipts were about $75. Tickets, twenty-five cents. The party spent Sunday in Appleton, and in the afternoon we had the child wonder and her guitar at our house. My critical musical ear was not fully developed at that time. I thought the staccato pyrotechnics, and the deep alto, and all the intermediate notes, mixed with the thunder and lightning and other noises of the instrument, the most wonderful of anything I had yet seen and heard. Everybody present seemed to be affected as severely as I was. Mr. Corwin told me that this girl was certain of becoming one of the world's greatest opera singers some day. I did not understand all he meant then, any more than I did that some day I should be living in New York or Boston, and would be glad to pay this child wonder $500 for her first concert on her return to America, after having become a "finished artist," as Emma styled herself.

Miss Abbott's name found favor all over the country. She made friends with the churches, lodges, and societies of all kinds. Her company was generally known as the attraction for the opening of all new opera houses. No combination ever travelled more miles or endured more hardships than the Abbott Opera Company, and no company of artists ever worked for such pittance of salaries. No artist ever worked harder than Miss Abbott. She would often sing seven and

sometimes eight operas a week. She required no artist to do more than she did herself.

She was a conspicuous auditor on every public occasion that gave opportunity. At fairs, races, ball games, athletic tournaments she seldom failed to receive demonstration of recognition, and was invariably noticed in the press the following day. She steered clear of metropolitan cities. Her value was in smaller cities and country opera houses, where she drew large crowds with light expenses. She has done "Martha" with an orchestra of a piano, violin, and cornet, and seldom had an orchestra of over six. I saw and heard her in Louisville, in "Romeo and Juliet," with an orchestra of seven, and the house packed to its fullest capacity.

Here is a letter of Emma's which illustrates her managerial care:

"Dear Mr. Pond: I write to tell you to be sure to see the second act of Mignon [containing toilet scene of *Styrienne*, etc.], to-night, for that is the important one for me. I know how gentlemen, who are so busy as you are, generally do. They come when the important part is all over.

"In haste,

"Yours faithfully,

"Emma Abbott."

"Be sure and let me see your wife."

This reminds me of an incident in Louisville. I was there

with Henry Ward Beecher on a Saturday night. Miss Abbott and her company were at another theatre. I attended the Abbott matinee that afternoon. I wanted to see Miss Abbott as *Juliet* (Castle as *Romeo*), and to see and hear the "Abbott kiss," which was their great advertising feature that season. I saw it all. Miss Abbott was in her wonderful, heavy lace *Juliet* dress, and her blond wig with the two great braids that trailed with her skirt. It was wholly an Abbott occasion, with little to attract attention to any other members of the company. The time arrived for the kiss. It came. It was a success. It was real, and the smack sounded to the remotest nook of the gallery.

After the performance that afternoon I rode to the hotel in a carriage with Miss Abbott and her husband, Eugene Wetherell, to the Galt House, where we three dined together. I had reserved a box for them at the Mercantile Library Hall lecture in the evening, which was crowded to hear Mr. Beecher. I remained near the door until some time after the lecture began, watching for "Honest Little Emma" to appear.

The lecture was about half through when something happened. The attention of the audience was attracted to the front of the house. All of a sudden there came walking down the centre aisle Miss Emma Abbott in her *Juliet* make-up and wig, the trail fairly sweeping the aisle. Walking down to the orchestra rail, she turned and walked in front of the audience to the box which was on the left of the stage, and which she might easily have reached by the side aisle without observation.

After the great wave of interruption had spent itself, Mr. Beecher continued his lecture to the end, when Miss Abbott leaped from the box, rushed to Mr. Beecher, in whose church in Brooklyn she had formerly sung, exclaiming:

"Dear Mr. Beecher, how do you do? You must excuse my *Juliet* make-up and dress and wig. I felt that I must see you, and I rushed from the opera over here without changing my dress, fearing I should miss you"

She had not seen the theatre since five o'clock, as she had

a double company, and in the evening the opera of "Carmen" was given with Mr. and Mrs. Macdonald (now of the Bostonians) and Tom Karl as tenor. The little fraud! It is reported that she left a fortune of over half a million dollars.

MISS HELEN POTTER personated favorites of the lyceum to such perfection that she crowded the Music Halls in Boston and the Academy of Music in Philadelphia. The entertainment was entirely novel, and eminently popular.

MISS POTTER'S IMPERSONATION OF JOHN B. GOUGH

It consisted of readings, chiefly humorous and heroic, well chosen, dramatic, and in costume. They were "lyceum personations," not only of the manner, but of the rhetoric, of distinguished lecturers and elocutionists of that time (the seventies).

Miss Potter's personations of John B. Gough were so perfect, the wig, beard, and masculine garments so well chosen and so well arranged, and his peculiarities of voice and man-

ner so faithfully represented, that the audience often forgot it was a personation and thought that they were listening to Gough himself.

Miss Potter made a fortune with her entertainment. She cleared over $20,000 in her second season, was a favorite for about eight years, and then retired. She has no successor.

ANNIE GREY came to America early in the summer of 1898 to give her Scottish song recitals before several of the Chautauqua assemblies. She appeared before a number of these large gatherings, at Monona Lake Assembly, Madison, Wis., at Rock River Assembly, Dixon, Ill., at Bay View Assembly, Mich., and at the Ocean Grove (N. J.) Assembly, where she kept over four thousand people charmed for nearly two hours solely by her singing and recital of the old Scotch ballads. It was a unique entertainment, which captivated and charmed all these assemblies. There had never been anything like them before in this country.

At each recital Annie Grey sang one or two songs in Gaelic, to illustrate the beauty of that language, accompanying herself on the clarsach or ancient Scottish harp, once the national instrument, before it was supplanted by the bagpipes. The instrument she used was made especially for her, and had stops so arranged that the key could be quickly changed. It was a great favorite everywhere she went. Her mother, Madame Ogilvie Grey, an eminent pianist, travelled with her, filling two numbers on the programme with Scotch melodies on the piano and also playing many of her daughter's accompaniments in a really wonderful way.

The subjects of Annie Grey's song recitals were: "The Lays, Lilts, and Legends of Scotland," "Robert Burns: His

Pathos and Humor Told in Poetry and Song," and "The Gathering of the Clans." In the latter she graphically told in song and story the stirring incidents connected with the Jacobite rising in 1745, to which period Scotland owes many of the best of her ballads.

In the musical world Annie Grey holds a position of unique importance, and enthusiastic audiences and appreciative remembrances are hers by right of conquest in her chosen field of Scottish minstrelsy. Here no one can touch her: she is supreme. In Scotland, in all parts of England, on the Continent, and in the United States, the delightful entertainments of her own devising and her own single-handed performance have brought the wealth of Scottish minstrelsy, with its marvellous power over the emotions of men and women, home to the understanding and hearts of thousands. Being in love with her subject, she carries her audience with her from first to last, making it laugh or thrill or sadden as she wills. Her voice is perfectly modulated for lecturing and reciting purposes, and her singing of Scottish songs stands apart and above anything that has ever been attempted in the same line in this country. Certainly at the present time it would be difficult to name any professional woman who can sing "The Auld Scots Sangs," grave and gay, patriotic and humorous, with more fervor and feeling than Annie Grey. Her distinct enunciation of the words, and the expression she puts into them, make her singing most enjoyable. Where necessary, she also infuses a good deal of dramatic passion into her performance.

She gave interesting accounts of the composition of various ballads and songs, and told graceful and pathetic details of the lives and circumstances of their authors. Of "Annie Laurie," which she sang with remarkable expression, she said: "I am surprised to find in America the thought that 'Annie Laurie' was written two hundred years ago, for I have the honor of a personal acquaintance with Lady John Scott, its author, who is now in her ninetieth year, and who, I can assure you, has no thought of being an antiquity."

Annie Grey invariably received ovations at the conclusion of her entertainments, and hundreds flocked to the platform to attest their appreciation of her efforts. Her manner was not in the least bit affected, and she received all praises with the utmost grace.

Annie Grey has sung before Queen Victoria and her court at Balmoral, on which occasion her Majesty presented Miss Grey with a diamond bracelet. She has sung before many other of the crowned heads of Europe, and with many of the Italian opera singers well known to American audiences. She was the original Buttercup in Pinafore when that opera was produced in Edinburgh. For many years she was the favorite pupil of the famous master Randegger.

I had first heard of Annie Grey through Mr. Christy, her London manager, then when I saw her unbroken success and popularity with the refined, and therefore somewhat critical, audiences at the Chautauqua assemblies, where she first appeared in America, I felt confident that she would be a success wherever she went in the United States, and so secured her for a supplementary tour.

After the Chautauquas she gave three recitals before crowded audiences in New York, and received most generous praise from the entire New York press. The Chickering Piano Company showed their friendly interest by offering the gratuitous use of Chickering Hall, and supplied her with a grand piano both at her recitals and in her hotel.

Having captured New York, she laid siege to Boston, where four recitals won a capitulation, as the press notices show. The civic and military authorities appeared in full uniform at her first recital there, the Clan Mackenzie, in Highland costume, was present and made her a Scottish Chief, and the White Rose Society publicly decorated her with their order set in gold.

From Boston she went to Montreal, then to Cleveland, Pittsburg, Philadelphia, Saratoga, and to many of the large cities and towns of the United States. Everywhere she was received with the greatest kindness and enthusiasm, and her

admirers made her many presents. The practical wife of a Scottish millionaire handed her a box of oatmeal cakes and a card informing her that she had had them specially baked for Annie Grey and her mother.

Some of her most delightful experiences, as she afterward said, were connected with the recitals she gave at leading colleges for women. She spoke of the students she met there as "such charming girls," and said she should "never forget the sound of those lovely, fresh American voices, as we all sang together 'Auld Lang Syne' before parting."

Annie Grey and her mother, while in this country, were frequently guests at my house, and there met Hall Caine, Zangwill, Justin McCarthy, Lieut. Herbert Ward, of Stanley expedition fame, and Mr. Le Sage, the New York representative of the London *Daily Telegraph*.

One evening she and her mother gave the Burns Lecture-Song Recital in our drawing-rooms. It was a grand success. One of our neighbors, a well-known critic, who has been a regular attendant at these functions for years, declared in the presence of the audience that it was the most delightful entertainment of all we had ever given.

Zangwill took dinner with us another evening, and gave in our parlors the finest lecture we had yet heard from him. The house was crowded. Mr. W. F. Frame, the celebrated Scotch singing comedian, and Mr. Booth, the musical director, were spending that night with us. After the lecture we had singing by Frame and Annie Grey—a triple bill. At the close of the evening all the company joined hands and danced around a circle, singing "Auld Lang Syne." Zangwill joined hands with us and entered into the spirit of the whole affair, as much a Scotchman as any of them. It was jolly, indeed.

Her last appearance in America was on the afternoon of February 2, 1899, when she gave her "Lilts, Lays, and Legends of Scotland" for the Winter Memorial Library at the Staten Island Academy. Mr. William Winter declared it one of the best he remembered in all his experience among

public gatherings, and shortly afterward referred to it again in the following letter:

"Home, February 17, 1899.

"My Dear Mr. Pond: I have your kind and welcome letter of February 12, and I am indeed glad to know that Annie Grey was pleased with her visit to Staten Island. Her coming to us was an honor and a benefit, and she made a deep and lasting impression on the minds of her audience. For my own part, I shall always remember her, and also her venerable mother, with the greatest kindness and pleasure.

"Faithfully yours,

"William Winter."

MRS. MAUD BALLINGTON BOOTH is another great woman, as much in demand at the present time (1900) as any of those before mentioned were in their palmiest days.

Mrs. Booth is the ablest woman orator in America. Her cause is one of the most worthy. She has something to say and knows how to say it. She is also one of the most loved women in the land, as well as the most attractive of all our public speakers —as great intellectually as she is simple and devoted spiritually.

Possessing fire and magnetism, with oratorical gifts of the highest order, deep convictions, high purpose, and burning earnestness, she has all the essentials for the highest of success. It has been difficult to induce her to enter upon the lecturer's work, for she feels, as all know, so high a devotion to those labors of religion and philanthropy that her name is associated with as to dread the fascination of a work that might divert her energies in ever so slight a degree. But, realizing also possibilities in the winning of new channels of influence and the earning of means that may largely help her own work forward, Mrs. Booth has taken up the task with all her powers, and she fascinates and wins on all occasions.

MISS MARY PROCTOR, in her excursions to the heavens, comes of a line of astronomical ancestry. Richard A. Proctor, the great English astronomer, gave his first lectures in America in the early seventies. His coming was widely heralded by the newspapers and no scientific lecturer ever met with a more hearty welcome from the best public. I remember I went from Leavenworth, Kansas, where I then lived, to Chicago, on purpose to see and hear him, and paid three dollars for a ticket.

That was before the stereopticon had been invented, and his illustrations, consisting of maps and charts drawn on canvas, were at that time counted as marvels, though they would attract no attention in these modern days. The scholarly attainments of the man and his simple, eloquent descriptions were an additional revelation to the audiences, which were composed of the most select and intelligent of the general public.

It was a great season for Professor Proctor, and as fruitful to the public as it was lucrative to the lecturer, for it created a general interest in astronomy, which to-day is almost as universally studied as Brigham Young's three R's—"readin', 'ritin' and 'rithmetic"—which, he insisted, was all the education any person needed who had fair common sense.

I know I date my first interest in astronomy to Professor Proctor's lectures, and I know, too, that the interest in the

subject became so widespread that it was then a common theme in the family, at public assemblies and on the cars.

Two prosperous seasons and the professor returned to England, but not to remain there long. He had met with such hearty appreciation over here, and had made so many friends, that he decided to return and make his home in America. He selected St. Joseph, Mo., one of the richest and, as seemed to him, one of the many Western cities that must have a great future. There he moved with his family, consisting of two daughters and three sons.

After a tour in the South, Professor Proctor returned to New York, put up at the Westminster Hotel, and was taken ill there with yellow fever, which he had contracted in Florida. He died after a very brief illness on September 12, 1888, and was buried in Greenwood Cemetery, where a monument was erected over his grave by the late George W. Childs.

During the World's Fair, in Chicago, at kindergarten meetings for teachers and children, a young lady gave a lecture on "Astronomy for Children" before representatives of the kindergarten schools all over the country. Her audience was fairly electrified by the simplicity, eloquence, and marvellous knowledge displayed in this address.

After the lecture, many came forward to congratulate the fair speaker, and to ascertain who she was and whence she came. It proved that she was Miss Mary Proctor, of St. Joseph, Mo., where she had a kindergarten school, and that she was the daughter of the late Richard A. Proctor, the famous English astronomer.

Representatives of newspapers from all parts of the country happened to be present. They telegraphed to their home papers accounts of this young woman's wonderful address, and she awoke the next morning to find herself famous.

I at once proposed that she enter the lecture-field, but it was with great hesitancy that she could think of leaving her work with the children, whom she loved so dearly, at her home in St. Joseph. She was interviewed by reporters, and asked to write on astronomy for the leading magazines and

the great Sunday newspapers. She also prepared lectures on astronomy, with elaborate illustrations, and was invited to lecture before the literary societies and clubs, colleges and public schools. She has held the very first place as a woman in the profession up to the present time. She has written a book on astronomy entitled "Stories of Starland," for children, and her name has become a household word. Her great ambition is to be known as "The Children's Astronomer."

She looks young to stand before an audience and deal with such weighty topics, but she does so in a manner that holds the attention and interest of every hearer, young or old.

Her voice is clear, forcible, pleasant and well modulated; her delivery, graceful and easy. She never refers to notes of any kind while on the platform. Her talks are full of simple example and metaphor, and free from all technical terms. She has inherited her father's gift of popularizing the most abstruse subjects and illustrating their vastness by comparisons associated with daily life.

Her lectures for children, "Giant Sun and His Family" and "Legends of the Stars," and her more advanced lectures on "Other Worlds than Ours," "Wonders of the Star Depths," and "Mars, the Planet of Romance," are all beautifully illustrated by stereopticon views that are quite as wonderful for this day as her father's cruder pictures were thirty years ago.

Miss Mary Proctor is one of the rare examples of the heredity of genius.

Outshining her charms as a lecturer are the charms of her private life, where, of course, very few are privileged to know her. She is the attraction of the household. Children as well as grown up folks love her, and she is queen of the situation wherever she happens to be.

It has been our privilege to entertain her in our home several times. Her theme was usually the skies and the heavens. The stories she tells about the stars when conversing with little children on these topics fix in their young minds a knowledge of the geography of the heavens as long terms of study from books could never do.

And yet this little lady whom the children love so much, when surrounded by great scientists and scholars, is perfectly at her ease. It is a charming intellectual display and a wonderful lesson and privilege to see Miss Mary Proctor under any of these conditions.

HUMORISTS

JOSH BILLINGS was a popular humorous lecturer for several years, but not a repeater. There is hardly a village of five thousand people and over within a radius of five hundred miles of New York where he has not given his lecture on "Milk," the only lecture which he ever had. He insisted that a tumbler of milk should always be on the table in front of him, to which he never alluded in any way whatever. He always sat down while he lectured. I don't remember of ever seeing him stand a moment on the platform. He immediately walked to his chair, sat down and commenced his talk.

His lecture was a shower of "Josh Billings's" epigrams, sparkling as they tumbled over each other in falling from his lips, reflected from his bright eyes over his spectacles.

"Ladies and gentlemen:

"I hope you are all well."

"There's lots of folks who eat well and drink well, and yet are sick all the time. These are the folks who always 'enjoy poor health.'"

"People who agree with you never bore you."

"The shortest way to a woman's heart is to praise her baby and her bonnet."

"A man is a bore when he talks so much about himself that you kant talk about yourself."

"Still I go on talking."

"Comik lecturing is an uncommon pesky thing to do."

"There ain't but phew good judges of humor and they all differ about it."

"If a lecturer trys to be phunny he iz like a hoss trying to trot backwards, pretty apt to trod on himself."

"Humor must fall out uv a man's mouth like musik out uv a bobolink, or like a young bird out uv its nest, when it iz feathered enuff to fly."

"In delivering a comic lecture it iz a good general rule to stop sudden; sometimes before you git through."

"This brings me to the mule—the pashunt mule. The mule is pashunt because he is ashamed of hisself. The mule is haf hass and half jackass, and then kums to a full stop, natur discovering her mistake. They weigh more according to their heft than enny other creeter except a crowbar. They kant heer enny quicker nor further than the hoss, yet their ears are big enuff for snow shoes. You kan trust them with enny one whose life ain't worth more than the mules. The only way to keep them into a paster is tu turn them into a medder jining and let them jump out. Tha are reddy for use just as soon as tha will do to abuse. Tha are a modern invention. Tha never have a disease that a good club wont heal."

"There is but one other animal that kan do more kicking than a mule, and that is a quire singer. A quire singer giggles during the sermon and kicks the rest ov the week."

"This brings me to suggest the bumble-bee."

"The bumble-bee iz more artistic than the mule, and as busy as a quire singer."

"The hornet is an inflammable buzzer, sudden in his impreshions and hasty in his conclusion, or end."

"Kindness iz an instinckt, politeness only an art."

"Remember the poor—it costs nothing," and so it goes on between the intervals of laughter until the hour is up and laughter won't come any more because it is completely laughed out.

"I lecture for nothing, with $100 thrown in," he said.

We never had the slightest difficulty in filling all the time that he could give us. He was a delightful man to know personally—kind, gentle, sincere and very sympathetic, with an intense fondness for children. A child riding in the same car with him could hardly escape his patronage and attention, and what was especially peculiar about him, as with Mr. Beecher, he always attracted children to him.

When "Josh" passed away, I know that I lost a very dear friend, and that all who had known and heard him felt the same way. His was a noble spirit.

I find but two of "Josh Billings's" (Henry W. Shaw) letters among my collection, as most of his correspondence was with the Redpath Lyceum Bureau, and were filed away with the mass of other correspondence. I find one, directed to me personally, in reply to an invitation to witness the exposé of spiritualism by Harry Kellar, at Horticultural Hall in Boston, and it is as follows:

"New York, January 16, 1878.

"Major mi deer: I regret, (i may say that, i fairly mourn,) that i kant be present to witness yure friend Kellar's expozure ov spiritualism in Horticultural Hall in Boston, the hub ov the univers. Altho not present in the flesh (mi actual weight iz 186 pounds), in spirit i shall be thare (mi spirit on this partiklar matter ways 642 pounds), the whole ov which yu are welkum to. Thare are a fu spiritualists whom i pity; these are the phools,—thare are a greater number whom i dispize; theze are the frauds, and ded beats ov the profeshion.

"Enny man who kan bring a kounterfitter to justiss, enny man who kan beat a thimble rigger at his own game, enny man who kan probe a *Three Kard Monte* wretch, and dispoil him ov hiz little joker, i look upon az a child ov genius, at work in the vinyard ov truth and morality. The only spiritualizm that haz suckceeded yet iz the kind that haz got the most fraud in it. Tell Harry i pray that suckess may crown hiz noble efforts.

"Good-by Major

"Yours unto deth—

"'Josh Billings'

"(Henry W. Shaw)."

THOMAS NAST—up to his time, caricature had been a minor branch of art. He made it one of the most potent agencies for creating and influencing public opinion.

No editor, no orator, no division commander in our army, no captain in our navy, did more to put down the rebellion with pen, tongue, or sword than did Mr. Nast with his pencil.

It was said of Luther that his words were half battles. With equal truth Nast's war pictures were military assaults. They stirred the patriotic blood in the North, and sent battalions of youth to rally round the flag.

Like many famous artists, Mr. Nast was personally shy, and would sooner go on a forlorn hope than face an audience. After trying to induce him to join the army of lecturers, and getting reply after reply declining even to consider the subject, my predecessor, Mr. Redpath, adopted a course that showed enterprise, and was successful in inducing Mr. Nast to enter the lecture field.

Finding that Mr. Nast had quarrelled with the Harpers, and was going to Europe, Mr. Redpath took passage on the same steamer, and introduced himself to Mr. Nast. Mr. Nast laughed and said:

"Well, you have got me where I cannot run away; but it's no use—I won't lecture."

Mr. Redpath, nevertheless, got his chance to set forth the advantages of lecturing, went with Nast to London, and be-

fore coming away got his consent, if Mrs. Nast would agree to it. Returning to New York, he secured Mrs. Nast's approval, and the next fall Thomas Nast made his début as a lecturer. His lectures were illustrated—that is, he drew on large sheets of paper crayon pictures and pictures in oil in presence of his audiences. The crayons were both plain and colored, and he drew with such amazing rapidity that the people were delighted.

On one occasion, in Philadelphia, he went to his blackboard and began the outlining of a building. When the sketch was finished, he turned and said with apparent simplicity, "I can draw a house." As the theatre was packed, the double meaning conveyed "brought down the house" at once.

He had a long list of engagements, six nights a week, with a certainty of from $200 to $500 a lecture. He earned $40,000 that season, and, as he got homesick, cancelled about $5,000 worth toward the close. Nevertheless, it is an illustration of the thorough honesty of the man that he insisted that the bureau should receive its full commission on the fees of the cancelled lectures.

Although he met with great success, Mr. Nast had such a distaste for the work that he could not be induced to try another season. At first he had stage fright in the worst form. When he was to make his first appearance in a country town in Massachusetts—Peabody, I believe—he asked Mr. Redpath to go with him, and, when he arrived at the hall, said: "Now, Redpath, you got me into this scrape and you will have to go on the platform with me." Mr. Redpath, who never had that sort of fever, readily enough consented, and sat on a chair close behind the artist. He said that Mr. Nast was so nervous that he dug his nails into the reading desk. A few months afterward, Mr. Nast faced a New York audience in Steinway Hall as jauntily as if he had been a veteran comedian.

At the time that Horace Greeley became a candidate for President of the United States, it was said that Mr. Nast's cartoons killed the great editor. Be that as it may, we re-

member in that campaign Mr. Nast's cartoons attracted universal attention—Horace in the old white coat with the Gratz Brown card appended to his coat-tails; and this was the way that card came there.

Mr. Nast had prepared a cartoon of a number of the candidates on the ticket, with Greeley at the head. It had been sent into the engraver's room, when somebody remarked to Nast that he had omitted the name of the Vice-President.

"Oh," he said, "is somebody a candidate for Vice-President? Oh, yes; Brown of Missouri."

He simply wrote the name and tacked it to the coat-tail of Greeley, and that went through the papers.

Brown of St. Louis was a delightful man. He signed the pledge after he was nominated for Vice-President, but during the campaign tour in the East it was reported that Brown drank too much at a banquet in New Haven, and the Good Templars' Society telegraphed to some persons in New Haven to ask whether the report were true. Word came back that they did not know whether he were drunk or not, but he ate butter on his watermelon. One of the cartoons had Brown as Bacchus a-straddle of a big watermelon, in the act of buttering a slice.

Another and possibly even a more telling one was the cartoon which depicted Mr. Greeley as consuming his own broth —that is, feeding himself from a bowl filled with the denunciations and criticisms he had, during his long career as the leading Whig and Republican editor of the United States, fulminated against the Democratic party and its policies. As he was that party's nominee the point was obvious.

The way that the cartoon came to be was something like this: Once Ben: Perley Poor, the famous correspondent of the Boston *Journal*, and Richard J. Hinton, a Washington journalist, were both active and earnest on the side of the Republican ticket. Hinton was the press secretary of the Congressional and National committees of his party, and is fond nowadays of asserting that the "campaign of education," then carried on under his direction, was the active

cause of the destruction of the franking privilege that followed during the first session of Congress in Grant's second term. Between these two keen-witted "Knights of the Quill," it was decided to prepare and publish a campaign document containing choice extracts from all the various denunciations of the Democracy which had appeared in the columns Mr. Greeley edited. Major Poor was clerk of the Printing Records Committee of Congress; he knew where the files were. A score of searchers and copyists were employed, and in a few days a huge document of nearly two hundred pages was put into type. A bundle of revises was sent to Nast by the press secretary with a request for a cartoon. They were returned at once with the famous picture of Mr. Greeley with the bowl and the long handled *Tribune* spoon, from which he was, politically speaking, thus made to sup sorrow of his own making.

PETROLEUM V. NASBY'S letters—to these, next to the cartoons of Thomas Nast, will the historian undoubtedly give credit in their influence in inspiring people with enthusiasm for the cause of the Union. Indeed, a member of Mr. Lincoln's cabinet, the Secretary of the Treasury, Mr. Boutwell, said in a public speech shortly after the war:

"The rebellion was put down by three forces: the army and the navy of the United States, and the letters of Petroleum V. Nasby."

Petroleum V. Nasby was the *nom de plume* of David R. Locke of Ohio. At the beginning of the Civil War he was a young and obscure man, editing a little country paper in the interior of Ohio. It occurred to him that it would be a good idea to write a series of letters, one a week, exposing and ridiculing the Democratic party. These letters pretended to be written in earnest by a Confederate War office-seeker. They succeeded in deceiving even the County Democrats for a time.

One meeting of the faithful framed a resolution commending the fidelity to Democratic principles shown in the Nasby letters, but urging Mr. Nasby, for the sake of policy, not to be so outspoken. The sarcasm was so broad that it is difficult, if one reads them to-day for the first time, to understand how the most illiterate partisans could mistake them. But at

a time when men's passions were red hot, and their prejudices volcanic, they were universally applauded by the upholders of the Union.

The circulation of Locke's paper rose rapidly, and he became one of the most famous men in America in less than a year. He soon bought an interest in the Toledo *Blade*, then in a dying state. He moved to Toledo, supervised the paper, and its circulation increased until it rivalled the most popular journals of the continent both in its sale and its influence. When he died, in 1888, the *Blade* for several years had had a circulation of over one hundred thousand.

From being a poor country editor Locke had become one of the wealthiest men in the West, and died a millionaire.

Of course, as soon as he had won a national reputation, he was invited to lecture. He used to boast that he made, during his first lecture season, the longest and most lucrative lecture tour recorded in the annals of the lyceum.

He lectured every secular night for nine or ten months, and made over $30,000 by the tour. His lectures until some time after the war were very popular; but he had none of the graces of the orator, and as the war fever abated, he gradually lost his hold, and retired from the field.

One day Nasby came into our office in Boston just as Gough was passing out. Nasby said to me:

"I suppose Gough's mad at me. I was in St. Paul, at the Merchants' Hotel, and hard up for a letter. I saw Gough was registered there, and I ordered two whiskey cocktails sent to his room. Then I wrote my letter on what I saw."

Nothing that was said could make "Nasby" see at the time the outrage he had perpetrated. It is probable, however, that when his own habits changed, some years later, he realized the offence committed and the wrong done to a man of honorable life and pure purposes.

His intense Republicanism made him hate the Irish and Irish-Americans, and as he afterward said:

"If I ever missed a chance to get a dig at the Irish for twenty years before I went to Ireland, I can't remember it."

He used to sneer at the Irish for clamoring for freedom at home, and supporting the pro-slavery party when they came to America. A few years before his death he made a tour of Europe, and in coming back reached Belfast and got among the Orangemen of the North. These men intensified his prejudices, and when he reached Dublin he had made up his mind to write a series of Nasby letters ridiculing Parnell and the Irish movement for home rule. Mr. Redpath happened to meet him there, but found it impossible to convince him that the Irish were wholly in the right in their struggle for home rule. Finally, finding that he could not make Nasby understand the tyranny of the Irish landlords, he offered to make a bet to convert him. And a curious bet it was. Redpath said:

"Take a map of Ireland and pitch a sixpence on any part of the West, and whether I have been there or not, if you and Bob (his son) will go there with me, I will convince you by what I shall show you that I am right and the Irish are right, and I will pay your expenses if you don't come back a worse Irishman than I am, but you will pay mine if you are converted."

The offer was accepted, and Nasby fixed on the Killarney Lake region. In going there from Cork the party stopped over at the Galter Mountains, and Nasby was so shocked at the horrible poverty he saw there, and at the stories he heard from the people, that in coming back he offered to send the best Winchester rifle in America to the jaunting-car driver if he would promise to shoot a landlord.

"Which landlord, your honor?" asked the driver.

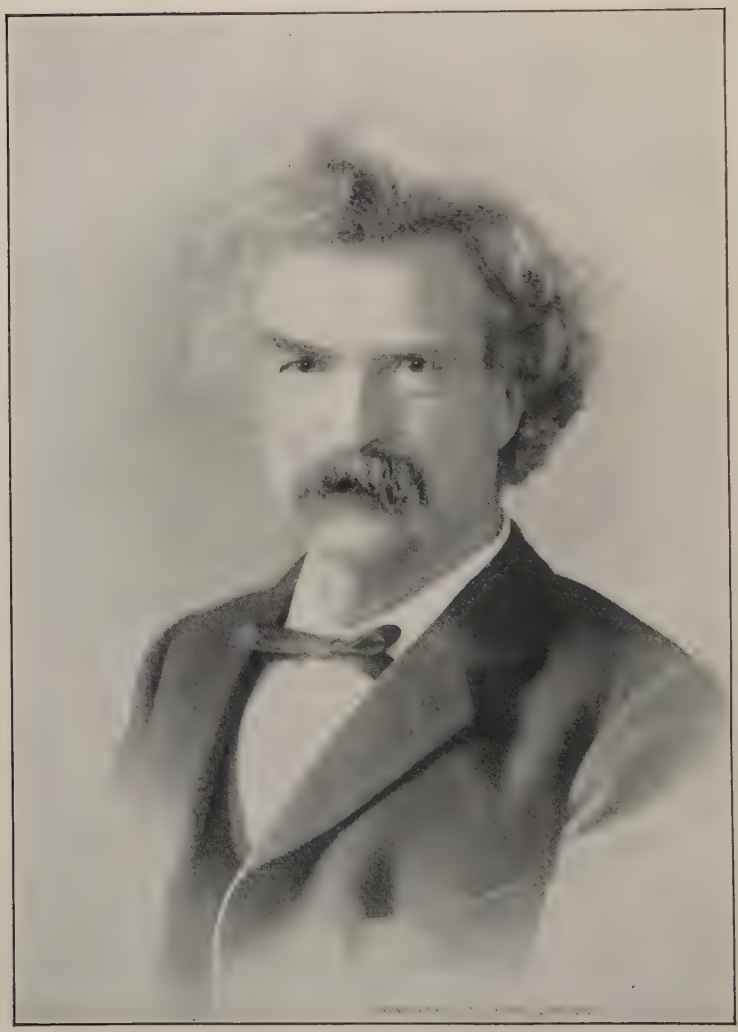
"Oh, any one, I don't care," replied Nasby, "so long as he is an Irish landlord."

On returning to America Locke astonished his old friends by becoming a more radical champion of Irish rights than even his friend Redpath, whom the Irish-Americans had already christened "the adopted Irishman."

President Lincoln telegraphed to Toledo: "For the genius to write like Nasby I would gladly give up my office." Of

all publications during the Civil War none had such a charm for him. It was a delight to see him surrender himself completely to their fascination.

Of his letters Charles Sumner says, in the preface to Nasby's book, "it is impossible to measure their value."



MARK TWAIN

SAMUEL L. CLEMENS (Mark Twain) I consider one of the greatest geniuses of our time, and as great a philosopher as humorist. I think I know him better than he is known to most men—wide as his circle of acquaintances is, big as is his reputation. He is as great a man as he is a genius, too. Tenderness and sensitiveness are his two strongest traits. He has one of the best hearts that ever beat. One must know him well fully to discern all of his best traits. He keeps them entrenched, so to speak. I rather imagine that he fights shy of having it generally suspected that he is kind and tender-hearted, but many of his friends do know it. He possesses some of the frontier traits—a fierce spirit of retaliation and the absolute confidence that life-long "partners," in the Western sense, develop. Injure him, and he is merciless, especially if you betray his confidence. Once a lecture manager in New York, whom he trusted to arrange the details of a lecture in Steinway Hall, swindled him to the amount of $1,500, and afterward confessed it, offering restitution to that amount, but not until the swindle had been discovered. They were on board ship at the time, and "Mark" threatened to throw the fellow overboard, meaning it, too, but he fled ashore. In "The Gilded Age" "Mark" immolated him. (Mr. Griller, Lecture Agent, page 438, London Edition). The fellow died soon afterward, and James Redpath, who was a witness to the scene on the steamboat, and who knew the man well, insisted that "Mark's" arrow killed him; but he would have fired it all the same had he known what the result would be.

General Grant and "Mark Twain" were the greatest of friends. C. L. Webster & Co. (Mark Twain) published "General Grant's Memoirs," yet how like and unlike are the careers of the soldier and the citizen!

Grant: poor, a tanner, small farmer, selling cordwood for a living, with less prospect for rising than any ex-West Pointer

in the army; then the greatest military reputation of the age; twice President of the United States; the foremost civilian of the world; the most honored guest of peoples and rulers who ever made the circuit of the earth.

"Mark Twain": a printer's apprentice in a small Missouri River town; then a "tramping jour" printer; a Mississippi roustabout guarding freight piles on the levee all night for pocket money; river pilot; a rebel guerilla; a reporter in a Nevada mining town; then suddenly the most famous author of the age; a man of society, with the most aristocratic clubs of America, and all around the civilized globe, flung open to him; adopted with all the honors into one of the most exclusive societies on this continent, the favored companion of the most cultivated spirits of the age, welcomed abroad in all the courts almost as a crowned head. "Peace hath its victories," etc.

There is indeed another parallel between Grant and Twain. Grant found himself impoverished two years before his death, when was left for him the most heroic part of his lifework, to write his memoirs (while he knew he was dying), for which, through his publishers, C. L. Webster & Co. (Twain), his family received nearly half a million dollars. That firm failed in 1894, leaving liabilities to the amount of $80,000 over and above all it owned for "Mark" to pay, and which he has earned with his voice and pen in a tour around the world, paying every creditor in full, in one year's less time than he calculated when he started at Cleveland on the 15th day of July, 1895. Yes, there is a parallel between the two great heroes in courage and integrity; they are more like than unlike.

"Mark Twain" became a lecturer in California in 1869, after he had returned to San Francisco from the Sandwich Islands. He had written from there a series of picturesque and humorous letters for the Sacramento *Union*, a California journal, and was asked to lecture about the islands. He tells of his first experience with great glee. He had written the lecture and committed it to memory, and was satisfied with it. Still, he dreaded a failure on the first night, as he

had had no experience in addressing audiences. Accordingly, he made an arrangement with a woman friend, whose family was to occupy one of the boxes, to start the applause if he should give the sign by looking in her direction and stroking his moustache. He thought that if he failed to "strike" the audience he would be encouraged by a round of applause, if any one would start it after he had made a good point.

Instead of failure, his lecture was a boundless success. The audience rapturously applauded every point, and "Mark" forgot all about his instructions to the lady. Finally, as he was thinking of some new point that occurred to him as he was talking, without a thought of the lady at all, he unconsciously put his hand up to his moustache, and happened to turn in the direction of the box. He had said nothing just then to cause even his appreciative audience to applaud; but the lady took his action for the signal, and nearly broke her fan in striking it against the edge of the box. The whole house joined her applause.

This unexpected and malapropos applause almost knocked "Mark" off his pins; but he soon recovered himself, and became at once one of the favorites of the platform. He lectured a year or two in the West, and then, by Petroleum V. Nasby's advice, in 1872–73, James Redpath invited him to come East, and he made his first appearance in Boston, in the Redpath Lyceum Music Hall. His success was instantaneous, and he has ever since remained the universal platform favorite to this date, not only in America, in Australia, in India, in the Cape Colonies, and throughout Great Britain; but in Austria and in Germany, where large crowds pay higher prices to see and to hear "Mark Twain" than any other private citizen that has ever lived.

In his tour around the world "Mark Twain" earned with his voice and pen money enough to pay all his creditors (Webster & Co., publishers) in full, with interest, and this he did almost a year sooner than he had originally calculated. Such a triumphal tour has never before been made by any American since that memorable tour around the world by General

Grant. Samuel L. Clemens has been greeted in France, Switzerland, Germany, and England almost like a crowned head.

He wrote me from Paris, May 1, 1895: "I've a notion to read a few times in America before I sail for Australia. I'm going to think it over and make up my mind." On May 18th he arrived in this country, and I made arrangements for him to lecture in twenty-one cities on his way to the Pacific, beginning in Cleveland, July 15th, and ending in Vancouver, British Columbia, August 15th. From that place he was to sail for Australia, via Honolulu, where it was planned that he should speak while the ship was waiting; but owing to yellow fever no landing was made there, and over $1,600 was returned to the disappointed people of Honolulu.

June 11th he wrote me from Elmira that if we have a circular for this brief campaign, the chief feature, when speaking of him should be, that he (M. T.) *is on his way to Australia and thence around the globe on a reading and talking tour to last twelve months*; that travelling *around the world* is nothing, as everybody does it. But what he was travelling *for* was unusual; everybody didn't do *that*.

"I like the approximate itinerary first rate. It is *lake* all the way from Cleveland to Duluth. I wouldn't switch aside to Milwaukee for $200,000." His original idea was to lecture in nine cities, besides two or three others on the Pacific Coast. I was to have one-fourth of the profits except in San Francisco, where he was to have four-fifths. But we did not go to San Francisco.

There were five of us in the party: Mr. and Mrs. Clemens, Clara (one of their daughters), Mrs. Pond and myself. During the journey I kept a detailed journal, from which I shall quote:

"Cleveland, July 15, 1895.

"At the Stillman with 'Mark Twain,' his wife, and their daughter Clara. 'Mark' looks badly fatigued.

"We have very comfortable quarters here. 'Mark' went immediately to bed on our arrival. He is nervous and weak.

Reporters from all the morning and evening papers called and interviewed him. It seemed like old times again, and 'Mark' enjoyed it.

"The young men called at 3 p.m. and paid me the fee for the lecture, which took place in Music Hall. There were 4,200 people present, at prices ranging from 25 cents to $1. It was nine o'clock before the crowd could get in and 'Mark' begin. As he hobbled upon the stage, there was a grand ovation of cheers and applause, which continued for some time. Then he began to speak, and before he could finish a sentence the applause broke out again. So it went on for over an hour on a mid-July night, with the mercury trying to climb out of the top of the thermometer. 'Mark Twain' kept that vast throng in convulsions.

"Cleveland, Tuesday, July 16th.

"Ninety degrees in the shade at 7:30 a.m. Good notices of 'Mark Twain's' lecture appear in all the papers. 'Mark' spent all day in bed until five o'clock, while I spent the day in writing to all correspondents ahead. If Sault Ste. Marie, the next engagement, turns out as well in proportion as this place, our tour is a success. 'Mark' and family were invited out to dinner with some old friends and companions of the Quaker City tour. He returned very nervous and much distressed. We discover a remarkable woman in Mrs. Clemens. There's a good time in store for us all.

"Wednesday, July 17th, S.S. *Northland.*

"Our party left Cleveland for Mackinac at seven o'clock. 'Mark' is feeling very poorly. He is carrying on a big fight against his bodily disability. All that has been said of this fine ocean ship on the Great Lakes is not exaggerated. Across Lake Erie to Detroit River, Lake St. Clair, and the St. Clair River is a most charming trip. 'Mark' and Mrs. Clemens are very cheerful to-day. The passengers have discovered who they are, and consequently our party is the centre of attraction. Wherever 'Mark' sits or stands on the deck of the

steamer, in the smoking room, dining room, or cabin, he is the magnet, and people strain their necks to see him and to catch every word he utters.

"On this lake trip occurred an incident of which I have already written. It was the second day out on Lake Huron, and 'Mark' was on deck in the morning for the first time. Many people made excuses for speaking to him. One man had stopped off in Cleveland on purpose to hear him. Another, from Washington Territory, who had lived forty years in the West, owned a copy of 'Roughing It,' which he and his wife knew by heart. One very gentle, elderly lady wished to thank him for the nice things he has written and said of cats. But the one that interested 'Mark' the most was a young man who asked him if he had ever seen or used a shaving stone, handing him one. It was a small, peculiar, fine-grained sandstone, the shape of a miniature grindstone, and about the size of an ordinary watch. He explained that all you had to do was to rub your face with it and the rough beard would disappear, leaving a clean, shaven face.

"'Mark' took it, rubbed it on his unshaven cheek, and expressed great wonder at the result. He put it in his vest pocket very unceremoniously, remarking at the same time: 'The Madam (he generally speaks of Mrs. Clemens as 'The Madam') will have no cause to complain of my never being ready in time for church because it takes so long to shave. I will put this into my vest pocket on Sunday. Then, when I get to church, I'll pull the thing out and enjoy a quiet shave in my pew during the long prayer.'

"Friday, July 19th, Grand Hotel, Mackinac.

"We came by steamer *F. S. Faxton*, of the Arnold Line. It was an ideal excursion among the islands. Although it was cold, none of our party would leave the deck until the dinner bell rang. 'Mark' said: 'That sounds like an old-fashioned summons to dinner. It means a good, old-fashioned, unpretentious dinner, too. I'm going to try it.' We all sat down to a table the whole length of the cabin. We naturally fell

in with the rush, and all got seats. It was a good dinner, too; the best ever I heard of for 25 cents.

"We reached the Grand Hotel at 4:30. I saw one of 'Mark's' lithographs in the hotel office, with 'Tickets for Sale Here' written in blue pencil on the margin. It seemed dull and dead about the lobby, and also in the streets. The hotel manager said the Casino, an adjoining hall, was at our service, free, and the keeper had instructions to seat and to light it. Dinner time came; we all went down together. It was 'Mark's' first appearance in a public dining room since we started. He attracted some attention as he entered and sat down, but nothing especial. After dinner the news-stand man told me he had not sold a ticket, and no one had inquired about the lecture. I waited until eight o'clock and then went to the hall to notify the man that he need not light up as there would be no audience. The janitor and I chatted until about half-past eight, and I was about to leave when a man and woman came to the door and asked for tickets. I was on the point of telling them that there would be no lecture when I saw a number of people, guests of the hotel, coming. I suddenly changed my mind and told them: 'Admission $1; pay the money to me and walk right in.' The crowd kept rushing on me, so that I was obliged to ask everybody who could to please have the exact amount ready, as I was unable to change large bills without a good deal of delay. It was after nine o'clock before the rush was over, and I sent a boy for 'Mark.' He expressed his pleasant surprise. I asked him to walk to the platform and introduce himself, which he did, and I don't believe an audience ever had a better time of an hour and a half. 'Mark' was simply immense.

"I counted my money while the 'show' was going on and found I had taken in $398. When about half through, two young men came to the door and wanted to be admitted for one dollar for the two. I said: 'No; one dollar each; I cannot take less.' They turned to go; then I called them back and explained that I needed two more dollars to make receipts just $400, and said:

"'Now, if you'll pay a dollar each and complete my pile, you can come in and enjoy the best end of the performance, and when the 'show' is out, I'll take you down-stairs and blow you off to twice that amount.'

"They paid the two dollars, and after the crowd had left, I introduced them to 'Mark,' and we all went down to the billiard room, had a good time until twelve o'clock, and 'Mark' and I made two delightful acquaintances. This has been one of our best days. 'Mark' is gaining.

"Saturday, July 20th, Mackinac to Petoskey.

"'Mark' is feeling better. He and I left the ladies at the Grand, in Mackinac, and went to Petoskey on the two o'clock boat and train. The smoke, from forest fires on both sides of the track, is so thick as to be almost stifling. There is a good hotel here.

"There was a full house, and for the first time in a number of months I had a lecture room so crowded at one dollar a ticket that many could not get standing room and were obliged to go away. The theatre has a seating capacity of five hundred, but over seven hundred and fifty got in. 'Mark's' programme was just right—one hour and twenty minutes long. He stopped at an hour and ten minutes, and cries of 'Go on! Go on!' were so earnest that he told one more story. George Kennan was one of the audience. He is going to give a course of lectures at Lake View Assembly, an auxiliary Chautauqua adjoining Petoskey, where about five thousand people assemble every summer. Mr. Hall, the manager, thought that 'Mark Twain' would not draw sufficient to warrant engaging him at $250, so I took the risk outside, and won.

"Sunday, July 21st.

"'Mark' and I left Petoskey for Mackinac at 5:30 this morning, where we joined the ladies and waited five hours on the dock for S.S. *Northwest* to take us to Duluth. It was severe on the poor man, but he was heroic and silent all the way. He has not tasted food since the dinner on the *Faxton* Friday.

"Monday, July 22d.

"On Lake Superior; S.S. *Northwest*. I was on deck early and found the smoke all gone. In its place was bright sunshine, but it has been so cold all day that few of the other passengers are on deck. Captain Brown and Purser Pierce are doing all they can to hurry us on, for we are eight hours late.

"We landed in Duluth at just 9 p.m. Mr. Briggs, our correspondent, met us at the wharf with a carriage. As our boat neared land Briggs shouted:

"'Hello, Major Pond!'

"'Hello, Briggs!'

"'Is Mark Twain all right?'

"'Yes; he is ready to go to the hall; he will be the first passenger off the ship.'

"'Good. We have a big audience waiting for him,' said Mr. Briggs.

"'We'll have them convulsed in ten minutes,' said I.

"'Mark' was the first passenger to land. Mr. Briggs hurried him to the church, which was packed with twelve hundred and fifty warm friends (100 degrees in the shade) to meet and greet him. It was a big audience. He got through at 10:50 and we were all on board the train for Minneapolis at 11:20.

"It was my busy night. The train for Minneapolis was to start at twelve o'clock. The agents in New York who had fitted me out with transportation and promised that everything should be in readiness on our arrival in Duluth, had forgotten us, and no arrangements for sleeper or transfer of baggage had been made. I had all this to attend to, besides looking after the business part of the lecture, which was on sharing terms with a church society. Everything was mixed up, as the door-tender and finance committee were bound to hear the lecture. I could get no statement, but took all the money in sight, and was on board the train as it was starting for Minneapolis.

"Tuesday, July 23d, Minneapolis.

"We are stopping at the West Hotel; a delightful place. Six skilled reporters have spent about two hours with 'Mark.' He was lying in bed, and very tired I know, but he was extremely courteous to them, and they all enjoyed the interview. The Metropolitan Opera House was filled to the top gallery with a big crowd of well-dressed, intelligent people. It was about as big a night as 'Mark' ever had to my knowledge. He introduced a new entertainment, blending pathos with humor with unusual continuity. This was at Mrs. Clemens's suggestion. She had given me an idea on the start that too much humor tired an audience with laughing. 'Mark' took the hint and worked in three or four pathetic stories that made the entertainment perfect. The 'show' is a triumph, and 'Mark' will never again need a running mate to make him satisfactory to everybody.

"The next day the Minneapolis papers were full of good things about the lecture. The *Times* devoted three columns and a half of fine print to a verbatim report of it. The following evening in St. Paul 'Mark' gave the same programme, which was commented on in glowing terms by St. Paul papers.

"Friday, July 26th, Winnipeg—The Manitoba.

"We have had a most charming ride through North Dakota and southeastern Manitoba. It seems as if everything along the route must have been put in order for our reception. The flat, wild prairies (uninhabited in 1883) are now all under cultivation. There are fine farmhouses, barns, windmills, and vast fields of wheat—'oceans of wheat,' as 'Mark' said—as far as eye can reach in all directions, waving like as the ocean waves, and so flat! Mr. Beecher remarked to his wife when riding through here in 1883: 'Mother, you couldn't flatter this country.'

"We had a splendid audience. 'Mark' and I were entertained at the famous Manitoba Club after the lecture—a club of the leading men of Winnipeg. We did not stay out very late, as 'Mark' feared Mrs. Clemens would not retire until he

came, and he was quite anxious for her to rest, as the long night journey in the cars had been very fatiguing. On our arrival at the hotel we heard singing and a sound of revelry in the parlors. A party of young gentlemen of the lecture committee had escorted our ladies home. They were fine singers, and, with Miss Clara Clemens at the piano, a concert was in progress, that we all enjoyed another hour.

"Saturday, the 27th, we all put down as the pleasantest day thus far. Several young English gentlemen who have staked fortunes in this northwest in wheat ranches and other enterprises, brought out their tandems and traps and drove the ladies about the country. They saw the largest herd of wild buffalo that now exists, in a large enclosure. They were driven to various interesting suburban sights, of which there are more than one would believe could exist in this far northwest new city. Bouquets and banks of flowers—of such beautiful colors!—were sent in; many ladies called, and all in all it has been an ovation. 'Mark,' as is his custom, did not get up until time to go to the lecture hall, but he was happy. Several journalists called, who he told me were the best informed and most scholarly lot of editors he had found anywhere, and I think he was correct. There was another large crowd at the lecture, and another and final reception at the famous Manitoba Club. We were home at twelve, and all so happy! We're on the road to happiness surely.

"Monday, July 29th.

"We have been in Crookston, Minn., all day, where we were the first and especially favored guests of this fine new hotel. 'Mark Twain's' name was the first on the register. We are enjoying it. 'Mark' is as gay as a lark, but he remained in bed until time to go to the Opera House. This city is wonderfully improved since I was here in 1883 with Mr. Beecher, in 1885 with Clara Louise Kellogg, and in 1887 with Charles Dickens, Jr. The opening of this hotel is a great event. People are filling up the town from all directions to see and hear 'Mark,' and taking advantage of the occasion to see the

first new hotel (The Crookston) in their city with hot and cold water, electric lights and all modern improvements.

"Tuesday, July 30th, en route.

"We left Crookston at 5:40 A.M.; were up at 4:30. Everybody was cheerful; there was no grumbling. This is our first unseasonable hour for getting up, but it has done us all good. Even Clara enjoyed the unique experience. It revived her memory. She recollected that she had telegraphed to Elmira to have her winter cloak expressed to Crookston. Fortunately the agent was sleeping in the express office, near the station.

KEEPING THE LETTER OF THE CONTRACT

We disturbed his slumbers to find the great cloak, which was another acquisition to our sixteen pieces of hand baggage. Our train was forty-five minutes late. 'Mark' complained and grumbled; he persisted that I had contracted with him to *travel* and not to wait about railway stations at five o'clock in the mornings for late trains that never arrived. He insisted on travelling, so he got aboard the baggage truck and I *travelled* him up and down the platform, while Clara made a snap shot as evidence that I was keeping to the letter of my contract.

"When we boarded the train, we found five lower berths (which means five sections) ready for us. There was a splendid dining car, with meals a la carte, and excellent cooking. All the afternoon there were the level prairies of North Dakota wheat just turning, the whole country a lovely

green; then came the arid plains, the prairie-dog towns, cactus, buffalo grass, jack rabbits, wild life and the Missouri River—dear old friend that had borne both of us on her muddy bosom many a time. It was a great day for both 'Mark' and me. The ladies were enthusiastic in proportion as they saw that 'Mark' and I were boys again, travelling upon 'our native heath.'

"Wednesday, July 31st, Great Falls, Montana.

"We arrived at the Park Hotel here at 7:30 A.M. after a good night's sleep. Interest grows more and more intense as we come nearer to the Rocky Mountains. It brings back fond memories of other days. The two Brothers Gibson, proprietors of the hotel, drove our party out to Giant Spring, three miles distant. It is a giant, too. I never saw a more beautiful or more wonderful spring. A big river fairly boils up out of the ground, of the most beautiful deep peacock green color I ever saw in clear water. The largest copper ore smelters in the world are here. The Great Falls could supply power enough for all the machinery west of Chicago, with some to spare.

"'Mark' is improving. For the first time since we started he appeared about the hotel corridors and on the street. He and I walked about the outskirts of the town, and I caught a number of interesting snapshots among the Norwegian shanties. I got a good group including four generations, with eight children, a calf and five cats. 'Mark' wanted a photograph of each cat. He caught a pair of kittens in his arms, greatly to the discomfort of their owner, a little girl. He tried to make friends with the child and buy the kittens, but she began to cry and beg that her pets might be liberated. He soon captured her with a pretty story, and she finally consented to let them go. Few know 'Mark's' great love for cats, as well as for every living creature.

"Thursday, August 1st, Great Falls to Butte, Montana.

"We started at 7:35 A.M. All seem tired. The light air and the long drive yesterday told very much on us all.

'Mark' had an off night and was not at his best, which has almost broken his heart. He couldn't get over it all day. The Gibson Brothers have done much to make our visit delightful, and it has proved very enjoyable indeed. Of course, being proprietors of the hotel, they lose nothing, for I find they charge us five dollars a day each, and the extortions from porters, baggagemen and bellboys surpass anything I know of. The smallest money is two bits (25 cents) here—absurd!

"August 2d, Butte, Montana.

"We enter the Rocky Mountains through a cañon of the Upper Missouri; we have climbed mountains all day, and at Butte are nearly 8,000 feet high. It tells on me, but the others escape. The ladies declare it has been one of the most interesting days of their lives, and 'Mark' has taken great interest in everything, but kept from talking. After reaching the hotel, he kept quiet in bed until he went to the hall. He more than made up for last night's disappointment and was at his best. I escorted Mrs. Clemens and Clara to a box in the theatre, expecting to return immediately to the hotel, but I found myself listening, and sat through the lecture, enjoying every word. It actually seemed as if I had never known him to be quite so good. He was great. The house was full and very responsive.

"After the lecture many of his former Nevada friends came forward to greet him. We went to a fine club, where champagne and stories blended until twelve, much to the delight of many gentlemen. 'Mark' never drinks champagne. His is hot Scotch, winter and summer, without any sugar, and never before 11 p.m.

"Friday, August 2d.

"To-day 'Mark' and I went from Butte to Anaconda without the ladies. We left the hotel at 4:30 by trolley car in order to have plenty of time to reach the train, but we had gone only three blocks when the power gave out and we could not move. It was twelve minutes to five and there was no carriage in sight. We tried to get a grocery wagon, but the

mean owner refused to take us a quarter of a mile to the depot for less than ten dollars. I told him to go to ——. I saw another grocery wagon near by and told its owner I would pay any price to reach that train. 'Mark' and I mounted the seat with him. He laid the lash on his pair of bronchos, and I think quicker time was never made to that depot. We reached the train just as the conductor shouted 'All aboard!' and had signalled the engineer. The train was moving as we jumped on. The driver charged me a dollar, but I handed him two.

"At Anaconda we found a very fine hotel and several friends very anxiously waiting to meet 'Mark.' Elaborate arrangements had been made to lunch him and give him a lively day among his old mountain friends, as he had been expected by the morning train. Fortunately he missed this demonstration and was in good condition for the evening. He was introduced by the mayor of the city in a witty address of welcome. Here was our first small audience, where the local manager came out a trifle the loser.

"A little incident connected with our experience here shows 'Mark Twain's' generosity. The local manager was a man who had known 'Mark' in the sixties, and was very anxious to secure him for a lecture in Anaconda. He, therefore, contracted to pay the price asked. Anaconda is a small city, whose chief industry is a large smelting furnace. There were not enough people interested in high-class entertainments to make up a paying audience, and the manager was short about sixty dollars. I took what he had, and *all* he had, giving him a receipt in full. As 'Mark' and I were not equal partners, of course the larger share of the loss fell to him. I explained the circumstances when we had our next settlement at the end of the week, hoping for his approval.

"'And you took the last cent that poor fellow had! Send him a hundred dollars, and if you can't afford to stand your share, charge it all to me. I'm not going around robbing poor men who are disappointed in their calculations as to my commercial value I'm poor, and working to pay debts that

I never contracted; but I don't want to get money in that way.'

"I sent the money, and was glad of the privilege of standing my share. The letter of acknowledgment from that man brought out the following expression from 'Mark': 'I wish that every hundred dollars I ever invested had produced the same amount of happiness!'

"In Helena (August 3d) the people did not care for lectures. They all liked 'Mark' and enjoyed meeting him, but there was no public enthusiasm for the man that has made the early history of that mining country romantic and famous all over the world. The Montana Club entertained him grandly after the lecture, and he met many old friends and acquaintances. Some of them had come all the way from Virginia City to see their former comrade of the mining camps. One man, now very rich, came from Virginia City, Nevada, on purpose to see 'Mark' and settle an old score. When the glasses were filled and 'Mark's' health proposed, this man interrupted the proceedings by saying:

"'Hold on a minute; before we go further I want to say to you, Sam Clemens, that you did me a d——d dirty trick over there in Silver City, and I've come here to have a settlement with you.'

"There was a deathly silence for a moment, when 'Mark' said in his deliberate drawl:

"'Let's see. That — was—before—I — reformed, wasn't —it?'

"Senator Sanders suggested that inasmuch as the other fellow had never reformed, Clemens and all the others present forgive him and drink together, which all did. Thus 'the row was broken up before it commenced' (*Buck Fenshaw*)—and all was well. 'Mark' told stories until after twelve. We walked from the club to the hotel up quite a mountain, the first hard walk he has had. He stands the light air well, and is getting strong.

"Sunday, August 4th, Helena

"The dry burning sun makes life almost intolerable, so

that there has been hardly a soul on the streets all day. 'Mark' and I had a good time at the Montana Club last night. He simply beats the world telling stories, but we find some bright lights here. There were present Senator Sanders, Major Maginnis, Hugh McQuade, A. J. Seligman, Judge Knowles, of the United States Supreme Court, who introduced Mr. Beecher in Deer Lodge and Butte in 1883; L. A. Walker, Dr. C. K. Cole, A. J. Steele, and Frank L. Sizer. We have very heavy mails, but are all too tired to open and read letters that are not absolutely necessary to be read.

"'Mark' lay around on the floor of his room all day reading and writing in his notebook and smoking. In the gloaming Dr. Cole, with his trotters, drove 'Mark' and Mrs. Clemens out to Broadwater, four miles. The heat gave way to a delicious balmy breeze that reinvigorated everybody. How delightful are these summer evenings in the Rocky Mountains!

"Monday, August 5th, Missoula, Montana.

"Senator Sanders walked with 'Mark' to the station in Helena this morning, while I accompanied the ladies in a carriage. Whom should we meet walking the platform of the station but Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher, on her way to visit her son Herbert in Port Townsend. It was a delightful surprise. Senator Sanders at once recognized her, as in 1883 he joined our party and drove from Helena (then the end of the eastern section of the Northern Pacific Railroad) to Missoula, the eastern end of the western division. We then drove in a carriage with four horses, via Butte and Deer Lodge, and it took four days to make the journey. Senator Sanders travelled the same distance in five hours with us to-day in a Pullman car

"At Missoula we all drove in a 'bus' to the Florence House, the ladies inside and 'Mark' and I outside with the driver. Here we saw the first sign of the decadence of the horse: a man riding a bicycle alongside the bus, leading a horse to a nearby blacksmith shop. At 'Mark's' suggestion I caught a snapshot of that scene. Officers from Fort Missoula, four

miles out, had driven in with ambulances and an invitation from Lieutenant-Colonel Burt, commandant, for our entire party to dine at the fort. The ladies accepted. 'Mark' went to bed and I looked after the business

"We had a large audience in a small hall, the patrons being mainly officers of the fort and their families. As most of the ladies who marry army officers come from our best Eastern society, it was a gathering of people who appreciated the occasion. After the lecture, the meeting took the form of a social reception, and it was midnight before it broke up. The day has been one of delight to all of us. As we leave at 2:30 P.M. to-morrow, all have accepted an invitation to witness guard-mounting and lunch early at the fort.

"August 7th.

"Two ambulances were sent to the hotel for our party and Adjutant-General Ruggles, who is here on a tour of inspection. 'Mark' rose early and said he would walk to the fort slowly; he thought it would do him good. General Ruggles and the ladies went in one ambulance (the old four-mule army officers' ambulance) and the other waited some little time before starting, that I might complete arrangements for all the party to go direct from the fort to the depot. I was the only passenger riding with the driver, and enjoying the memory of like experiences on the plains when in the army. We were about half way to the fort when I discovered a man walking hurriedly toward us quite a distance to the left. I was sure it was 'Mark,' and asked the driver to slow up. In a minute I saw him signal us, and I asked the driver to turn and drive toward him. We were on a level plain, and through that clear mountain atmosphere one can see a great distance. We were not long in reaching our man, much to his relief. He had walked out alone and taken the wrong road, and after walking five or six miles on it, discovered his mistake, and was countermarching when he saw our ambulance and ran across lots to meet us. He *was* tired—too tired to express disgust—and sat quietly inside the ambulance until we drove

up to headquarters, where were a number of officers and ladies, besides our party. As 'Mark' stepped out, a colored sergeant laid hands on him, saying:

"'Are you 'Mark Twain'?

"'I am,' he replied.

"'I have orders to arrest and take you to the guardhouse.'

"'All right.'

"And the sergeant walked him across the parade ground to the guardhouse, he not uttering a word of protest.

"Immediately Lieutenant-Colonel Burt and the ambulance hurried over to relieve the prisoner. Colonel Burt very pleasantly asked 'Mark's' pardon for the practical joke and invited him to ride back to headquarters. 'Mark' said:

"Thanks, I prefer freedom, if you don't mind. I'll walk. I see you have thorough discipline here,' casting an approving eye toward the sergeant who had him under arrest.

"The garrison consisted of seven companies of the Twenty-seventh United States Colored Regiment. There was a military band of thirty pieces. Guard mount was delayed for General Ruggles' and our inspection. The band played quite a programme, and all declared it one of the finest military bands in America. We witnessed some fine drilling of the soldiers, and learned that for this kind of service the colored soldiers were more subordinate and submissive to rigid drill and discipline than white men, and that there were very few desertions from among them.

"Attached to our train from Missoula station were two special cars, bearing an excursion party consisting of the new receiver of the Northern Pacific Railroad and his friends, one of whom we were told was the United States Supreme Court Judge who had appointed this receiver. An invitation was sent in to 'Mark' to ride in their car, but as it came for him alone and did not include the ladies, he declined.

"It was an enjoyable ride to Spokane, where we arrived at 11:30, and put up at the Spokane House, the largest hotel I ever saw. It was a large commercial building, covering an entire block, revamped into a hotel. A whole store was

diverted into one bedroom, and nicely furnished, too. Reporters were in waiting to interview the distinguished guest. 'Mark' is gaining strength and is enjoying everything, so the interviewers had a good time.

"We spent all day, August 8th, in Spokane. The hotel was full. The new receiver and his gay party are also spending the day here, but all leave just before the time set for the lecture.

"In the forenoon 'Mark' and I walked about this remarkable city, with its asphalt streets, electric lights, nine-story telegraph poles, and commercial blocks that would do credit to any Eastern city. There were buildings ten stories high, with the nine top stories empty, and there were many fine stores with great plate-glass fronts, marked 'To Rent.' In the afternoon our entire party drove about the city in an open carriage. Our driver pointed out some beautiful suburban residences and told us who occupied them.

"'That house,' he said, as we drove by a palatial establishment, 'is where Mr. Brown lives. He is receiver for the Spokane Bank, which failed last year for over $2,000,000. You all know about that big failure, of course. The receiver lives there.'

"Pointing out another house, he said: 'That man living up in that big house is receiver for the Great Falls Company. It failed for nearly a million. The president and directors of that company are most all in the State prison. And this yere house that we are coming to now is where the receiver of the Washington Gas and Water Company lives,' etc.

"'Mark' said to the ladies: 'If I had a son to send West, I would educate him for a receiver. It seems to be about the only thriving industry.'

"We found here a magnificent new theatre—the Opera House. It has cost over $200,000 and was never yet a quarter filled. The manager was greatly disappointed at the receipts for the lecture; he had counted on a full house. Where he expected the people to come from I don't know. The receipts were not much better than in Missoula. 'Mark'

didn't enjoy it, and manifested no delicacy in so expressing himself.

"As we have a day here, the ladies have overhauled and repacked their trunks. I think there is no occupation that has the fascination for women when travelling as the unpacking and overhauling of large travelling trunks. They go at it early, miss their luncheon, and are late to dinner, and yet show no signs of fatigue.

"There was another incident here. Our ladies dressed their best for dinner, and outshone the receiver's excursionists, who occupied most of the great dining hall. 'Mark' didn't see it, as he never comes down to dinner. I know I saw it, and enjoyed a feeling of pride. I just felt and knew I was envied by the men at the other tables. Clara Clemens is a beautiful girl. As we passed out of the dining room into the great parlor, she sat down to the Chickering grand piano and began playing a Chopin nocturne. It was in the gloaming. Stealthily guests came in from dinner and sat breathlessly in remote parts of the boundless room listening to a performance that would have done credit to any great pianist. Never have I witnessed a more beautiful sight than this sweet brunette unconsciously holding a large audience of charmed listeners. If it was not one of the supreme moments of her mother's life, who saw and heard her, then I have guessed wrong. It was an incident forever fixed in my memory.

"That night at 11:30 we went aboard the sleeper on the Great Northern Road. Everything was in readiness for us. The next day was one full of interest as we rode over the Rockies on the zigzag road, travelling over thirty miles to make seven. 'Mark' rode on the engine, greatly to the delight of the engineer.

"We transferred at Seattle to the little 'Greyhound of Puget Sound'—*The Flyer*—said to be the fastest steamer in the world. 'Mark' sat on the deck of *The Flyer* watching the baggage-smashers removing our trunks from the baggage car to the truck which was to convey them to *The Flyer*, and exclaimed: 'Oh, how I do wish one of those trunks were

filled with dynamite and that all the baggage-destroyers on earth were gathered about it, and I just far enough off to see them hurled into Kingdom Come!'

"We arrived in Tacoma at five o'clock, and have sumptuous apartments at The Tacoma, a grand caravansery built by the Northern Pacific Railroad Company. The 'receiver' is an old friend of mine, formerly a contractor on the Northern Pacific Railroad. I also found another old friend in C. H. Prescott—one of the prosperous. He is local 'receiver' of the Northern Pacific Railroad, the highest distinction a man can attain out here. This is another overgrown metropolis. We can't see it, nor anything else, owing to the dense smoke everywhere.

"Here in Tacoma the ladies are to remain and rest, while 'Mark' and I take in Portland and Olympia.

"Friday, August 9th, Portland, Oregon.

"At Tacoma early this morning Mr. S. E. Moffett, of the San Francisco *Examiner*, appeared. He is 'Mark's' nephew and resembles his uncle very much. On his arrival 'Mark' took occasion to blaspheme for a few minutes, that his relative might realize that men are not all alike. He cursed the journey, the fatigues and annoyances, winding up by acknowledging that if everything had been made and arranged by the Almighty for the occasion, it could not have been better or more comfortable, but he 'was not travelling for pleasure,' etc.

"He and I reached Portland on time, 8:22, and found the Marquam Grand packed with a waiting audience and the sign 'Standing Room Only' out. The lecture was a grand success. After it 'Mark's' friend, Colonel Wood, formerly of the United States army, gave a supper at the Portland Club, where about two dozen of the leading men were entertained for two hours with 'Mark's' story-telling. They will remember that evening as long as they live. There is surely but one 'Mark Twain.'

"Saturday, August 10th, Portland to Olympia.

"Smoke, smoke, smoke! It was not easy to tear ourselves

away from Portland so early. *The Oregonian* contains one of the best notices that 'Mark' has had. He is pleased with it, and is very jolly to-day.

"We left for Olympia at eleven o'clock, via Northern Pacific Railroad. Somehow 'Mark' seems to grow greater from day to day. Each time it seemed as though his entertainment had reached perfection, but last night surpassed all. A gentleman on the train, a physician from Portland, said that no man ever left a better impression on a Portland audience; that 'Mark Twain' was the theme on the streets and in all business places. A young reporter for *The Oregonian* met 'Mark' as he was boarding the train for Olympia, and had probably five minutes' talk with him. He wrote a two-column interview which 'Mark' declared was the most accurate and the best that had ever been reported of him.

"On the train a bevy of young ladies ventured to introduce themselves to him, and he entertained them all the way to Olympia, where a delegation of leading citizens met us, headed by John Miller Murphy, editor of the oldest paper in Washington. They met us outside the city, in order that we might enjoy a ride on a new trolley car through the town. As 'Mark' stepped from the train, Mr. Miller said:

"'Mr. Twain, as chairman of the reception committee, allow me to welcome you to the capital of the youngest and most picturesque State in the Union. I am sorry the smoke is so dense that you cannot see our mountains and our forests, which are now on fire.'

"'Mark' said: 'I regret to see—I mean to learn (I can't see, of course, for the smoke) that your magnificent forests are being destroyed by fire. As for the smoke, I do not so much mind. I am accustomed to that. I am a perpetual smoker myself.'

"Monday, August 12th, Tacoma, Wash.—The Tacoma.

"I had trouble in settling at the Opera House; the manager is a scamp. I expected trouble, and I had it.

"The Tacoma Press Club gave 'Mark' a reception in their

rooms after the lecture, which proved to be a very bright affair. 'Mark' is finding out that he has found his friends by the loss of his fortune. People are constantly meeting him on the street, at halls, and in hotels, and telling him of the happiness he has brought them—old and young alike. He seems as fresh to the rising generation as he is dear to older friends. Here we met Lieutenant-Commander Wadhams, who is executive officer of the *Mohican*, now in Seattle harbor. He has invited us all on board the man-of-war to dine to-morrow, and we have all accepted.

"'Mark' had a great audience in Seattle the next evening. The sign 'Standing Room Only' was out again. He was hoarse, but the hoarseness seemed to augment the volume of his voice. After the lecture he met many of his friends and admirers at the Rainier Club. Surely he *is* finding out that his misfortunes are his blessings. He has been the means of more real pleasure to his readers and hearers than he ever could have imagined had not this opportunity presented itself.

"Wednesday, August 14th, Seattle to Whatcom.

"Mark's' cold is getting worse (the first cold he ever had). He worried and fretted all day; two swearing fits under his breath, with a short interval between them, they lasted from our arrival in town until he went to sleep after midnight. It was with great difficulty that he got through the lecture. The crowd, which kept stringing in at long intervals until half-past nine, made him so nervous that he left the stage for a time. I thought he was ill, and rushed back of the scenes, only to meet him in a white rage. He looked daggers at me, and remarked:

"'You'll never play a trick like this on me again. Look at that audience. It isn't half in yet.'

"I explained that many of the people came from long distances, and that the cars ran only every half hour, the entire country on fire causing delays, and that was why the last instalment came so late He cooled down and went at it again. He captured the crowd. He had a good time and an encore, and was obliged to give an additional story.

"Thursday, August 15th, Vancouver, B.C.—The Vancouver.

"'Mark's' throat is in a very bad condition. It was a great effort to make himself heard. He is a thoroughbred—a great man, with wonderful will power, or he would have succumbed. We had a fine audience, a crowded house, very English, and I think 'Mark' liked it. Everything here is English and Canadian. There is a rumor afloat that the country about us is beautiful, but we can't see it, for there is smoke, smoke everywhere, and no relief. My eyes are sore from it. We are told that the *Warrimoo* will not sail until Wednesday, so I have arranged for the Victoria lecture Tuesday.

"Friday, August 16th, Vancouver.

"Our tour across the continent is virtually finished, and I feel the reaction. 'Othello's occupation gone.' This morning 'Mark' had a doctor, who says he is not seriously ill. Mrs. Clemens is curing him. The more I see of this lady the greater and more wonderful she appears to be. There are few women who could manage and absolutely rule such a nature as 'Mark's.' She knows the gentle and smooth way over every obstruction he meets, and makes everything lovely. This has indeed been the most delightful tour I have ever made with any party, and I wish to record it as one of the most enjoyable of all my managerial experiences. I hardly ever expect another. 'Mark' has written in a presentation copy of 'Roughing It':

"'Here ends one of the smoothest and pleasantest trips across the continent that any group of five has ever made.'

"'Mark' is better this evening, so we shall surely have a good lecture in Victoria.

"Saturday, August 17th, Vancouver.

"We are all waiting for the news as to when the *Warrimoo* will be off the dry dock and ready to sail. 'Mark' is getting better. I have booked Victoria for Tuesday, the 20th.

"'Mark' has lain in bed all day, as usual, spending much time writing. Reporters have been anxious to meet and interview him, and I urged it. He finally said: 'If they'll excuse

my bed, show them up.' A quartet of bright young English journalists came up. They all had a good time, and made much of the last interview with 'Mark Twain' in America, as it was. 'Mark' was in excellent spirits. His throat is better.

"Monday, August 19th.

"We are at Vancouver still, and the smoke is as firmly fixed as we are in the town. It is bad. 'Mark' has not been very cheerful to-day. He doesn't get his voice back. He and I took a walk about the streets, and he seemed discouraged, I think on account of Mrs. Clemens's dread of the long voyage, and because of the unfavorable stories we have heard of the *Warrimoo*. We leave Vancouver, and hosts of new friends, for Victoria, B.C., and then we part. That will not be easy, for we are all very happy. It makes my heart ache to see 'Mark' so downhearted after such continued success as he has had.

"On August 20th the boat for Victoria arrived half an hour late. We all hurried to get on board, only to be told by the captain that he had one hundred and eighty tons of freight to discharge, and that it would be four o'clock before we left. This lost our Victoria engagement, which I was obliged to postpone by telegraph. 'Mark' was not in condition to relish this news, and as he stood on the wharf after the ladies had gone aboard he took occasion to tell the captain, in very plain and unpious language, his opinion of a passenger-carrying company that, for a few dollars extra, would violate their contract and obligations to the public. They were a lot of —— somethings, and deserved the penitentiary. The captain listened without response, but got very red in the face. It seems the ladies had overheard the loud talk. Soon after 'Mark' joined them he came to me and asked if I wouldn't see that captain and apologize for his unmanly abuse, and see if any possible restitution could be made. I did so, and the captain and 'Mark' became quite friends.

"We left Vancouver on *The Charmer* at six o'clock, arriving in Victoria a little after midnight.

"Wednesday, August 21st, Victoria, B.C.—The Driad.

"'Mark' has been in bed all day; he doesn't seem to get strength. He smokes constantly, and I fear too much also; still, he may stand it. Physicians say it will eventually kill him.

"We had a good audience. Lord and Lady Aberdeen, who were in a box, came back on the stage after the lecture and said many very nice things of the entertainment, offering to write to friends in Australia about it. 'Mark's' voice began strong, but showed fatigue toward the last. His audience, which was one of the most appreciative he ever had, was in great sympathy with him as they realized the effort he was obliged to make, owing to his hoarseness.

"A telegram from Mr. George McL. Brown says the *Warrimoo* will sail at six o'clock to-morrow evening. This is the last appearance of 'Mark Twain' in America for more than a year I know, and I much fear the very last, for it doesn't seem possible that his physical strength can hold out. After the lecture to-night he expected to visit a club with Mr. Campbell, who did not come around. He and I, therefore, went out for a walk. He was tired and feeble, but did not want to go back to the hotel. He was nervous and weak, and disappointed, for he had expected to meet and entertain a lot of gentlemen. He and I are alike in one respect: we don't relish disappointment.

"Thursday, August 22d.

"We are in Victoria yet. The blessed 'tie that binds' seems to be drawing tighter and tighter as the time for our final separation approaches. We shall never be happier in any combination, and Mrs. Clemens is the great magnet. What a noble woman she is! It is 'Mark Twain's' wife who makes his works so great. She edits everything and brings purity, dignity, and sweetness to his writings. In 'Joan of Arc' I see Mrs. Clemens as much as 'Mark Twain.'

"Friday, August 23d, Victoria.

"'Mark' and I were out all day getting books, cigars, and

tobacco. He bought three thousand Manilla cheroots, thinking that with four pounds of Durham smoking tobacco he could make the three thousand cheroots last four weeks. If perpetual smoking ever kills a man, I don't see how 'Mark Twain' can expect to escape. He and Mrs. Clemens, an old friend of 'Mark's' and his wife, now living near here, went

THE LAST SNAPSHOT BEFORE THE "WARRIMOO" SAILED

for a drive, and were out most of the day. This is remarkable for him. I never knew him to do such a thing before.

"The *Warrimoo* arrived about one o'clock. We all went on board and lunched together for the last time. Mrs. Clemens is disappointed in the ship. The whole thing looks discouraging, and our hearts are almost broken with sympathy for her. She tells me she is going to brave it through, for she must do it. It is for her children. Our party got out on the deck of the *Warrimoo*, and Mr. W. G. Chase, a passenger, took a snapshot of our quintette. Then wife and I went

ashore, and the old ship started across the Pacific Ocean with three of our most beloved friends on board. We waved to one another as long as they kept in sight.

"Before sailing 'Mark Twain' wrote a letter to the editor of the San Francisco *Examiner*, from which I quote:

"'Now that I reflect, perhaps it is a little immodest in me to talk about my paying my debts, when by my own confession I am blandly getting ready to unload them on the whole English-speaking world. I didn't think of that—well, no matter, so long as they are paid.

"'Lecturing is gymnastics, chest-expander, medicine, mind healer, blues destroyer, all in one. I am twice as well as I was when I started out. I have gained nine pounds in twenty-eight days, and expect to weigh six hundred before January. I haven't had a blue day in all the twenty-eight. My wife and daughter are accumulating health and strength and flesh nearly as fast as I am. When we reach home two years hence, we think we can exhibit as freaks. "'MARK TWAIN.

"'Vancouver, B.C., August 15, 1895."

On September 17, 1897, he wrote me from Weggis, Lake Lucerne:

"I feel quite sure that in Cape Town, thirteen months ago, I stood on a platform for the last time. Nothing but the Webster debts could persuade me to lecture again, and I have ceased to worry about those. You remember in the Sam Moffett interview in Vancouver, in 1895, I gave myself four years in which to make money enough to pay those debts—and that included two lecture seasons in America, one in England, and one around the world. But we are well satisfied now that we shall have those debts paid off a year earlier than the prophecy, if I continue able to work as I have been working in London and here, *and without any further help from the platform.* And so it is, as I said a moment ago, I am a cheerful man these days."

In another letter he said: "I managed to pull through that long lecture campaign, but I was never very well, from the

first night in Cleveland to the last one in Cape Town, and I found it pretty hard work on that account. I did a good deal of talking when I ought to have been in bed. At present I am not strong enough for platform work, and am not going to allow myself to think of London, or any other platform, for a long time to come. It grieves me, for I could make a satisfactory season in London and America now that I am practised in my trade again."

On April 4, 1899, he wrote me from Vienna: "No; I don't like lecturing. I lectured in Vienna two or three weeks ago, and in Budapest last week, but it was merely for fun, not for money. I charged nothing in Vienna, and only the family's expenses in Budapest. I like to talk for nothing, about twice a year; but talking for money is *work*, and that takes the pleasure out of it. I do not believe you could offer me terms that would dissolve my prejudice against the platform. I do not expect to see a platform again until the wolf commands. Honest people do not go robbing the public on the platform, except when they are in debt. (Disseminate this idea; it can do good)."

In the autumn of 1895 I wanted him to give fifty lectures in England, but he thought it would not be worth his while. His book was the next thing to be thought of and planned for. Four years later, while he was in Sweden, I again suggested lecturing at a thousand dollars a night. "I think there's stuff in 'Following the Equator' for a lecture, but I can't come," he wrote.

As a letter writer "Mark Twain" is inimitable. He writes with the same unconventionality with which he talks, and his letters are the man.

"DEAR POND:

"O, b'gosh, I can't. I hate writing.

"Ever thine,

"'MARK'"

is characteristic. He is always humorous. Once he arranged for a donkey to be sent to the Elmira summer home for one of the children to ride. He acknowledged the receipt: "Much

obliged, Homer, for the jackass. Tell Redpath I shall not want him now." Of course the latter reference was to a business matter, but the conjunction was irresistible. In the autumn of 1899 he wrote to me: "I'm not going to barnstorm the platform any more, but I am glad you have corralled Howells. He's a most sinful man, and I always knew God would send him to the platform if he didn't behave."

In another letter he writes: "Say! Some time ago I received notice that I had been elected honorary member of the 'Society of Sons of Steerage Immigrants,' and was told that Kipling, Hop Smith, and Nelson Page are officers of it. What right have they to belong? Ask Page or Smith about it."

But it is not always fun. His business letters are clear and straightforward. He understood how to deal with his audiences and to meet requirements with the utmost honesty. But his "nerves" were readily worn out on the surface, and one of his horrors was delay in beginning and the late comers who always interrupt. He devised small programmes, printed on stiff card paper, so that they could neither be used as fans nor rustle, which is so annoying to a person on the platform. He and Cable were always friends, but the novelist never could resist the temptation to lengthen the reading of his selections, and this made a constant friction, because it necessarily curtailed the time left for "Mark," sensitive ever to the obligation he felt to the audiences.

Throughout the scores of letters in my possession there are constant and charming references to his wife and children, unpremeditated in expression, and therefore the more valuable. His hospitable spirit is also as fully exhibited. He has the keenest sense of personal honor, as well as of his own rights.

I had received a letter from the Secretary of War notifying me that by order of the President a Congressional medal of honor had been presented to me for "most distinguished gallantry in action"—gallantry thirty-seven years ago. I was so proud that I wrote Mark about it. He wrote me from Austria, June 17, 1898, in reply:

"Keltenburgeben.

"DEAR POND: My, it's a long jump from the time you played solitaire with your cannon! Yes, I should think you would want to go soldiering again. Old as I am, I want to go to the war myself. And I should do it, too, if it were not for the danger.

"To-day we ought to get great news from Cuba. I am watching for the Vienna evening papers. This is a good war with a dignified cause to fight for. A thing not to be said of the average war."

"Mark Twain" eats only when he is hungry. I have known him to go days without eating a particle of food; at the same time he would be smoking constantly when he was not sleeping. He insisted that the stomach would call when in need, and it did. I have known him to sit for hours in a smoking car on a cold day, smoking his pipe and reading his German book with the window wide open. I said once: "Mark, do you know it's a cold day and you are exposing yourself before that open window, and you are booked to lecture to-night?"

"I do—know—all—about it. I am letting some of God's fresh air into my lungs for that purpose. My stomach is all right, and under these conditions I am not afraid of taking cold."

"But," said I, "the car is cold, and you are making the passengers uncomfortable by insisting on that window being wide open."

"They deserve to be uncomfortable for not knowing how to live and take care of themselves." He closed the window, however.

"Mark" seldom had a cold, and with the exception of carbuncles was never ill.

"Pudd'n Head Wilson" was first acted by Frank Mayo, of whom "Mark's" appreciation was very sincere. While seeing the play for the first time, at the Herald Square Theatre, the audience discovered "Mark" in a box, and vociferously called: "Mark Twain! Mark Twain!" He rose up and said:

"I am sure I could say many complimentary things about this play which Mr. Mayo has written and about his portrayal of the chief character in it, and keep well within the bounds both of fact and of good taste; but I will limit myself to two or three. I do not know how to utter any higher praise than this: that when Mayo's 'Pudd'n Head' walks this stage here, clothed in the charm of his gentle charities of speech, and acts the sweet simplicities and sincerities of his gracious nature, the thought in my mind is: 'Why, bless your heart, you couldn't be any dearer or lovelier or sweeter than you are without turning into that man whom all men love, and even Satan is fond of—Joe Jefferson.'"

In May, 1895, he wrote to me from Paris: "Frank Mayo has done a great thing for both of us; for he has proved himself a gifted dramatist as well as a gifted orator, and has enabled me to add another new character to American drama. I hope he will have grand success."

The serious side of "Mark Twain" is shown in the following letter to a woman whose sister wished to go upon the lecture platform; this letter went the rounds of the press years ago, but it should be kept alive. I reproduce it, as it points a moral:

"I have seen it tried many and many a time. I have seen a lady lecturer urged upon the public in a lavishly complimentary document signed by Longfellow, Whittier, Holmes, and some others of supreme celebrity, but—there was nothing in her, and she failed. If there had been any great merit in her, she never would have needed those men's help; and (at her rather mature age) would never have consented to ask it.

"There is an unwritten law about human successes, and your sister must bow to that law. She must submit to its requirements. In brief, this law is:

"1. No occupation without an apprenticeship.

"2. No pay to the apprentice.

"This law stands right in the way of the subaltern who wants to be a general before he has smelt powder; and it stands (and should stand) in everybody's way who applies

for pay and position before he has served his apprenticeship and proved himself.

"Your sister's course is perfectly plain. Let her enclose this letter to Major J. B. Pond, Everett House, New York, and offer to lecture a year for $10 a week and her expenses, the contract to be annullable by him at any time after a month's notice, but not annullable by her at all; the second year, he to have her services, if he wants them, at a trifle under the best price offered by anybody else.

"She can learn her trade in those two years, and then be entitled to remuneration; but she cannot learn it in any less time than that, unless she is a human miracle.

"Try it, and do not be afraid. It is the fair and right thing. If she wins, she will win squarely and righteously, and never have to blush."

No man has ever written whose humor has so many sides, or such breadth and reach. His passages provoke the joyous laughter of young and old, of learned and unlearned, and may be read the hundredth time without losing, but rather multiplying, in power. Sentences and phrases that seem at first made only for the heartiest laughter, yield at closer view a sanity and wisdom that are good for the soul. He is also a wonderful story-teller. Thousands of people can bear testimony that the very humor which has made him known all over the world is oftentimes swept along like the débris of a freshet by the current of his fascinating narrative. His later works, like "The Yankee at King Arthur's Court" and "Joan of Arc," show that he has studied and apprehends also the great problems of modern life as well as those of history. Mark is personally as human as his humor; as tender and sensitive to the aspirations of the mind as in his daily living.

Business relations and travelling bring out the nature of a man. After my close relations with "Mark Twain" for sixteen years, I can say that he is not only what the world knows him to be, a humorist, a philosopher, and a genius, but a sympathetic, honest, brave gentleman.

MARK TWAIN and GEORGE W. CABLE travelled together one season. Twain and Cable, a colossal attraction, a happy combination! Mark owned the show, and paid Mr. Cable $600 a week and his travelling and hotel expenses. The manager took a percentage of the gross receipts for his services, and was to be sole manager. If he consulted the proprietor at all during the term of the agreement, said agreement became null and void.

These "twins of genius," as I advertised them, were delightful company. Both were Southerners, born on the shores of the Mississippi River, and both sang well. Each was familiar with all the plantation songs and Mississippi River chanties of the negro, and they would often get to singing these together when by themselves, or with their manager for sole audience.

So delightful were these occasions, and so fond were they of embracing every private opportunity of "letting themselves out," that I often instructed our carriage driver to take a long route between hotels and trains that I might have a concert which the public was never permitted to hear.

Mr. Cable's singing of Creole songs was very charming and novel. They were so sweet, and he sang so beautifully, that everybody was charmed, it was all so simple, and quaint, and dignified.

"MARK TWAIN," "NASBY," AND "JOSH BILLINGS" happened to drop in at the Redpath Bureau in Boston at about the same time, one morning in 1873, after their return from lectures in nearby towns.

This conjunction of stars seemed hardly remarkable at that time, for in the palmy days of the lyceum in New England the parlor of the Redpath Bureau was a sort of club-room for men and women of letters, where they were accustomed to rendezvous in the morning after returning from some suburban lecturing engagement. I there met for the first time Wendell Phillips and William Lloyd Garrison, being introduced to them by Mr. James Redpath. I have heard Beecher, Phillips, and Garrison in many a delightful discussion of old times in these rooms. It was no uncommon occurrence for Anna Dickinson, Mrs. Livermore, Julia Ward Howe, and Miss Anthony to meet one another there.

But the morning that the three greatest humorists of the time met there, as they were talking, it occurred to me it would be an interesting souvenir to have a group photograph of them. So I said to them, "Gentlemen, if you will come down to Warren's and sit for a photograph, I will pay for it." My

invitation seemed to have no effect until Mr. Redpath interceded. He was manager and owner of the bureau at the time, and on his invitation we all went to Warren's, and they sat for the picture, which is here reproduced.

This picture has often been referred to as being in collections belonging to other friends of the distinguished humorists, but I hardly think any of them ever knew how it came to be taken.

There was a very large picture taken of the group at the same time, which was the private property of James Redpath and sold with his collection. I never knew where it went. I wish I could find it, for it was a fine photograph, and I should like to own it.

"MAX O'RELL" (Paul Blouet), that witty Frenchman, is the only professional humorist that I ever imported, and is one of the humorous lecturers who always score a "platform success."

He has made three successful lecture tours in America. From Nova Scotia to New Orleans and from the Atlantic to the Pacific he has appeared in all the large cities, and the immense audiences that have welcomed him everywhere attest his success.

His fun is contagious. Socially he is one of the most entertaining of men, with a good story apropos of nearly everything. He tells in his own most humorous way one instance of the Chicago reporter's impudence and enterprise. One night he had been in bed in the Grand Pacific Hotel perhaps an hour or so when there came a very decided rapping at his chamber door.

"Who's there?" called Max O'Rell.

"A reporter," came the answer.

"Well, I can't see you now. I'm in bed."

The Frenchman heard his door being pushed open, and the chair which he had placed against it tumbled over. Some one advanced into the room, struck a match, and proceeded to light the gas.

"Well, well! What'll you have, sir, what'll you have?" cried Max O'Rell, indignant at this cool intruder.

The reporter tossed the match into the fireplace, and throwing himself into a chair, said:

"What'll I have? Oh, I'll have a whiskey cocktail."

He wrote a book entitled "America as Seen through French Spectacles." If he had not written that book he would have been still more popular with the lyceum. He made a trip through Australia and wrote another book which the Australians didn't like. Had he possessed Mark Twain's sagacity, sincerity, and love of his fellow-man, and had he seen things from their favorable point of view instead of from their objectionable side, he might certainly get as much fun out of it and his popularity would have continued. He left a riley wake clear around the world, whereas the American humorist made friends of all who met or heard or read him. I am very fond of Max O'Rell. At the same time, it is impossible to enjoy all his eccentricities. But I made allowance for all of his peculiarities, and my heart went out in sympathy for him when he was obliged to cut short his last tour and return to London because of ill health.

He is the heroic mirth provoker of his time—unlike any other humorous lecturer. His audiences are kept in convulsions of laughter from beginning to end. Occasionally one thinks he has found a let-up and that he is going to have a rest, when all of a sudden he is struck in another funny spot, and things go on that way until he has finished. I never could understand why he should not be one of the greatest natural platform attractions in the world, for I have never known a man to give an audience more delight.

In his "Brother Jonathan and His Continent" he says: "Major Pond was the only man I met in America who was not a colonel."

NYE AND RILEY

BILL NYE was an editor when I first met him, and as I had been a printer, of course I felt akin to him. I had formed an attachment for him that made me wish to know him, so when I found myself in Laramie, on a return trip from California, I improved the opportunity to make his acquaintance. The trains from East and West across the continent met at Laramie, and made a stop of one hour, and Laramie was a lively city during that time.

I used my dinner hour to call on William. I asked a man to direct me to Bill Nye's office, and he replied, "Just over that livery stable," pointing across the way. I started across the street. Just over the road doorway of the stable hung a sign painted in black letters on a plain board:

"LARAMIE BOOMERANG
Walk Down the Alley
Twist the Gray Mule's Tail
Take the Elevator Immediately."

I went into the sanctum and found Nye writing at a plain table at the far side of the room, quite unaware of my presence. From photographs and descriptions I knew him by his back, and at once exclaimed:

"Hello, Bill!"

Nye rose from his seat and replied smilingly: "Hello, Jim! I guess this is Jim Pond. How are you, Major?"

I told him people were reading and talking of him all over the country, and that I believed he could make money lecturing. He replied that he had never given the matter a thought, and was trying to earn a living with his pen and through the Laramie postmastership, to which he had just been appointed.

From that time on Bill Nye and I were close friends. When he came East to live, and purchased his Staten Island home, our wives and children became friends also, and we knew and loved one another, and that love never lost any of its ardor.

I did not see Nye again until about 1886. I was looking out of my office window in the Everett House in New York, and noticed a tall, straight, slim, fair-haired man, in a slouch hat, whose countenance wore an expression of inquiry, and who seemed to be trying to find the entrance to my place. We recognized "ourselves," and I beckoned to him, and told him to come around to the front door and have a bell-boy show him to my rooms. I added that there was no sign, or mule's tail to twist, or elevator to take.

Bill came in and stared about at the pictures of great men and women on the walls as if he were a fresh, unsophisticated country boy—and so he was so far as experience was concerned. He told me that he had been engaged on the staff of the New York *World* and was going to move to New York. The hardest part was to accustom himself to the politics of *The World*, but he said he supposed he could become used to that as soon as he became acclimated.

After a pleasant chat we dined together at Moretti's. Nye asked if he would be expected to learn to eat macaroni like some of our Bohemian neighbors. This was his first Italian dinner; it was all of great interest to him, all new, and he saw it from the standpoint of an inexperienced youth.

I told him that now he was coming East to live I would make some money for him in the lyceum. He seemed doubtful, but said he would try it.

His first lecture under my auspices was given in Bridgeport, Conn. A certain organization (the Y. M. C. A.) in that place seemed to think the name of Bill Nye would draw, and engaged to pay him $150; so Bill was fitted out with his contract, and went to Bridgeport. The committee met him, and were very polite.

The contract read: "In consideration for said lecture the party of the first part agrees to pay to the party of the second part (Mr. Nye) $150 in currency on the evening of the lecture, before eight o'clock."

Mr. Nye was on hand before the appointed time. A little after eight o'clock the president of the organization said:

"Mr. Nye, we are ready. Will you please follow me to the stage?"

Nothing was said about payment.

Mr. Nye said he was ready, but that he must return to New York as soon as the lecture was over, and added that he hoped he would not be detained. The president made no response, but walked on, followed by Bill. The Opera House was crowded, and the president remarked to the speaker of the evening that it was the largest house they remembered having on an opening night.

At the close of the lecture no one came to Mr. Nye to offer payment, and he was obliged to hint to the president that there was a little matter of business that had been forgotten.

"Oh, yes," returned the president; "come with me to the box-office."

"It's twenty minutes to ten," said Nye, "and I must catch the ten o'clock train."

When they reached the box-office, the treasurer, who was counting the receipts of the evening, said:

"Mr. Nye, shall we settle with you or with Major Pond?"

"I have a copy of the contract, the same that you are holding in your hand, which reads 'Settlement to be made in currency with party of the second part before eight o'clock.'"

"Oh, how much is it?"

"One hundred and fifty dollars in currency," said Nye.

"One hundred and fifty dollars! Why, who ever heard of so much money for only an hour's talk?"

"Did you lose any money on the venture?" asked William.

"Oh, no. The house was full; but we don't think you ought to exact such an exorbitant sum for an hour's talk"

"Gentlemen, I must catch that train in ten minutes Will you kindly settle with me?"

"You will take our check, won't you, Mr Nye?" asked the treasurer

"Yes, if the contract says so How does it read?" asked Mr Nye, with impatience

"It does read currency You won't take less than $150?"

Mr. Nye said nothing, and the treasurer counted out the money, for which Nye signed a receipt. Then he said:

"Gentlemen, I suppose you delayed this payment and decoyed me in here for the purpose of making me angry, thinking that when you gave me this money I would fling it back in your faces in a mad fit. You are mistaken. I'm a good-tempered man."

Mr. Nye, like every one human who attempts to make a whole evening of fun, found lecturing irksome. The audience would fairly bubble over with laughter until every fun-liking muscle of their faces relaxed and left one sombre, wet-blanket expression all over the assembly; and there they had to sit, and the humorist had to proceed to the end of the programme without a response. It was the same with Mark Twain until he took a running mate and interspersed pathos by introducing George W. Cable, and by means of a varied programme achieved the greatest success ever known in the way of a platform entertainment.

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY'S recitals of his own pathetic and humorous dialect poems have touched the tender chords in the hearts of the people, and they have vibrated in sympathy with the joys of his creations. His name is one of the best-loved household words in our cultivated American homes. A popular poet is not always a popular reader of his own poems, but Mr. Riley is fully as effective with his voice as with his pen. He is our American Burns.

After he had acquired fame as a very successful reader of his poems, Mr. Nye thought that by combining with him they might be as successful as some others. So Riley was approached, and the result was a combination of humor and pathos for the season of 1888–9. Riley came to New York, and the arrangements were perfected in my office. Nye and I were to be owners of the combination, and Riley, who always declared, "I'm no business man," was to receive $500 a week and his hotel and travelling expenses.

Advertising methods were next discussed. Something unique must be thought out. I suggested a short biographical sketch of each one. Mr. Riley said, "Bill, you write my autobiography, and I'll write yours." This was agreed upon, and the manuscript was put into my hands the next day.

Finally, the programme had to be decided upon, and in another twenty-four hours that was mapped out. After it was finished and ready to send out I had the first copy framed, with a nice mat around it. When the mat was brought in, Riley asked me to let him see it. He took a pen, and in about an hour had decorated it with pen drawings worthy of an artist. It still hangs in my office.

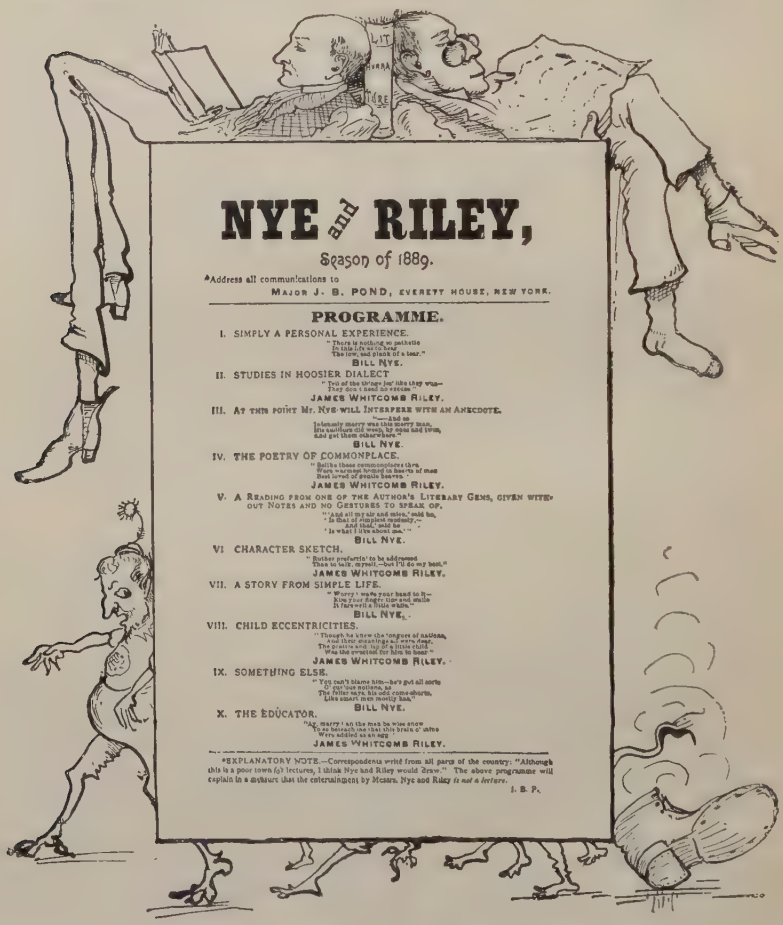
THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF BILL NYE

Written by Himself

Through James Whitcomb Riley

Edgar Wilson Nye was born in Maine, in 1850, August 25th, but at two years of age he took his parents by the hand, and,

telling them that Piscataquis County was no place for them, he boldly struck out for St. Croix County, Wis., where the


NYE and RILEY,
Season of 1889.
*Address all communications to
MAJOR J. B. POND, EVERETT HOUSE, NEW YORK.
PROGRAMME.
I. SIMPLY A PERSONAL EXPERIENCE.
"There is nothing so pathetic
In this life as to hear
The low, sad plaint of a tear."
BILL NYE.
II. STUDIES IN HOOSIER DIALECT
"Twi of the things jes' like they was—
They don t need no excuse."
JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.
III. AT THIS POINT MR. NYE WILL INTERPERSE WITH AN ANECDOTE.
"——And so
Infamously marry was this merry man,
His sacrificate old wench, he soon had three,
And get them other'wheres."
BILL NYE.
IV. THE POETRY OF COMMONPLACE.
"Built to those commonplaces there
Where warbled birds hear'n of man
Hearing, and hear him too."
JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.
V. A READING FROM ONE OF THE AUTHOR'S LITERARY GEMS, GIVEN WITHOUT NOTES AND NO GESTURES TO SPEAK OF.
"And all my air and mien,' said he,
'Is that of simplest modesty.—
Now, is that right, Riley?
'Is what I 'ive about me.'"
BILL NYE.
VI. CHARACTER SKETCH.
"Rather preferrin' to be addressed
Than to talk, myself.—but I'll do my best."
JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.
VII. A STORY FROM SIMPLE LIFE.
"Worry! wash your head in it—
Kiss your finger, tip and smile
It 'ave well a little while."
BILL NYE.
VIII. CHILD ECCENTRICITIES.
"Though he knew the tongues of nations,
And their meanings all were clear,
The prattle and lisp of a little child
Was the greatest for him to hear."
JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.
IX. SOMETHING ELSE.
"You can't blame him—he's got all sorts
Of queer ideas a-runnin' in
The fellow, his odd come-shorts,
Like smart men mostly has."
BILL NYE.
X. THE EDUCATOR.
"Ay, marry! an the man be wise enow
To go beneath, me that this brain o' mine
Were added to an ox!"
JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.
*EXPLANATORY NOTE.—Correspondents write from all parts of the country: "Although this is a poor town for lectures, I think Nye and Riley would draw." The above programme will explain in a measure that the entertainment by Messrs. Nye and Riley *is not a lecture*.
J. B. P.

THE NYE-RILEY PROGRAM, WITH MR. RILEY'S DECORATIONS

hardy young pioneer soon made a home for his parents. The first year he drove the Indians out of the St. Croix Valley, and suggested to the Northwestern Railroad that it would be a good idea to build to St. Paul as soon as the company could

get a grant which would pay them two or three times the cost of construction. The following year he adopted trousers, and made $175 from the sale of wolf scalps. He also cleared twenty-seven acres of land, and raised some watermelons. In 1854 he established and endowed a district school in Pleasant Valley. It was at this time that he began to turn his attention to the abolition of slavery in the South, and to write articles for the press, signed Veritas, in which he advocated the war in 1860, or as soon as the Government could get around to it.

In 1865 he graduated from the farm and began the study of the law. He did not advance very rapidly in this profession, failing several times in his examination, and giving bonds for his appearance at the next term of court. He was, however, a close student of political economy, and studied personal economy at the same time, till he found that he could easily live on ten cents a day and his relatives.

Mr. Nye then began to look about him for a new country to build up and foster, and, as Wisconsin had grown to be so thickly settled in the northwestern part of the State that neighbors were frequently found less than five miles apart, he broke loose from all restraint and took emigrant rates for Cheyenne, Wyo. Here he engaged board at the Inter-Ocean Hotel, and began to look about him for a position in a bank. Not succeeding in this, he tried the law and journalism. He did not succeed in getting a job for some time, but finally was hired as associate editor and janitor of the Laramie *Sentinel*. The salary was small, but Mr Nye's latitude great, and he was permitted to write anything that he thought would please the people, whether it was news or not.

By and by he had won every heart by his gentle, patient poverty and his delightful parsimony in regard to facts. With a hectic imagination and an order on a restaurant which advertised in the paper he scarcely cared through the livelong day whether school kept or not.

Thus he rose to Justice of the Peace, and finally to an income reported very large to everybody but the assessor.

He is the father of several very beautiful children by his first wife, who is still living. She is a Chicago girl, and loves her husband far more than he deserves. He is pleasant to the outside world, but a perfect brute in his home He early learned that, in order to win the love of his wife, he should be erratic, and kick the stove over on the children when he came home. He therefore asserts himself in this way, and the family love and respect him, being awed by his greatness and gentle barbarism.

He eats plain food with both hands, conversing all the time pleasantly with any one who may be visiting at the house. If his children do not behave, he kicks them from beneath the table till they roar with pain, as he chats on with the guests with a bright and everflowing stream of *bons mots* which please and delight those who visit him to such a degree that they forget that they have had hardly anything to eat.

In conclusion, Mr. Nye is in every respect a lovely character. He feared that injustice might be done him, however, in this sketch, and so he has written it himself.

It is scarcely necessary to say that before these "autobiographies" were written the humorists exchanged life stories and personal data; and in writing the sketches they adhered to the essential facts with reasonable fidelity. The idea proved a happy thought, and there was much comment upon it at the time. Of the two biographies, the one by Mr. Nye was conceded to have the keener edge.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

Written by Himself

Through Edgar Wilson Nye

The unhappy subject of this sketch was born so long ago that he persists in never referring to the date. Citizens of his native town of Greenfield, Ind., while warmly welcoming his advent, were no less anxious some few years ago to "speed the parting guest" It seems, in fact, that, the better they

came to know him, the more resigned they were to give him up. He was ill-starred from the very cradle, it appears. One day, while but a toddler, he climbed, unseen, to an open window where some potted flowers were ranged, and while leaning from his high chair far out, to catch some dainty, gilded butterfly, perchance, he lost his footing, and, with a piercing shriek, fell headlong to the gravelled walk below; and when, an instant later, the affrighted parents picked him up, he was—a poet.

The father of young Riley was a lawyer of large practice, who used, in moments of deep thought, to regard this boy as the worst case he ever had. This may have been the reason that, in time, he insisted on his reading law, which the boy really tried to do; but, finding that political economy and Blackstone didn't rhyme, he slid out of the office one hot, sultry afternoon, and ran away with a patent medicine and concert wagon, from the tail end of which he was discovered by some relatives in the next town, violently abusing a brass drum. This was a proud moment for the boy; nor did his peculiar presence of mind entirely desert him till all the country fairs were over for the season. Then, afar off, among strangers in a strange State, he thought it would be fine to make a flying visit home. But he couldn't fly. Fortunately, in former years he had purloined some knowledge of a trade. He could paint a sign, or a house, or a tin roof—if some one else would furnish him the paint—and one of Riley's hand-painted picket fences gave rapture to the most exacting eye. Yet, through all his stress and trial, he preserved a simple, joyous nature, together with an everwidening love of men and things in general. He made friends, and money, too—enough, at last, to gratify the highest ambition of his life, namely, to own an overcoat with fur around the tail of it. He then groped his way back home, and worked for nothing on a little country paper that did not long survive the blow. Again excusing himself, he took his sappy paragraphs and poetry to another paper and another town, and there did better till he spoiled it all by devising a Poe poem fraud, by which he lost

his job; and, in disgrace and humiliation shoe-mouth deep, his feelings gave way beneath his feet, and his heart broke with a loud report. So the true poet was born.

Of the poet's present personality we need speak but briefly. His dress is at once elegant and paid for. It is even less picturesque than all-wool. Not liking hair particularly, he wears but little, and that of the mildest shade. He is a good speaker—when spoken to—but a much better listener, and often longs to change places with his audience so that he also may retire. In his writings he probably shows at his best. He always tries to, anyway. Knowing the manifold *faux pas* and "breaks" in this life of ours, his songs are sympathetic and sincere. Speaking coyly of himself, one day, he said: "I write from the heart; that's one thing I like about me. I may not write a good hand, and my 'copy' may occasionally get mixed up with the market reports, but, all the same, what challenges my admiration is that humane peculiarity of mine —*i.e.*, writing from the heart—and, therefore, *to* the heart."

The Nye-Riley combination started in Newark, N. J., November 13, 1888. It was our trial venture. I was ill and unable to be present. The receipts were light, for both men were of Western fame, and had yet to acquire reputations in the East. They found some fault because I was not present, so I got out of bed and went the following evening to Orange, N. J., where we found a very small audience, so small that Nye refused to go on, and wished to end the business then and there. It was not until after much persuasion that he consented to appear. The show was a great success "artistically," but the box-office receipts were only fifty-four dollars.

It was not a pleasant day, for the manager, that followed. The Actors' Fund had an entertainment in one of the theatres, and I had contributed these "Twins of Genius" as my share of the numerous attractions. They were the success of the occasion, and the newspapers so declared the next day. From that time, applications began to come in from all over the

country, East, West, North, and South. The first week's business showed a balance on the wrong side for the owners, but the "no-business man" did not show a sign of murmuring. Nye's humorous weekly syndicate newspaper articles made him a drawing attraction, and Riley's delightful readings of his dialect poems made the entertainment all that the public desired. I ran the show myself in Boston, securing Tremont Temple for the occasion. "Mark Twain" had come to Boston on purpose to attend the entertainment, as he had never heard these "Twins of Genius." I caught him in the lobby of the Parker House, and told him that he must introduce them. He replied that he believed I was his mortal enemy and determined that he should never have an evening's enjoyment in my presence. He consented, however, and conducted his brother humorist and the Hoosier poet to the platform. Mark's presence was a surprise to the audience, and when they recognized him the demonstration was tremendous. The audience rose in a body, and men and women shouted at the very top of their voices. Handkerchiefs waved, the organist even opened every forte key and pedal in the great organ, and the noise went on unabated for minutes. It took some time for the crowd to get down to listening, but when they did subside, as Mark stepped to the front, the silence was as impressive as the noise had been, as Mark said afterward. At that supreme moment nothing was heard but—silence! I had engaged a stenographer to take down the speech, and this is what Mark said:

"I am very glad indeed to introduce these young people to you, and at the same time get acquainted with them myself. I have seen them more than once, for a moment, but have not had the privilege of knowing them personally as intimately as I wanted to. I saw them first, a great many years ago, when Mr. Barnum had them, and they were just fresh from Siam. The ligature was their best hold then, but literature became their best hold later, when one of them committed an indiscretion, and they had to cut the old bond to accommodate the sheriff. In that old former time this one was Chang, that one

was Eng. The sympathy existing between the two was most extraordinary; it was so fine, so strong, so subtle, that what the one ate the other digested, when one slept the other snored, if one sold a thing the other scooped the usufruct. This independent and yet dependent action was observable in all the details of their daily life—I mean this quaint and arbitrary distribution of originating cause and resulting effect between the two: between, I may say, this dynamo and this motor. Not that I mean that the one was always dynamo and the other always motor—or, in other words, that the one was always the creating force, the other always the utilizing force; no, no, for while it is true that within certain well-defined zones of activity the one *was* always dynamo and the other always motor, within certain other well-defined zones these positions became exactly reversed. For instance, in moral matters Mr. Chang Riley was always dynamo, Mr. Eng Nye was always motor; for while Mr. Chang Riley had a high, in fact an abnormally high and fine, moral sense, he had no machinery to work it within; whereas Mr. Eng Nye, who hadn't any moral sense at all, and hasn't yet, was equipped with all the necessary *plant* for putting a noble deed through, if he could only get the inspiration on reasonable terms outside. In intellectual matters, on the other hand, Mr. Eng Nye was always dynamo, Mr. Chang Riley was always motor: Mr. Eng Nye had a stately intellect, but couldn't make it go; Mr. Chang Riley hadn't, but could. That is to say, that while Mr. Chang Riley couldn't think things himself, he had a marvellous natural grace in setting them down and weaving them together when his pal furnished the raw material. Thus, working together, they made a strong team; laboring together, they could do miracles; but break the circuit, and both were impotent. It has remained so to this day; they must travel together, conspire together, beguile together, hoe, and plant, and plough, and reap, and sell their public together, or there's no result. I have made this explanation, this analysis, this vivisection, so to speak, in order that you may enjoy these delightful adventurers understandingly. When

Mr. Eug Nye's deep, and broad, and limpid philosophies flow by in front of you, refreshing all the regions round about with their gracious floods, you will remember that it isn't his water; it's the other man's, and he is only working the pump. And when Mr. Chang Riley enchants your ear, and soothes your spirit, and touches your heart with the sweet and genuine music of his poetry—as sweet and as genuine as any that his friends, the birds and the bees, make about his other friends, the woods and the flowers—you will remember, while placing justice where justice is due, that it isn't his music, but the other man's—he is only turning the crank.

"I beseech for these visitors a fair field, a single-minded, one-eyed umpire, and a score bulletin barren of goose-eggs if they earn it—and I judge they will and hope they will. Mr. James Whitcomb Chang Riley will now go to the bat."

It was a carnival of fun in every sense of the word. Bostonians will not have another such treat in this generation. It was Mark's last appearance in Boston.

After the performance, the three invincibles went to the Press Club, where a shower of jokes, stories unpublished (and that never will be published), poems, and epigrams was poured into the Boston writers until all were full. The event is still fresh in the memory of all who have survived it. They appeared in all the large cities before great audiences, and the season was financially successful up to the middle of April.

For some weeks Mr. Riley had not been a well man, and it finally became necessary to cancel a long list of bookings. The stars returned to their homes, and settlements with disappointed committees and local managers absorbed all the profits. Pacific Coast correspondents still clamored for Nye, even if Riley were not available; so it was arranged to give Mr. Nye a musical support instead of a poet, and resume the unfinished tour. Nye was well received everywhere, and wrote back cheerful accounts of the Bill Nye troupe from "ocean to ocean." But it had been the Nye-Riley combination that the people wanted and expected, and in every city where they had appeared together the season before they were

wanted again. So we tried it once more, and in the season 1889–90 did a tremendous business in Washington and in the South. The combination was a more profitable attraction than any opera or theatrical company.

This tour ended my business relations with Bill Nye, but it did not end our love each other.

James Whitcomb Riley and Nye were a peculiar pair. They were everlastingly playing practical jokes.

I remember when we were riding together, in the smoking compartment, between Columbus and Cincinnati. Mr. Nye was a great smoker and Mr. Riley did not dislike tobacco. An old farmer came over to Mr. Nye and said:

"Are you Mr. Riley? I heard you was on the train."

"No, I am not Mr. Riley. He is over there."

"I knew his father, and I would like to speak with him."

"Oh, speak with him, yes. But he is deaf, and you want to speak loud."

So the farmer went over to him and said in a loud voice:

"Is this Mr. Riley?"

"Er, what?"

"Is this Mr. Riley?"

"What did you say?"

"Is this Mr. Riley?"

"Riley, oh! yes."

"I knew your father."

"No bother."

"I knew your father."

"What?"

"I knew your father!"

"Oh, so did I."

And in a few moments the farmer heard Nye and Riley talking in ordinary tones of voice. Imagine his chagrin!

In an article published in the Sunday newspapers, Nye paid his gentle respects to James Whitcomb Riley as his "old comrade and partner in the show business." Remarking that some admirer gave Riley "the place left vacant by Doctor Holmes," he suggested that "we must pause to think how different the

two men were." While the Hoosier poet could "compare with Holmes in the size of audiences, the doctor's humor was of a more strictly Massachusetts character. He would be content with a pun or conundrum, while Riley enjoyed *practical* humor." He proceeded to give an example by narrating how, upon one occasion, the manager warned the hotel man that nothing "but clean shirts and farinaceous food" was to be sent up to "No. 182." The poet, with "his keen sense of humor," as Nye termed it, found that the room communicated with No. 180, and that the man who was domiciled there had gone out for the evening. He stepped in and "at odd times used the bell of No. 180 with great skill, thereby irritating his manager so much that he returned to New York on the following day. Holmes," continued Nye, "had none of this dry, crisp humor, but cared more for a subtle and delicate play upon words than for a play upon a lecture manager or a hotel proprietor."

The letters which follow bring to me laughter, with the memory, also, of suffering which echoes behind the mirth. Nye caught the motes as they danced in the sunlight and held them up before us for common amusement. Their antics made him laugh, and he wished others to laugh also; but he kept the sunshine. Within its rays might be seen the dust and the rain; but the glow was always there. No human mote was ever hurt by impalement on his pen. Always humorous, he never failed in human kindliness. He made men laugh out of sheer sense of fun, never by a single shaft of malice. His "heart-easing mirth" was wrung quite often from personal suffering. Writing each week for a public that broadened with the enjoyment he gave, there was but little room for permanence in Nye's works, though his books still continue to sell. He always gave a great deal of credit to Mrs. Nye for the successful management of his business affairs. Some investments caused reverses, but the result was perhaps unavoidable under general business conditions at the time. Mrs. Nye was once taken in by a real estate operator who secured confidence by assuming a religious character.

Nye never ceased to joke about it. The lots were found to be under water, and the humorist suggested the use of a diving bell in locating them.

In one of the earliest of Nye's letters he wrote: "I feel so kinky this spring that I believe that I am warranted in authorizing you to make a limited number of dates not too far from New York for my new illustrated lecture on the New South, and other things. I will accompany the lecture with my voice, and you can say with safety that it will be gently facetious and mildly instructive.—Bill Nye."

From St. Joseph, Mo., when nearing the close of a severe but successful tour, Nye wrote that Western managers all wished to arrange business for him. "But," he added, "I am quite doubtful whether I will make a show of myself any more. It may be gratifying to some, and surely if it be pleasant to be fêted, and fed, and wined, and dined, and fined, from one end of the country to the other, I ought to be happy. But I do not pant for that kind of joy."

He closed as usual with merry quip and kindly humor, by requesting that his kindest regards and deepest sympathies be given to Miss Glass (my secretary). "What a noble, self-sacrificing girl she is! to sit there day after day surrounded by such unpleasant associations, and printing stuff that ought to go into the waste-basket, yet never murmuring nor repining."

From Iowa City, early in the following year, he wrote:

"I wish a good many times that I had you along to jump on various people with your ponderous weight and make them tired. More especially the fresh young man and the autograph fiend. The other night at Mankato we had the house stuffed full and the stage crowded with people. Then I had to hold an autograph recital after the show. It was a great success. Here I am slowly freezing to death as I write these lines. I am in room No. $6\frac{5}{8}$. The stove is a boy's size holding a pint of soft coal. The bed has no sheets or pillow slips, but the chambermaid who comes in every spring—into the room, I mean—says they expect some sheets some time

to-day, and tells me that no expense will be spared to make the hotel a success.

"It is a great pleasure to get your letters when I land at a lonesome hotel which smells like the Dead Past and—cabbage"

In a letter written from *The World* office to me, in California, in June, 1888, Mr. Nye says that "it is funny that a little cuss like you should make such a cavity in New York when away from it." Telling of his remarkable success on *The World* and the increased payment given for the funny weekly paper he furnished, he added that "J. Pulitzer pressed me to go to Europe on Saturday with him, and said we would practically own the steamer, which is true, as he draws $2,000 a day from *The World* and is really out of the reach of want, but I was afraid he would not like me as a travelling companion, and so remained at home. . . . More money here just now. . . . Saturday, the Authors' Club and self go up to Cornwall-on-the-Hudson, to 'Miss' E. P. Roe, who writes pieces for the papers."

In a letter from Staten Island, where he was residing, he rather plaintively tells how the house was struck by lightning. From Minneapolis he merrily tells of umpiring a base-ball match.

Under date of September 28, 1888, he writes a letter headed "In Hospital," closing thus: "Yours with a heart full of gratitude and a system full of drugs, paints, oil, turpentine, glass, putty, and everything usually kept in a first-class drug store

"Bill Nye

"P.S.—Open all night."

From Buffalo, without other date than Friday, 1889, he writes: "Considering the fact that I have written to you so seldom, you have been real kind to write right on. 'God bless you,' as the feller says, 'for your kind but wabbly heart.' We are at the Iroquois, because it is 'absolutely fireproof.' We noticed that in Lynn and Boston the absolutely fireproof buildings were a little hotter while burning, and so we have chosen one for winter use whenever we could."

One of his letters was written at a railroad junction in Minnesota where he was waiting for the next through train to La Crosse, and had "only twenty-three and one-half hours to wait." The railroads were then running in the interest of the "Hotel and Eating-House," and made it a rule to avoid connections as much as possible.

"My Dear Pond:

"I am writing this at an imitation hotel where the roads fork. I will call it the Fifth Avenue Hotel, because the hotel at a railroad junction is generally called the Fifth Avenue, or the Gem City House, or the Palace Hotel. Just as the fond parent of a white-eyed, two-legged freak of Nature loves to name his mentally diluted son Napoleon, and for the same reason that a prominent horse owner in Illinois last year socked my name on a tall, buckskin-colored colt that did not resemble me, intellectually or physically—a colt that did not know enough to go around a barbed-wire fence, but sought to sift himself through it into an untimely grave—so this man has named his sway-backed wigwam the Fifth Avenue Hotel.

"It is different from your Fifth Avenue in many ways. In the first place, there is not so much travel and business in its neighborhood. As I said before, this is where two railroads fork. In fact, it is the leading industry here. The growth of the town is naturally slow, but it is a healthy growth. There is nothing in the nature of dangerous or wild-cat speculation in the advancement of this place, and while there has been no noticeable or rapid advance in the principal business here, there has been no falling off at all, and the roads are forking as much to-day as they did before the war, while the same three men who were present for the first glad moment are still here to witness the operation.

"Sometimes a train is derailed, as the papers call it, and two or three people have to remain over, as we did, all night. (Luckily this happens to be an 'open date' for our combine.) It is at such a time the Fifth Avenue Hotel is the scene of great excitement. A large codfish, with a broad and sunny smile and his bosom full of rock salt, is tied in the creek to freshen and fit himself for the responsible position of floor manager of the codfish ball. A pale chambermaid, wearing a black jersey with large pores in it through which she is gently percolating, now goes joyously up the stairs to make the little post-office lock-box rooms look ten times worse than

they ever did before. She warbles a low refrain as she nimbly knocks loose the venerable dust of centuries and sets it afloat throughout the rooms. All is bustle about the house. Especially the chambermaid. We are put up in the guest's chamber here. It has two atrophied beds made up of pains and counterpanes. The light, joyous feeling which this remark may convey is wholly assumed on my part.

"The door of our room is full of holes where locks have been wrenched off in order to let the coroner in. Last night I could imagine that I was in the act of meeting, personally, the famous people who have tried to sleep here, and who moaned through the night, and who died while waiting for the dawn.

"This afternoon we pay our bills, as is our usual custom, and tear ourselves away from the Fifth Avenue Hotel. We leave at 2:30. Hoping the roads may continue to fork just the same as though we had remained, and that this will find you enjoying yourself, I am, "Yours truly,

"EDGAR WILSON NYE."

On the back of one of his letters was a peculiarly drawn sketch of an elongated hand and an extended index finger. Below was a burlesque advertisement of a certain "Postmaster-General and dealer in gents' fine underwear," and a variety of funny articles. He adds, "This space reserved at reasonable rates," and then, as I was still in England, asks me to give his regards to Stanley, with a funny addenda in messages also to "Victoria and P. Wales."

I find a visiting-card left in my office about this period, on the back of which Mr. Nye had written: "10 P.M.—It is now too late to make more than three or four dollars at poker before quitting-time, so I will go home. BILL."

It must be said here that Nye was not a card-player, and this was only one of many references to things he never did.

A letter from Arden, N. C. (the town where he died), was dated "Sabbath Morning, Just After Prayers."

"I used to keep a scrap-book in which I glued the little printed statements about my having called and subscribed for the paper, or to the effect that I had just laid a porcelain egg on the editor's table measuring nine inches in circumference,

but the book warped and the glue in it turned sour, so that when I used to give it to my guests to read while I went upstairs to dress, I noticed that they frequently opened the window and sometimes went out for more air, strolling so far away from the house that they never got back. So I don't keep a scrap-book any more."

Referring to his new play, "The Cadi," he wrote:

"The prospects are fine. What the *Vampire Press* will say no one knows, but Robson, Jefferson, among 'em, are hopeful and tickled. Let me know if you can come to the show so I can 'avoid the rush.' "

Nye's friendships were steadfast. He wrote once, after John Cockerill retired from the New York *World*: "The paper has wired me to 'reconsider.' But I would rather stick by Cockerill under all circumstances, as he has been my staunch friend always, and now I'm his'n."

In 1892, Bill Nye was lecturing, and, as usual, quite successfully. At that time our business relations had ended, and he was under other management. He wrote to me from Chicago: "Everything is unsettled except my salary, which is paid every twenty-four hours."

Of a former experience he remarks: "I'd have done better to put in that spring cultivating colts However, it is none of my business this time. The ghost walks every night." Again during this tour he says: "I would enjoy your letters more if you would not refer to Chautauqua. I have always refused to lecture in the stockades. I've got a trunk full of their letters now asking me to speak a few words in absolute confidence to the United States in Foley's Grove, but I will not. I am saving my voice to cool my hot Scotches next winter." He adds: "We had a long visit with Riley last week. We had some old-fashioned fun, and I descended for the day to the realms of Poesy, where they chew 'star' tobacco. Poesy is indeed a strange gift."

In another letter he apologized for the smallness of the paper by saying:

"This paper belongs to Mrs Nye, and the envelope be-

longs to a man who wanted an autograph. So, you see, I am getting economical. It has a stamp."

Here is a letter which he illustrated in a humorous fashion:

"ARDEN, N. C., May 23, 1895.

"MY DEAR JUNIUS BRUTUS POND:

"There's no use talking, with all your faults I enjoy the sight of your wild, unlicensed penmanship. 'Another season of pleasure and amusement stares us in the face,' as you so truly, so succinctly, and so merrily say! Oh, it is fun to be merry all the time at so much per pop, is it not?

"Merrily yours,

"LITTLE BILLIE NYE."

"P.S.—We have just merrily passed through diphtheria, but all is serene again."

In another letter of a near-by date he wrote: "Tell Mark Twain that if he had not possessed the fatal gift of humor he might now be President of the United States, and if I could have had my way he should have been, anyway.

"Mr. Depew told me that Garfield admitted to him many years ago that he (Garfield) was naturally a humorist, but had smothered the low, coarse impulse to be amusing in order that he might forward his political ambitions. And what was the result? He went down to his grave full of laudable puns, but Mark Twain will live forever in the glad hearts of a billion people, and with all due respect to Max O'Rell, who, on rather small capital, has realized under your able management many a good American dollar, I am glad that the sage of Hartford spoke up to him.

"Foreigners who come here and buy large fur overcoats and live on lobster à la Newburg for the first time, should not go home and speak lightly of our morals, either in France or England."

A characteristic letter came to me from Buck Shoals, Arden, N. C., under date of July 4, 1894:

"DEAR JAMESIE:

"Your note of the 28th of June struck my thirsty soul like a drop of dew on the back of a somewhat feverish, warty toad,

and so now on this our country's glorious natal day I take pen in hand to acknowledge receipt of same.

"If ever a feller had his heartstrings strained to their utmost limit for eight consecutive weeks, I have.

"Mrs. Nye was for some days halting between life and death, and lost her big baby boy after all; then Bess came home from school with fever, and both she and her mother are barely out of the woods now.

"In the midst of it all our house caught fire one fine night when I had gone to bed more dead than alive, but we cut open the wall and got at it with our amateur fire brigade before the whole structure had begun to blaze.

"However, all is well now, and both the invalids will recover fully, directly. The insurance company paid up promptly, and once more I breathe a full, delicious breath of 'this justly celebrated climate.'

"I did not write anything so all-fired mirthful during those weeks, but got through somehow, having five weeks ahead on the Sunday-letter job. I'm real tickled to know that you like the history, and you will be glad to know that she has an ever-increasing sale, one book seeming to call for another, as Uncle Sydney would put it. I shall look forward with joy to your forthcoming book, for I feel no little pride in my autograph collection of Hoosier poetry.

"Poor old Burbank [at one time Mr. Nye's "running-mate"], I was about to say, but why should I say that when he is taking a grand old rest after a rather thorny trip? There never lived a more unselfish gentleman than he. He was not brilliant as an originator, perhaps, but he honestly admitted it, and used to the utmost and best all the powers that God gave him. There are mighty few comrades who can go through dark alleys and dangerous stage entrances that are kept locked against the lecturer and only open to the call of the felonious loafer who comes to shift your scenery—only a few comrades, I say, who can go through frosty towns and bitter weather cheerily, as he did—noble old man. And there's no such test on earth to try a feller's mettle, is there? I think it's a good idea to reform and abandon such a life before the hearse is actually at the door waiting for one. I am cheerily preparing to say farewell to these triumphal tours which wreck both soul and body at so much a pair. But I must close and relight my punk. Good-by, old man, and 'take keer o' yourself.' Write to me whenever you are tempted to disobey your physician, and I will promptly respond.

"Yours ever, BILL."

The personality of the professional humorist is often of a very different sort from that which those who know him only through his merry-making would naturally picture. The history of one and another shows that they have turned their bright side to the world, have laughed and joked, and have so bubbled over with humor that they seem to have no serious side—all this with a background of physical disease, or a personal sorrow, that made mental depression inevitable, and to be constantly fought against.

Bill Nye, with whom the public smiled for so many years, kept alive his quaint humor in the face of bodily disability under which men of less courage would have succumbed at once.

He had a happy spirit, a genuine humor, which can ill be spared. He said no ill-natured or malicious thing in all his writings, and, for one so quick to discover shams, this one fact speaks volumes for the sweetness of his soul.

EXPLORERS, TRAVELLERS,
AND
WAR CORRESPONDENTS

HENRY M. STANLEY

HENRY M. STANLEY was engaged by me in the summer of 1886, while travelling in England with Henry Ward Beecher. I was asked if I did not want Henry M. Stanley in America. I replied that Mr. Stanley had once made the attempt, and had been a most dismal failure. A day or two later, when I mentioned this circumstance to Mr. Beecher, he replied: "Get Stanley if you can. He is one of the greatest men we have. I have been reading 'Through the Dark Continent'; it is a great book. He is doing good work for civilization. He is clean."

I arranged then to call upon Mr. Stanley at his apartments in New Bond Street and learn what his ideas were in regard to revisiting the United States. There I saw him for the first time, and found a very quiet, unassuming little man with dark hair and penetrating light blue eyes, reticent, but very pleasant. He allowed me to do the talking.

I related what I had heard Mr. Beecher say of him, and saw at once that it pleased him. It was about one o'clock. I asked him if he had lunched; he had not, so I invited him to the Café Royal, where we lunched together.

At luncheon I tried to entertain him with conversation, telling of America and the changes that had taken place during his absence. He listened attentively, but made no response; finally, in order to get him to speak, I began to put questions to him about Africa and its people. I then discovered that I had found and touched the proper key, and he was soon relating to me wonderful accounts of his adventures. When we came to separate, I remarked that there was a great American comedian playing at the Gaiety Theatre, and asked if he would not like to see and hear him. He replied that he would be delighted, so the appointment was made, and we occupied a box at the Gaiety together that evening in company with a young English friend of mine. Mr. Stanley seemed to enjoy

the play very much, paying the closest attention until the curtain dropped.

We parted at Charing Cross, Stanley saying, "Good-night; I am indebted to you for a very enjoyable evening," and started home I don't know why, but as he turned the first corner I hurried after him. I have never told this before, and I cannot tell now why it was that I could not help following him. But he had produced a most remarkable impression upon me. I kept saying to myself: "That is Stanley! Stanley, the wonderful explorer! What a life he has had! How I should like to have shared with him his hazardous adventures! How I should like to serve such a man!"

The next morning I received the following letter from Mr. Stanley, which he must have written and mailed to me on his return from the theatre:

"My Dear Major Pond:

"I am willing to go to America and deliver fifty lectures for you, beginning November 29th next, six lectures a week, you paying me $100 a lecture and my travelling expenses from the date of the first lecture to the close of the tour, settlements to be made weekly. In case I am recalled by the King of the Belgians, I am to be allowed to return without let or hindrance. If this proposition meets your views, you may sign and return a copy of this letter, which I send in duplicate. "Yours very truly,

"Henry M. Stanley."

I at once signed a duplicate copy of the letter, and then cabled to America that I had secured Stanley for a lecture tour. I returned home in October, and found a number of letters and inquiries relating to the lectures.

When Mr. Stanley arrived in America, November 27, 1886, I had rented Chickering Hall, New York, for the first lecture of the tour. I secured Henry Ward Beecher to present Mr. Stanley, who had been interviewed fully by the reporters on his arrival. There were columns about him in all the newspapers in New York and adjoining cities.

The evening came, but tickets had gone slowly. Mr.

Beecher introduced Mr. Stanley in a brief description of his remarkable career, paying a handsome tribute to his work for usefulness to mankind, and then followed the lecture entitled "Through the Dark Continent." It was descriptive of his many adventures in Central Africa, and proved to be thrilling and interesting in the extreme.

Mr. Beecher had prophesied correctly.

At the third lecture, given in New Haven, it became evident that Mr. Stanley would be a success. Mr. Beecher had been right. The next lecture was at Hartford. I could not get a hall or opera house, so I rented Unity Church. Here in Hartford Mr. Stanley was the guest of his friend S. L. Clemens ("Mark Twain"), who presided and introduced the explorer in a characteristic address of welcome to his city and his fireside. After the lecture, returning to Mr. Clemens's home, I invited "Mark" to go to Boston with us on the following day and introduce Stanley, where I was sure of a great crowd. "Mark" said the only objection to accepting such an invitation was the "taking a feller so unawares, with no possible time to prepare a suitable, impromptu, extemporaneous speech for so important an occasion." Mr. Stanley seemed pleased with the suggestion, and as the two men were great friends, the arrangement was made. As "Mark," Stanley, and I spent the time together after the Hartford lecture, each apparently unmindful of the coming event of the evening, the following introductory speech by Mark on that occasion will give an idea of his resources in an emergency. The humorist and the explorer walked on to the platform simultaneously—a combination such as a Boston audience has rarely met. "Mark" stepped to the front and introduced his friend as follows:

"Ladies and Gentlemen: If any should ask, Why is it that you are here as introducer of the lecturer? I should answer that I happened to be around and was asked to perform this function. I was quite willing to do so, and, as there was no sort of need of an introduction, anyway, it could be necessary only that some person come forward for a moment and do an unnecessary thing, and this is quite in my line. Now, to in-

troduce so illustrious a name as Henry M. Stanley by any detail of what the man has done is clear aside from my purpose; that would be stretching the unnecessary to an unconscionable degree. When I contrast what I have achieved in my measurably brief life with what he has achieved in his possibly briefer one, the effect is to sweep utterly away the ten-story edifice of my own self-appreciation and leave nothing behind but the cellar. When you compare these achievements of his with the achievements of really great men who exist in history, the comparison, I believe, is in his favor. I am not here to disparage Columbus.

"No, I won't do that; but when you come to regard the achievements of these two men, Columbus and Stanley, from the standpoint of the difficulties they encountered, the advantage is with Stanley and against Columbus. Now, Columbus started out to discover America. Well, he didn't need to do anything at all but sit in the cabin of his ship and hold his grip and sail straight on, and America would discover itself. Here it was, barring his passage the whole length and breadth of the South American continent, and he couldn't get by it. He'd got to discover it. But Stanley started out to find Doctor Livingstone, who was scattered abroad, as you may say, over the length and breadth of a vast slab of Africa as big as the United States.

"It was a blind kind of search. He was the worst scattered of men. But I will throw the weight of this introduction upon one very peculiar feature of Mr. Stanley's character, and that is his indestructible Americanism—an Americanism which he is proud of. And in this day and time, when it is the custom to ape and imitate English methods and fashion, it is like a breath of fresh air to stand in the presence of this untainted American citizen who has been caressed and complimented by half of the crowned heads of Europe; who could clothe his body from his head to his heels with the orders and decorations lavished upon him. And yet, when the untitled myriads of his own country put out their hands in welcome to him and greet him, 'Well done,' through the Congress of the

United States, that is the crown that is worth all the rest to him. He is a product of institutions which exist in no other country on earth—institutions that bring out all that is best and most heroic in a man. I introduce Henry M. Stanley."

After this Boston triumph, applications by telegraph and mail came pouring in from all parts of the country. Stanley saw that he was a success, and seemed pleased that his manager was on the winning side. He suggested that I might as well lay my season out for one hundred lectures, instead of fifty (singular, too, he did not suggest a rise in his fee), and so we agreed, and I hurried back to New York to complete the bookings for one hundred nights. Of course, in our contract, Mr. Stanley had stipulated that in case he was recalled by the King of Belgium he was to be allowed to return without let or hindrance, but that was not expected.

Mr. Stanley was delivering his tenth lecture in Amherst, Mass., on Saturday evening, November 11th. I was in my office in New York writing letters. It was ten o'clock in the evening when I received the following telegram:

"AMHERST, MASS., November 11, 1886.
"J. B. POND, EVERETT HOUSE, NEW YORK.
"Must stop lecturing. Recalled. Sail Wednesday at 4 A.M.
"HENRY M. STANLEY."

All my hopes dashed to the ground in a moment! It was not the first disappointment in my life, however. I turned out my lights and retired, to try to rest and think. Stanley certainly would and must go, and no power on earth could prevent that. I determined to meet him cordially on his arrival, and to lend him all the aid in my power toward getting away on so short a notice.

The next morning (Sunday, November 12th), about 6 o'clock, Mr. Stanley arrived, and came immediately to my room in my hotel to tell me that it required every moment of his time to get ready and sail Wednesday morning by steamship *Eidler* at four o'clock. His decorations and valuable presents from Queen Victoria and other monarchs were at a jewel-

ler's on exhibition. He asked me to collect them personally, as he had a great deal to do. He had accepted a commission to go back to Africa at once, heading an expedition for the relief of Emin Pasha; there was no time to lose, for he must equip the expedition in the shortest possible time, as many lives were at stake.

Early in the forenoon people began to call. There were representatives of the manufacturers of firearms and every sort of equipment necessary for the work.

That evening, after a long day of consultations and dictations of correspondence in preparation for his hurried departure, after we had dined together, Mr. Stanley sat down in my office for about two hours, smoking vigorously and uttering not a word. I knew he was undergoing a severe mental struggle. He realized the hazardous risk he was taking, the deprivation and suffering incumbent on such an expedition, with the chances, even the most favorable to be considered, against losing not only his own life, but the lives of many others. He finally spoke to me of the singular business he had been engaged in during the day—that of examining and getting information as to which were the most effective firearms for the destruction of human life.

As his and my experience in the Indian country had been somewhat similar, he asked me if I did not think, after all, that if we had pursued wholly peaceful tactics with the Indians our Government would have been more successful with them. He was considering whether it was not best to undertake this mission across Africa with an unarmed company rather than to have the appearance of a body of armed invaders. So far as the natives were concerned, he had no misgivings, but the army of slave-hunting Arabs under the leadership of Tippoo Tib were dangerous foes and must be resisted. I discovered in Mr. Stanley that night a good man, with a brave, sympathetic, tender heart. I know I felt a deep sympathy and love for him and confidence in him that has lasted ever since, and will last while I live.

Monday morning Mr. Stanley and his stenographer were

at work early. People that he had set to work on Sunday were going in and out, all busy carrying out instructions or orders for such arms and equipment as he wanted and could best get in this country. I know he ordered several hundred repeating rifles and a large stock of camp equipments

Monday night a dinner was given to Mr. Stanley at Delmonico's by his friend Mr. Henry S. Wellcome, an American merchant residing in London. It was a delightful occasion. All who were present knew Stanley well and expressed absolute faith in the ultimate success of this the most hazardous adventure the great explorer had ever attempted. As the *Eidler* was to sail at the unseasonable hour of 4 the next morning, we proposed to see Stanley on board the ship, so there was a long evening on hand. Stanley related many incidents of his African experiences, among them a visit among the Karaguas, a large and somewhat intelligent African tribe. There was a bulldog in his caravan which attracted the special admiration of a Karagua chief, who called attention to the fact that the white man's dog resembled his men more than the white man himself, for the dog's nose and the Karaguas' noses were very much alike, and the white man and the Karagua dogs were also very much alike, both having long noses.

It was proposed that we adjourn to Madison Square Garden, to Buffalo Bill's Wild West. We occupied two boxes and enjoyed the performance to a late hour. And as it was not in the nature of Stanley to keep his friends waiting up all night, he insisted on a separation then and there, that he might go on board the steamer. As he and I shook hands when we parted, all that he said to me was: "I owe you eighty-nine lectures, which I will deliver if ever I return from Africa."

Stanley went to Africa; three years rolled by, during two years of which no tidings were heard of him or his expedition. Finally the news came—he had reached the goal. Since his departure for Africa I had been non-committal in all of my correspondence for Stanley. I heard that his London agent was booking dates. I was satisfied that if such were the case he was doing it without authority, for no one

had had time to hear from him; besides, he was otherwise engaged. His friend Mr. Wellcome, in London, wrote me that he was sure Stanley would not lecture, as he had his book to write; besides, he was such a hero now, and was receiving so much recognition from royalty, that he could not lecture in public, for it would be undignified. The air was full of rumors, but remembering Stanley's last words, I had not the slightest fear of these rumors.

In due time, after the explorer's arrival in Zanzibar with Emin Pasha, I received a long letter from him, telling me that he had yet to finish his book; that as soon as he got to London he would write me again. He reached there in April, 1890, after an absence of three and a half years. Business took me to London at that time, where I arrived on May 8, 1890. Stanley was the hero of the hour, and his name was on every tongue. Here let me say that at no time had I for one moment a doubt of his safe return to civilization, nor—a matter of much less moment—a single fear that when the time came he would fail me in renewing the broken lecture tour we were engaged in when he was called to take the leadership of the Emin Relief Expedition. This brief statement will serve as a key to the little comedy that followed on my arrival. It was given out that Mr. Stanley would see no one. The book, which he himself considered as his report of the Emin Expedition, was being written, and the publishers naturally were pressing for "copy." There were other reasons for speech, as was seen when the cruel and strangely sad story of the rear guard had not only to be published, but more fully explained in its tragic features, because a concerted attack on Stanley's reputation in Great Britain was made It came about when there was a possibility of its wrecking the lecture tour, which finally grew into the most successful lecture engagement ever made in the United States

I said nothing of all this in London, but at once called on Mr. Wellcome at his place of business there. I found him absorbed in preparation for a great dinner to be given to Henry M. Stanley by "Americans in London." He declared

himself glad to see me, but regretting that he was too busy to give me any attention. I was at once informed that no one could see Stanley. He received no callers in his apartment, I was candidly told, and was so overwhelmed with letters and cards that none received attention except those under *royal seal*. I must wait until June 3d and see him at the banquet, where all would have an equal chance. There was no use in writing to him, for he opened no letters. So I must wait and take my chances with the crowd, according to this information. At the same time, I could see no reason why I should not drop Mr. Stanley a line of congratulation and let him know I was near him. This I did.

The next morning came a rap on my door and a call, "Letter, sir." "Tuck it under the door," I replied. I took my time getting out of bed. When I did get up and opened the letter, I found it was from Mr. Stanley, dated the same evening I had written:

"34 Devere Gardens, S.W.

"Dear Major Pond: I am glad to know that you are in London; come down and see me at eleven to-morrow. You will see 'Not in' on the door. Get into the lift and come straight to my apartments. Will be glad to see you.

"Henry M. Stanley."

I was in that "lift" at exactly eleven o'clock on the morning of May 14, 1890. The "lift" boy asked, "Is this Major Pond?" "Yes," I replied. "This way, please," and he opened a door. There stood Stanley; not the Stanley of three and a half years ago. His black hair was now white. We grasped each other by the hand, and it was some time before Stanley said: "It's all right, Major. I am glad to see you. Sit down." I replied that I did not want to occupy one moment of his time. He assured me that I need not hurry. So for an hour he entertained me, relating much of his experience; how gratifying it was to return, and how much he would like to accept the generous hospitality and courtesies shown him on all sides, but he had his book to finish and some engagements to dine with friends, so with the coming

dinner by Americans he was filled up as far as he dared engage himself. Of course I said nothing about lecturing in America and soon arose to bid him "Good-by." He asked for my address, which was given, but I did not see him again until the American banquet. Then he discovered me in the crowd and sent for me, and in the presence of that great crowd of hero-worshippers and banqueters, introduced me to his officers, Dr. Park, Stairs, Jephson, and Nelson, who were seated on the right and left of him.

After that first interview I thought I would call on Mr. Wellcome again. I found him still eagerly engaged in the preparations for the coming banquet. He was very cordial. I told him that I had called to see if I could ascertain any further news about our hero. He assured me that I should surely see him at the dinner; but he could give me one piece of news: Stanley was not going to lecture. I did not tell him, or any one else, that I had seen Stanley.

Business kept me fast in London until early in June. It was Friday, the 6th, when I received a telegram from Stanley at Ascot, asking me to meet him at his London apartments at five o'clock that day. I was there, and he met me cordially, saying:

"Major Pond, on the 25th of September I am to be married, and on the 10th of October I take a degree at Cambridge. I owe you eighty-nine lectures. It is needless for me to tell you that I have received some very fabulous offers. I show you two of them, but I conceal the signatures."

They were very dazzling. I recognized the writing of one of them. It was an offer of fifteen hundred dollars a lecture for one hundred lectures, and all expenses from London and return.

"I have no thought of accepting them. I want you to go to your hotel and put your proposition in writing, whatever you wish; do the best you can for me. Come Sunday at five o'clock and we will sign the papers. We will have a little dinner together. I will introduce you to the future Mrs. Stanley. Then you can go about your work."

I was there with the proposition made out in duplicate, and found a card on the door, which read as follows:

"MAJOR: Unavoidably called away. Put the papers under the door. I will sign and return them."

(No signature.)

I was disappointed, not distrustful. I had expected to meet Miss Tennant, of whom so much was being said and written. It was a lonesome walk back to my hotel. I did not care to visit the club and did not wish to talk, so I dropped into a Methodist meeting at St. James's Hall, heard the Rev. Hugh Price Hughes give a great crowd a real Calvinistic lashing, and then dined at the Café Royal, alone and gloomy and homesick. Reaching my hotel at ten o'clock I found a package in a large envelope waiting for me. It was the contract I had drawn up and left at Stanley's apartments, duly signed by Henry M. Stanley. It was for one hundred lectures, more or less, in America, to begin in New York, Tuesday, November 11, 1890. Not an alteration of any kind or a word of suggestion was made.

I did smile all by myself that night, and the smile lingered on my face all the next day, when I called again on my friend Wellcome and told him I was going back home to America, asking him if he could possibly give me any encouragement about Stanley; he replied that he could not. "It would not do for so great a man to disregard the general sentiment of royalty as to condescend to lecture for money, though he might obey royal command and speak for some charities."

I told him that I was going on Wednesday to Glasgow (the Royal Scottish Geographical Society were to dine Stanley that night, and I had received an invitation from the president, of course at Stanley's request), and I wished that he, Villiers, and a few friends would dine with me at the Savoy on Tuesday. Wellcome accepted, and six of his friends and my friends had a jolly good time. During the evening Mr. Wellcome entertained us with talk about his friend Stanley. Everybody knew he was the nearest man to the hero of the hour.

During the evening Mr. Wellcome mentioned that Stanley was going to be banqueted in Glasgow. I suggested (having an invitation in my pocket) that I should like to be there. He explained how impossible it was for any one not a member to obtain an invitation or to be admitted.

After a long and to me enjoyable evening, when the gray dawn showed itself on the Thames embankment, the party broke up. I called Mr. Wellcome to one side and in strict confidence told him that I had a contract with Stanley for an American lecture tour; that we had frequently been together; that I was going to Glasgow to the Stanley dinner. He—well, he wilted!

Stanley was something more than a lecturer to me. I had known of him over twenty years before in the West, as a newspaper correspondent. His graphic descriptions of Western events and scenes in which I was a small part always found favor in my sight because of their simple exactness. I had seen him in Omaha and also on the plains, in connection with the remarkable Indian campaigns of the later sixties, but never had the courage to approach him. I felt an awe and respect for him that held me aloof.

And yet Stanley was the personification of modesty. At the dinner given by Americans in London to Stanley, the Rev. Dr. Joseph L. Parker, the famous London preacher, came up to me and said: "Major Pond, I wish you would introduce me to Stanley."

"I shall not have to go far to do that," said I; "the gentleman with whom you just saw me talking is the man himself."

"No, no," said Dr. Parker, "that can't be; why, that is a small man. Stanley must be a great big fellow."

The explorer is not more than five feet seven inches in height, but stocky and well set.

A moment later Stanley advanced toward Dr. Parker, reached out his hand, and said: "I am very glad to meet you, Dr. Parker, and I am gratified that so eminent a man should have expressed a desire to be introduced to me." As a matter of fact, nothing of the sort had been intimated to Stanley;

he had simply overheard the remark about his size and at once had tactfully smoothed matters over.

It was on his return from a trip to Aldershot, 1890, where he had been to visit the graves of some of his comrades, that he told me of his coming marriage and the honor awaiting him at Cambridge. He then suggested a date for his departure to New York after October 25th. "The *Teutonic* sails on October 29th," was my reply. His answer was: "That will do."

The *Teutonic* arrived November 5th, and was detained over night at quarantine on account of a heavy fog. The party consisted of Mr. Stanley and his bride, Mrs. Dorothy Tennant Stanley; Mrs. Tennant, her mother; Lieutenant Mounteney Jephson, and Hamilton Aide, a well-known London literary man, dramatic author, and critic. I met Stanley and his wife standing on the upper deck, and he greeted me very cordially, introducing me to Mrs. Stanley, who quietly remarked:

"I don't like you, Major Pond."

"I'm very sorry, Mrs. Stanley. I think so much of your husband that it will be sad for me if I cannot have your friendship."

"That's why I'm sure I'll dislike you. Why should you want him more than I do?"

"We'll see," I said. In a few minutes more we were all having a delightful conversation together. I was introduced to Mrs. Tennant, Mrs. Stanley's mother, and Mr. Hamilton Aide, her nephew.

At the first word of the sighting of the *Teutonic*, the New York newspaper men, headed by Colonel Finley Anderson, of the United Press, Stanley's personal friend, came down to meet their distinguished fellow-craftsman. It was noticed that Mr. Stanley, in replying to Colonel Anderson's little speech of welcome, referred to his arrival as to a "home-coming." Then an appointment was made at my office for five o'clock in the afternoon. The New York newspaper men were waiting in my office at the time set, but Stanley was then unaware of the important matter that they wished

to bring to his attention. A representative of the London *Times* awaited his arrival at the hotel with a cabled message from the *Thunderer*. While Stanley was on the ocean the English press had contained severe and somewhat startling attacks on the truth of the famous chapter on the rear guard in his new book. In this the story of Major Bartellot and his death had been told, not to the credit of the deceased officer. I am not intending again to present the controversy that Bartellot's family and Lieutenant Throop had launched with their volumes replying to Stanley's severe but restrained criticism of Bartellot's actions and methods. A storm of almost savage indignation against Stanley had been aroused thereby. *The Times* had cabled in full the article it had published, and had directed its representative in New York to obtain and cable Mr. Stanley's reply. The situation had become almost threatening.

I did not doubt that Stanley would fully maintain his own honor, but I began to understand that such scandals were involved as might set the public mind against the whole business of African exploration.

Stanley retired with *The Times* correspondent. It is a matter of almost "ancient history" to recall the plain and simple, but able and courageous, frankness with which the Bartellot-Throop-Jamieson attacks were met. The explorer had endeavored to hold back the personal misconduct, of which he knew the men intrusted with the command of the rear guard had been guilty. He now told the whole story, the details of which are still fresh in the public mind. Forced to defend himself, he did so with the same steady courage and directness of will that had always marked his actions. He gave dates and names, as well as acts, and placed at the disposal of the London *Times* the complete evidence which he had heretofore been very desirous, because of the families and friends of the men, to keep from becoming public property. That interview was printed in *The Times* the next morning. It changed the situation almost immediately so far as English opinion was concerned. But it was the American press and

what might follow of adverse criticism that affected me most closely.

I dined with the party that evening, and Stanley was as jovial, cordial, and self-poised as I ever saw him. He showed no sign of the fatigue attending such a remarkable strain as that five hours of momentous interviewing.

In the interview of that evening Stanley was absolutely great. There were twenty-three reporters present, picked men of the great newspapers of New York, Philadelphia, Boston, and Chicago. One of the best-known men, Mr. Balch, was chosen to direct the questions. My rooms were packed. The men were all keen set and full of the historical significance, too, of their opportunity. Stanley seated himself, smiling, and for three hours submitted to an intellectual ordeal which was simply astounding. The interviewers, with ample time to look up the issues, were prepared with keen questions, and, as he answered, others were called out on every side. Balch, an able man, declared it was a wonderful exhibition of knowledge and will power. "Stanley," he said, "was the best witness I ever saw. He was armed at all points, and answered without a moment's hesitancy, never once crossing himself in the slightest degree."

During the latter part of the scene various gentlemen who had come to call on Mr. Stanley, among them Charles A. Dana and Murat Halstead, stood in the open hallway of my office, listening to the remarkable proceeding, and admiring the skill and power of the man who sat there with lighted eyes, animated features, and a live brain that burned through every movement and lighted up every word he uttered.

The first Stanley lecture in New York in 1890 was a remarkable event. The interest was made greatly more active by publication on Friday, the 7th of November, of the remarkable series of interviews of which mention has been made. But no one anticipated its tremendous character. The gross receipts were $17,800. Such a jam never was known before, and the carriage crush about the building was almost beyond police control. The lecture originally an-

nounced was "The Relief of Emin Pasha." At Mrs. Stanley's suggestion, "The March through the Forest" was chosen, which brought in the story of the pygmies and other remarkable discoveries made.

The tour that followed this entrée was like the march of a triumphal hero. Our evenings after the lecture were delightful, and the daily intercourse so long continued was personally maintained without a jar or break of any sort. I found Mr. Stanley not only strictly honorable in business matters, but generous also. When for a brief period business was bad, he showed a marked disposition to make matters more even, though there was no necessity whatever, taking the tour as a whole, to make any change in the agreement made in London. Perhaps the most striking feature of the engagement was, so far as concerns Mr. Stanley, the remarkable fidelity that he gave to the work he had undertaken. He was constantly remoulding, polishing, and improving the lectures during the tour.

Stanley is one of the most conscientious men I ever knew. While in Boston, after we had been about a week on the tour, the weather was fine and there was beautiful sleighing. Mrs. Stanley and the ladies of our party had come in from a delightful sleigh ride which some friends had tendered. They all looked so rosy and fresh, beaming with delight as they stepped from the sleigh, that we agreed then and there that Mr. Stanley really should lay aside his writing and take a sleigh ride too, behind that spanking four-horse team, and hear the jingle of the hundreds of sleigh bells. I said, "He must come and enjoy it." Mrs. Stanley said, "Let's you and I go fetch him."

We rushed up to his room; he was working on his lecture, making some changes, when Mrs. Stanley, with cheeks like roses and charged with oxygen of the outdoor atmosphere, threw her fur-clad arms about his neck, saying: "O, Bulle-me-tal-ie (the name he is known by in Africa), come and have a ride and breathe the most delicious air under heaven. Do come; it will do you so much good and help you for to-night."

After listening to Mrs. Stanley's eloquent pleadings a moment or two, he rose from his seat and said to me:

"Major Pond, you are paying me a fabulous sum for my nightly services. Now it is my duty to do the best I can. If you say you are satisfied with my work as it now is, I will stop and go for a drive."

I could not answer his argument, and he did not take the sleigh ride. From the start until the finish, one hundred and ten lectures, Stanley showed signs of steady improvement. He was good at the start, but shortly became a fine speaker and then a better speaker, and before he had finished he was the best descriptive speaker I ever heard. He had overcome difficulties that would discourage any other man; as Casati wrote of him (Casati, ten years with Emin Pasha in Africa): "Jealous of his own authority, Stanley will not tolerate interference, neither will he take the advice of any one. Difficulties do not discourage him, neither does failure frighten him, as with extraordinary celerity of perception he finds his way out of every embarrassment."

Henry M. Stanley was never fond of company. He appreciates friends, and those who know him intimately are very fond of him. He is generally cautious and sparing of words, especially when strangers are about. Receptions and dinners worry him, as he cannot bear being on exhibition under showers of forced compliments. His manners and habits are those of a gentleman. He shows great fondness for children, especially young lads, who often approach him for his autograph. He will enter into conversation with them and question them as to their purposes in life, advising them as to the importance of honesty and character as essential to success in life, and generally concluding with some incident in his experience that is sure to make a lasting impression. In our private car, where we lived for three months, were Mr. and Mrs. Stanley, Mrs. Tennant, Mrs. Pond and her sister, and often some visiting friends. Stanley would entertain us night after night with incidents of his wonderful experience that would make a far more interesting book than he has yet written. His

best sayings have been spoken in private. Mrs. Stanley, being a brilliant conversationalist, had the happy faculty of bringing out his most interesting points.

Stanley is one of the best-read men I have ever met. He is familiar with the histories of all civilized and uncivilized peoples. As a journalist he is appreciated by reporters and interviewers more highly than any man I ever knew except Mr. Beecher. Never did he refuse to see a representative of the press who sent up his card. If busy, he would say: "Please make my compliments to the gentleman and say that as soon as I am disengaged I will be pleased to see him."

Altogether, I have never parted with a client with greater regret, or found one holding me in bonds of friendship and respect to so great a degree. Sir Henry Stanley does me the honor to regard me as a friend, and I am constantly indebted to him, and to Lady Stanley also, for delightful correspondence. Some extracts from the many letters in my possession will illustrate the value of the views expressed and the soundness of a judgment which has been almost wholly verified by events. I present without apology the extracts which follow.

A capital letter from the Richmond Terrace (London) home, under date of October 2, 1892, is of interest because of its description of electioneering in England:

"I am pledged," he writes, "to many things in the coming time—the contest at North Lambeth again, Bible Society, Missionary and anti-Slavery meetings, keeping up the Uganda question before the public, stimulating and comforting the Directors, and trivial things of this kind. They absorb time and keep a man from stagnating, and perhaps a modicum of good is extracted from the whole.

"As regards the election, I fear on your side they do not understand anything about it. I sometimes see the cablegrams sent over from here, and I do not wonder that you are all misled. I was asked at the last moment to stand; there were only nine clear days for work and to get made known among 7,300 electors, to get offices, posters, pamphlets, and canvassers, and that entailed an amount of work that was appalling. My opponent had been at work three years, nursing the constituency; I had only nine days. The results were

that I was defeated by 130. Of course, the usual lying was resorted to. They can lie here with as much disregard to future torments as in New York, and they have introduced largely pernicious systems from America, which I know the Americans would gladly extinguish if they knew how. Added to these, the lower classes have something which is peculiarly their own: a noisy, brutal disposition which must relieve itself by pounding or breaking something, while the intolerance they display toward their opponents is wholly unknown in America. When this temper is at the hottest, women go down before the brawny fist like sheep in the shambles, and bald heads often get seriously cracked. I used to think that England was a country of order and that only at Donnybrook would you meet with such scenes as I have witnessed. There is no attempt at order, there is no policeman present to preserve it. Only might is respected—clubs and arms. The doors are thrown open to all—the radical candidate seeks for a strong force of roughs by whom, when the Unionist presents himself, he is greeted with a continuous uproar. If he persists in speaking, the mob advances and '*ware*' heads then. This, in short, is politics at its worst over here, but homicide is much rarer than with you."

A London letter of May 31, 1894, gives a still more vividly interesting account of electioneering methods. Mr. Stanley writes:

"I see that you scarcely comprehend what the term electioneering means in England. It would be impossible for a candidate to absent himself from his constituency for any longer period than the national holidays. He must hold himself ready for any request from any of his supporters every day between the hours of 10 A.M. and 10 P.M. He, in the mean time, must visit every house in the borough (7,200 houses in mine) to try to make the acquaintance of every voter and of some member of his family. He must contribute not only his services as patron (chairman, supporter of numberless charities, meetings), but funds as well, whenever solicited. But more than that, he must hold himself ready to exchange his services with those of fellow-candidates in the country. These various duties which fall upon the candidate must be performed cheerfully and with good will, otherwise it will be charged to him that he is indifferent to the cause and to the public he has affected to serve. I have as many as

eighty visits in a day, and if you will only take the trouble to calculate you will find that to visit 7200 voters requires a large number of days, and as visits can only be made in the intervals between public functions of great variety, not more than 200 a week can be expected from the most active. You may fairly say that it requires a year's steady work to get through an ordinary constituency. Then, you know the failing of the public is to forget your face and name, and to keep them in mind you will have to begin again and continue what is called the 'musing.' I need not say more. You will see why a candidate cannot absent himself for more than a fortnight or so from the duties he has undertaken, and I think your letter is thus fairly answered. We are waiting to hear the sound of the trumpet to enter the lists. It may be heard any day, and we are on the tiptoe of expectation."

From Richmond Terrace, under date of June 19, 1896, came an interesting letter which refers in the beginning to the death, then recent, of the late Colonel Thomas Knox. Stanley writes:

"I had been much impressed by the aged appearance of Knox, but I did not expect so soon to hear of his death. He was a fine genial man, of grand appearance, and I always thought a dinner table enriched by his appearance. I am exceedingly sorry, for New York is the poorer for his loss—for there is one friend less to me. . . . But it is thus we drop away one by one.

"How suddenly that Venezuela business broke upon England! I had been prepared for it by my visit to the States, and I had clipped dozens of newspaper articles bearing upon the subject while I was over there. About ten days after my arrival here I was visited by the manager of one of the principal newspapers here, and asked what I thought of the Eastern question, and I had answered that I was not much interested in it, as I was interested in the squall brewing in the West. He asked me what I referred to, and I replied that we might expect a terrific explosion presently from America in regard to the Venezuela dispute. He was astonished, for he had not heard of it. I then gave him my clippings for his editor to study and prepare himself. Sixteen days after, the storm burst, taking England all aback.

"Now, on this Venezuela subject, I am entirely on the side of America, but I must admit I am not surprised that the

English papers backed up Lord Salisbury and differed from me. Taught by the virulent remarks of your journals I had, of course, devoted much time to understanding it, whereas English editors were exceptionally ill-informed about the matter. There are two or three injudicious remarks in Olney's despatch which put British backs up, but after reflection it is wonderful how many have come round to my opinion—that, whatever the transgressions of Olney may be, there is a great deal of justice in the American demand. I feel quite sure, now that so much is admitted, it will not be long before the opinion becomes general that we were in the wrong in refusing arbitration, while the more I think of Olney's despatch, the more impressed I am that Olney could scarcely have written otherwise than he did. For I argue that had he contented himself with the usual suave tone of diplomacy he would not have succeeded in rousing the attention of the nation to the necessity of settlement. His despatch would have lain quietly in the archives of the Foreign Office, whereas now every Englishman knows sufficient of the subject to distinguish right from wrong; and while there is still a majority who take the despatch to be an affront to British dignity, there is a minority increasing in numbers who think that British honor would be consulted by considering the justice due to Venezuela, and that British interests would be promoted by acquiescing with the American demand.

"But that all your journalists were wrong in assuming that we in this country entertained any other feeling than that of true affection for the Americans has been conclusively proved by the different receptions accorded the President's message and the German Emperor's telegrams to Kruger. On reading the first our people were simply astonished and grieved, but the other roused the war feeling from the Hebrides to the Channel Islands. I have never witnessed anything like it in England before. It was entirely unexpected from one whom we had made so much of. It was premeditated, also, and this is what enraged us No one could conceive what business it was of Germany's to interfere with our Protectorate, nor how we had given any one a reason to suppose that, because Jameson had been so mad, we were so lost to all sense of honor and justice as not to be willing to do what was right in the case. It will be a long time before we forgive Germany, you may rest assured, and every act of hers for years to come will be viewed with great suspicion. Personally, I do not know which was maddest, Jameson's ride for the gold

mines of Johannesburg or the Emperor William's attempt on the Protectorate of the Transvaal. Both were foolish."

He closed this interesting letter with his always pleasant compliments and messages for my family.

From Argelus-Gazoust, France, under date of August 5, 1898, in response to a letter suggesting a lecture on Anglo-Saxon relations, Stanley replies:

"Yes, I quite agree with you that we have numerous highly endowed members of Parliament who would like to have the opportunity to address American audiences upon the Anglo-American alliance, or any other subject, but you see the faculty of orating is born with them; they can't help it. Whereas with me it is different. I can't speak unless I have something to say and the time to say what is imposed upon me has come.

"Now, with regard to this Anglo-American alliance. It is a good thing and a natural thing for both nations to come together and shake hands and make a league of friendship. But the necessity for that is not imperative for either side. England is at peace with all the world, though she frets herself now and then. America has her enemy at her mercy, and nobody is going to interfere with her. Where is the need for the hurry? Then, naturally, having passed the impressionable period of my life in America—and born in Britain, having an English wife and home—I feel able to see a trifle clearer than some of those who are all American or all English. I have not a particle of prejudice, though my duty lies on this side. My opinion is we must not be too precipitate. The two nations are gravitating together. True friendship cannot be forced, but is a slow process, requiring time. There are many Americans who have not even thought of the subject, there are English who cannot entertain the idea. If such people are spoken to about the alliance they are apt to say things neither kindly American nor kindly English would like to hear.

"No! Wisdom suggests we leave the feeling to grow and solidify. If either country was in distress, that would be the proper time to breathe more life into that spirit of kinship and kindliness which we know exists, and bring the reserved and proud peoples together, but to-day there is no necessity for either nation to think particularly about the matter. One is fat and proud with its Bank of England and big navy, the

other is in a quiver of delight over Manila, and Santiago, and the heroes—Dewey, Schley, and Shafter. The time is not suitable for speaking of alliances. If you Americans will come out of that Continent and take your share of the Old World's concerns, you will know better what is meant by alliances. Were I not in a dreadful hurry and every member of the family impatiently waiting for me, I could relate some curious thoughts of mine about that matter, but I am not allowed to form one connected sentence in peace. I cannot offer myself for the Lyceum this term."

A fair picture, certainly, this of Ulysses the wanderer with the distaff in hand.

Under date of February 6, 1899, the day before Parliament was to meet, Sir Henry writes that, looking round for arrearages of work, his eyes caught sight of my 1899 letter.

"The year 1899 is starting so smoothly in England that the blank page might serve for a news letter. We have long ago calmed down about the mad French attempt on the Upper Nile, and we are so interested in the Czar's Peace Circular that we relaxed our attention to Russian misdoing in China. With Germany we have no question, and America has civilly refrained from twisting our Lion's tail. Old Kruger is probably more concerned with his personal infirmities and the Colonists are following their usually orderly habits, so that all around 1899 promises to be very quiet with us."

This was a promise that events soon proved was easily broken, but even Stanley could not foresee the sharp awakening for England as well as ourselves. He proceeds:

"I wish I could feel your prospects are also as satisfactory. I don't know what you think of it, but it seems to me this Imperialism is going to prove costly and disturbing to America, and her well-wishers are in doubt whether it be wise in her to take upon herself the task of regenerating the Philippines. If you don't mind the expense and bother of reforming these barbarians and making them orderly, we will not do more than wish you well through the self-imposed task."

Under date of November 24, 1899, Sir Henry M. Stanley replied to a letter of mine wherein, at the suggestion of an experienced editorial friend, I had pointed out to him the

value of a short lecture tour in the United States, during which no man could with such authority as himself point out to the American people the situation in South Africa. My adviser very strongly urged the fact that the views of Sir Henry M. Stanley would not only greatly affect opinion here, but would tend largely to extend his influence as a statesman in his own country. Stanley illustrates his own modesty by ignoring *in toto* my suggestion, and then thus frankly criticises the British-Boer situation at the date of his writing:

"We are not doing so well in the Transvaal as I expected, but everything proves to me how really necessary it was that the evil humors which had been gathering for the last nineteen years should come to a head and be boldly dealt with. It proves, also, how remiss we have been in thus delaying in considering the Transvaal matters as serious. No people on earth are so averse to war as we are, and so prone to be guided by goody-goody sentiment. Being rich, prosperous, and contented, we seem to forget that all people are not so happy, and accordingly fail to provide against other people's discontent with us.

"This sunny belief in the power of sentiment will certainly be our bane some day. From sentiment we left our African frontiers unprotected; we left our garrisons in Natal open to an enemy that has been breathing nothing but threats for ever so long; from sentiment we left the Afrikander Bund to make its preparations, diffuse its opinions, and conspire to oust us from South Africa; from sentiment we allow Kruger to build his forts, arm his people with cannon and Mausers, and, naturally, when everything is ready for the crisis for which Kruger has been preparing, we profess to be surprised that Natal and Cape Colony have been invaded, and that the Boers have been able to present such a bold front to us.

"That war itself and the small disasters we have met are the penalties we pay for the belief we profess that all men can be persuaded by reason or soothed by sentiment. By all means profess as loudly as you may the very best of sentiments toward people with whom you desire to be on amicable terms, but don't forget that human beings are not angels or children, to be restrained by sentiment alone. If you have interests, no amount of sentiment will protect them, especially when they lie so temptingly close to another race. That is a paraphrase of the old saying: 'Pray to God, but keep your

powder dry.' We have prayed both to God and the Boer, but in most reprehensible fashion we have forgotten all about the powder.

"What is going to happen to us if we continue to be thus neglectful of the commonest precautions? Heaven only knows. In England we are so given to the cultivation of beautiful phrases and logic that no one of the simple kind can hope to have simple truths listened to. Our newspaper leaders are written in such Johnsonian-Gladstonese that plain people pass them over as being 'grand,' but they are scarcely understood by the many. In admiration of the sound we have lost the sense, and the direct, simple English has no chance in these libretto days.

"In other ways we are also degenerate. Fancy ten thousand English soldiers, willing to be led anywhere, remaining penned up in that hollow of Ladysmith by a force of say even twenty thousand raw Boer militia! It is all of a piece with that grand strategic genius which chose a hollow for the South African Aldershot, with not even an intrenchment until it was too late."

The following is a characteristic and forcible presentation of opinions which he of all men has the right to express:

"Furze Hill, Perbright, Surrey, October 10, 1899.

"My Dear Major: Your introduction of Mr. Howland has resulted, as you are probably aware, in the publication of an article in his magazine (*The Outlook*) on Anglo-Saxon Responsibilities. I have just seen it, and though it was written before the Transvaal crisis became acute, subsequent facts have, I think, borne my hints out.

"The above is my present address, where I am simply roughing it, owing to the chaos prevailing inside and out. I am therefore in no condition for writing a letter for the public eye, as you yourself would be the first to admit if you could see my surroundings. Besides, I cannot see the object of interesting the public in anything just now, and the Anglo-Saxon relations are the topic of a thousand pens more or less capable of instructing everybody who can read or think. Whether we shall fight or not depends upon Kruger. He alone has it in his power to stay the storm, but whether he will use that power or not, no one—probably not Kruger even—can say. My opinion of Kruger differs from almost every

writer in the fact that I say he is a confirmed ass, or if you prefer the true meaning of it—an obstinate old fool.

"I wrote 'Through South Africa' some two years ago, and if you will look at chapter seven, I think—I have not the book by me—you will see how the present crisis and the probable termination of it are fulfilling the prediction I made.

"I really do not know which to pity most, the English who hate war and who would do anything in honor to avoid it—dragged to war and future trouble against their will—or the Boers, whose stupid obstinacy is likely to be their ruin.

"A few years ago, before the Jameson raid, Kruger said, 'I will never give you anything, and now let the storm burst.'

"It is a bad-tempered man who said that, and Kruger's bad temper is the most prominent characteristic of his nature. His sheer bad temper has caused all this row and will eventually bring him to shame unless, may the gods grant it, he is thoroughly frightened by a stronger, sterner, fiercer will.

"I have known individuals like Kruger before, and though their obstinate wills seemed adamantine, many yielded before a greater and superior will.

"The South African war—should it take place—will prove the salvation of South Africa, if it is conducted rightly. We should have an overwhelming force over there, and the utmost energy should be employed to bring it to a perfect finale, where all white should be free and equal. The country should be given up to the people, and outsiders should refrain from meddling in their affairs."

At social functions given by the press in his honor Stanley was always at his best. He appeared among newspaper men as perfectly at home—one of the profession, claiming no honors or no place that could or would not be attained by any live journalist should the occasion offer. It is this attitude that so helped to make of him in America the favorite hero of the pressmen of the land.

GEORGE KENNAN was introduced to me by Mr. Roswell Smith, President of the Century Co. His letters on Siberia were appearing in *The Century Magazine* and creating a great deal of interest.

Mr. Smith called on me one morning. I was somewhat under the weather, having been ill for some time He asked me if I had heard of George Kennan. I told him I had known more or less of Mr. Kennan; that he had been a lecturer in a small way before he went to Siberia. Mr. Smith told me that Kennan's articles, he believed, had more than doubled the circulation of the magazine, and that one or two editions had already been exhausted and they were obliged to reproduce them. He suggested that I secure Mr. Kennan for some lectures, and gave me his address.

I immediately wrote him asking if he would lecture, and got a favorable reply. I also sent out "feelers" to my customers, and to my surprise applications came pouring in from all parts of the country. I saw that success was almost certain, and proposed to Mr. Kennan a certain sum of money for two hundred lectures. I offered him $100 a lecture—$20,000 for two hundred lectures—and to pay all of his expenses, which he accepted.

It was the season of 1889 and 1890. Mr. Kennan was in wretched health during the entire tour, devoting his nights to

writing letters and sending his earnings to the poor Siberian exiles whom he had known in that country. He was loaded down, and almost broken down, with sympathy for the poor people, whose cause he was so ably championing in this country. But notwithstanding all of his other work, Mr George Kennan travelled and lectured two hundred consecutive secular nights, travelling almost every day. Not an audience was disappointed nor a railroad connection missed.

Mr. Kennan cleared $20,000 that season from his lectures. The next season he did a very handsome business, and could have been much more popular had it not been for the revolting stories he told of the wretched condition of those suffering Siberian exiles. Many of his stories were heart-sickening, and for that reason, I believe, more than any other, he is not to-day the most popular lecturer in America. His excellent voice, charm of manner, and grace of diction are all that is best in a platform speaker.

FREDERICK VILLIERS, war artist, can lay claim to a more varied experience in the field than perhaps any of his fellows. The intimate friend of Archibald Forbes in seven campaigns, the fourth man in the quartette of war artists that followed the Russian army to the gates of Constantinople, he has also done service in Afghanistan, in Egypt, in the Soudan, in Servia, in Burmah; and everywhere he has been in the thickest of the fight.

Of the group of war artists and correspondents in the battle of Metemmeh, on the Nile, and the Egyptian campaign, he alone escaped unscathed, while J. A. Cameron, of the London *Standard;* St. Leger Herbert, of the London *Morning Post;* Capt. W. H. Gordon, of the Manchester *Guardian;* Col. Fred Burnaby, of the *Morning Post*, and Edward O'Donovan, of the London *Daily News*, were killed outright, and Colonel Burleigh, of the London *Daily Telegraph*, was wounded. Mr. Villiers was the only European war artist in the war between Japan and China.

In 1895 he started from New York on a lecture tour through America and Canada, and visited Australasia, lecturing in all the principal towns of Australia, New Zealand and Tasmania. He eventually returned to England via the Cape, lecturing in

Cape Colony and the Transvaal, and completing his second tour around the world.

In the following year he visited Moscow a second time, for the coronation of the present Emperor, Nicholas II. In 1897 he acted as special correspondent for *The Standard* with the Greek army, and for that paper and *The Illustrated London News* during the 1897 Soudan campaign.

He has been all through the recent Nile expedition, and was present at the capture of Khartoum in his capacity of correspondent for the *Globe* and *Illustrated London News*. When the South African War broke out Mr. Villiers was lecturing in Australia, with a tour booked around the world via Japan and across the American continent. He cancelled a long list of engagements from California to New England and went back to the latest war as correspondent for his London papers. He has again returned to England and is now lecturing on the Boer war. Villiers is one of the heroes of the present century.

A man of remarkable coolness, he never flinched under fire and was always able to seize a vantage point for his work without undue recklessness. He was the artist and writer at all times in the field, never a volunteer fighter; but always ready to help the wounded, if near, and occasion offered. Perhaps no man in his chosen work was always so ready for departure and so instantly able to compass the best methods of reaching his destination and of getting at work upon arrival. An excellent speaker, simple and straightforward, with much to tell, he goes at his audience just as he works on the scenes before him when on the march or under fire.

DR. FREDERICK A. COOK, of Brooklyn—physician, anthropologist, Arctic and Antarctic explorer, author and lecturer—has not only made an enviable reputation for himself along each of these varied lines, but is personally one of the most charming of men. He is as modest and unassuming as he is accomplished, although he has succeeded in doing some things which no other man before him ever did. From nearly 80 degrees north latitude to 71 degrees 36 minutes south latitude is a long distance for a north-and-south journey, but Dr. Cook can say, as no other man living can: "I have done it."

He filled the position of surgeon and anthropologist with Peary's first Arctic expedition in 1891, and during 1893 and 1894 he was engaged in explorations of the west coast of Greenland Again in 1897 he joined the Belgian expedition which sailed on the *Belgica* to explore the Antarctic continent and channels, being the only American in the party. For thirteen months their ship drifted in the pack ice, in which she had been caught, and was finally got out only by sawing a channel through the ice nine miles long. This expedition was the first, and Dr. Cook was the only American, that ever camped and sledged on the Antarctic continent.

While in these far southern latitudes, Dr. Cook, as anthro-

pologist to the expedition, visited and described a cannibal tribe from whom no previous scientist had escaped alive.

His lecture descriptive of his adventures has proven one of the most interesting yet offered to the lyceum. It is illustrated with photographs taken by the doctor himself, and these are as beautiful as they are unlike any others ever shown to the public.

Dr. Cook is gifted with a fascination of description and a powerful voice which make his lecture even more interesting, if possible, than to read of his thrilling adventures in his book, recently published.

Among polar explorers I do not regard any one as more bold, more to be depended upon for accuracy of statement, or whose scientific training better fits him rightly to appreciate the value of each new fact discovered, than Dr. Frederick A. Cook, our fellow-countryman.

ROBERT E. PEARY, Civil Engineer, U. S. Navy, returned in the autumn of 1892 from his second Arctic exploration, bringing with him a number of dogs, the sledges on which he made his journeys, and a collection of Esquimau souvenirs, such as sledges, dog harness, clothing, tents, spears, fishing tackle, cooking utensils, and furniture, and gave an exhibition in the Academy of Music, Philadelphia, under the auspices of the Academy of Science. I attended the lecture, or rather, exhibition. Mr. Peary appeared in his Arctic costume, with the dogs, sledges, tents, weapons, bear skins, and seal furs in great quantity and variety on the stage—a sort of Esquimau village. It was an interesting exhibit. Mr. Peary gave a delightful lecture, illustrated with some of the finest stereoscopic views of Arctic scenery I had ever seen presented, views which he had himself taken while on the expedition.

I tried my best to secure Mr. Peary for some lectures in New York, Boston, and other cities, but, being an officer of the Government and under orders, it was impossible to secure him. Later on he obtained leave of absence and permission to fit out a second expedition, and he could lecture from January until April, so I arranged for what proved to be one of the most vigorous lecture campaigns that I had ever managed up to that time.

We began in the Academy of Music, Brooklyn, and up to the first of April (one hundred and three days) Mr. Peary gave one hundred and sixty-five lectures. The five dogs were as much a drawing feature as Peary himself, and were a great advertising card, especially where there was sleighing, as Henson, Mr. Peary's colored servant, who had accompanied him on the expedition, hitched them up and drove them about the cities wherever they went, attracting the attention and wonder of the entire communities. They seemed to take as much interest in the show as they probably had shown in their great overland journeys across the Greenland Ice Cap with their master. The dogs were very fond of being petted, and liked ladies and children. After the lecture they were brought on the stage and the children in the audience were allowed to rush forward and meet them. There was never an instance of the dogs showing the slightest ill temper or of objecting to be caressed or fed by the auditors. One remarkable thing about the dogs was that they would insist upon their rights and their share of the entertainment. They would wait very patiently until the time for Mr. Peary to finish, but if he happened to speak a little longer than the usual time, the dogs would set up a howl so that he would have to stop. They never became uneasy until their own time arrived.

It was a general tour, and Mr. Peary visited most of the large cities, two lectures a day. It was a great combination. Of all the tours I ever had the pleasure of managing none met with greater success on a short notice than this one. The profits for those few weeks were about $18,000. Yet Mr. Peary was disappointed, for he was fitting out a second Arctic expedition and needed something like $80,000 for his scheme. He admitted that under any other circumstances he would have considered the tour one of the most successful in the world, but because he could not make $2,000 or $3,000 a day it seemed a loss of time to him, and he was obliged to resort to other means to raise the funds that he needed. However, Mr. Peary never once complained, I never heard him speak an unkind word either to the employees or to his dogs.

He is a great worker. His stenographer and typewriter accompanied him, and he carried on an immense correspondence, together with his other work, perfecting all plans for his expedition.

He met with many misfortunes on the second expedition of twenty-five months' stay in North Greenland in 1893–95, and his return to the lecture field proved not very remunerative. No doubt this was partly due to the fact that he undertook to give simply illustrated lectures, without the dogs and the other attractions which he had on the previous tour.

Mr. Peary is one of the finest descriptive lecturers we have ever had, with his heart and soul in his work. If he succeeds in reaching the Pole (which we shall probably know before this book goes to press), then he will be the biggest attraction in the world. Otherwise, he will be classed as one of the great Arctic heroes who did his best and knows how to relate the accounts of his heroic adventures to as many auditors as still retain interest in Arctic explorations. Peary is a nineteenth-century hero, and will continue to push on because he cannot stop.

In writing this book, I am not making a programme, preparing a circular, or giving a list of speakers and entertainers. I recall only those names and work that come back most impressively, and any omission is not from lack of appreciation, but one of memory only. Yet though the walls are crowded, there is still room to give a name to one of the bravest. Another of the beloved women yet remains among

us. My reference is to Mrs. Peary, the wife of the famous Arctic explorer. She has not intellectual capacity alone, but more than womanly courage, as is proven by the years spent in Greenland wastes of ice and snow, the first woman of Caucasian stock known to have wintered within the Arctic Circle. Later, the same high devotion made her take up the no less exacting task of raising funds for her husband's relief, the return of his belated expedition and the saving thereby of the important scientific results and personal fruits of the great and toilsome, as well as dangerous exploration work he has set himself to accomplish. Mrs. Peary entered the lecture field to accomplish and achieve this work of relief. She did it, too, and in so doing showed possession of a speaking talent that would have made her a permanent success.

CAPT. JOSHUA SLOCUM, who conceived the idea that he could sail alone around the world, is about the newest and most remarkable of the small list of hazardous adventurers who have *done something that no other man has succeeded in accomplishing*, and thereby acquired world-wide fame. He is well entitled to a place alongside the heroes Peary, Nansen, and Dr. Cook.

Captain Slocum comes of "a blue-nosed ancestry, with Yankee proclivities," as he puts it. "Both sides of my family were sailors," says the captain "and if any Slocum should be found not seafaring, he will show at least an inclination to whittle models of boats and contemplate voyages. My father was the sort of man who, wrecked on a desolate island, would find his way home if he had a jack-knife and could find a tree."

After following the sea twenty years as a shipmaster and losing his bark, *Aquidneck*, wrecked on the coast of Brazil, and making the voyage home with his family in a canoe, Captain Slocum conceived the idea of building a boat and sailing alone around the world. He accomplished this remarkable feat, built the *Spray* entirely with his own hands, launched, equipped, and sailed her by himself, over forty thousand miles, visiting many foreign ports, to the great amazement of the natives of every clime. In his voyage around Cape Horn there were over seventy days during which he never heard

a sound except his own voice, the wind, and the lapping of the waves.

What is most remarkable of all is that Captain Slocum is able to write and describe the incidents of the entire voyage and his wonderful experiences in a manner so graphic and simple that it absolutely charms and fascinates his hearers as few ever did or ever could do.

The experiences of Captain Slocum have proved him to be one of the greatest navigators of the age.

It is wonderful to listen to the descriptions of some of his hairbreadth escapes and to hear him answer, as quick as a flash, questions of every conceivable sort put to him by expert seafaring auditors. I have listened for hours to these seeming tournaments in navigators' skill, and never yet did the captain hesitate for an instant for a reply that went straight to the mark like a bullet.

Captain Slocum's book, "Sailing Alone Around the World," (published by The Century Company), has had a large sale, which is constantly increasing.

Had all this occurred twenty years ago, it would have meant a fortune for Captain Slocum, and a stimulant for the lyceum such as it is impossible to secure under present conditions. "Because why?" you ask. Because under the present conditions, lecture courses are forced upon the communities by agents representing various lecture bureaus, who start out with sample photographs and circulars (regulation size), round up a committee of enterprising citizens who want to do something for the town, and persuade them to go on a guarantee fund to secure a course of lectures and entertainments. They listen to the bureau agent's recommendations of "the greatest orator of the times, Mr. Breeze," and "the great traveller and adventurer, Mr. Push," "the latest and most original dialect poet, Mr. Verse," "Miss Wonder, whose dramatic recitations have captivated metropolitan audiences in all the large cities," and "Miss Good, who is a direct descendant of a great-grandniece of Oliver Wendell Holmes's cousin." The course is made up, and contracts are signed before the agent leaves town.

Then for six months the course is being talked up. The bureau agent remains for a few days to assist the local canvassers in getting started, telling them who the celebrities are that are to make the town so famous by their visit, etc.

Over fifty such courses are already announced for the State of Michigan the coming autumn, August, 1900, over two hundred in the State of Illinois, nearly as many in Iowa, and so proportionately all over the country. More than $6,000 a week is now being disbursed by bureaus to agents "selling courses."

So when the newspapers and *The Century Magazine*, *McClure's Magazine*, and *Harper's Magazine* publish the accounts of such heroic adventures as Captain Slocum's, and a circular is sent out announcing his intention to relate from the lecture platform for the enlightenment of the public the story of his adventures, this local guarantee committee informs the captain that they already have "a course" in their city, which means that an independent lecture or entertainment of any kind, no matter how meritorious, is boycotted by the local committee in every city in the Union of from 2,500 to 40,000.

JOHN L. STODDARD was the most phenomenal success as a professional lecturer, pure and simple, that I have ever known. He began in Boston with the bureau in 1878, together with what he could do for himself, as the bureau did not see enough in his lectures to make him an offer for all of his time. I heard him several times in churches in and about Boston, and declared him a success. I wanted to make him a big offer, but partnership stipulations — that our firm should not speculate — prevented that. I went nightly to hear him and see his pictures. Two young men engaged him for a lecture in Music Hall, Boston, and made a lot of money. They tried it again with the same result; then in suburban towns. Until the warm summer days and short nights set in, crowds were limited to the capacity of the auditorium. I have heard many lecturers whom I thought Stoddard's superior from a professional point of view, but no other lectures with illustrations have ever drawn one quarter the people to hear them that his did. He has held first place as a stereopticon lecturer for twenty years and has retired with a fortune. Men and women have said to me: "What is the secret of this man's success?" My only reply is: "The people like to hear him. I like to hear him."

ACTORS AND DRAMATIC CRITICS

JOSEPH JEFFERSON is an actor in whom the romantic ardor of devotion to the dramatic art has never languished. Youth is gone, but not its enthusiasm, its faith, or its fire. He still embodies Rip Van Winkle with a sincerity as intense and with an artistic execution as thorough and as fresh as if the part were new, and as if he were playing it for the first time. The spontaneous drollery, the wildwood freedom, the endearing gentleness, the piquant, quizzical sapience, the unconscious humor, the pathetic blending of forlorn, wistful patience with awe-stricken apprehension, the dazed, submissive, drifting surrender to the current of fate, and the apparently careless, but clear-cut and beautiful method—all those attributes that bewitched the community long ago remain unchanged, and have lost no particle of their charm.

One Sunday morning, in Plymouth Church, just as Mr. Beecher was about to begin his sermon, and there was a deathly silence all over the house, Mr. Beecher said:

"Yes, I have been to the theatre. Mr. Beecher has been to the theatre. Now if you will all wait until you are past seventy years of age and will then go and see Joseph Jefferson in 'Rip Van Winkle,' I venture the risk that it will not affect your eligibility for heaven if you do nothing worse."

Mr. Jefferson can command $1,000 a night in the large cities, if he will only consent to lecture. He and Sir Henry Irving are overrun with invitations to appear before college audiences.

WILLIAM WINTER was first called to my attention by Henry Ward Beecher, in 1876, while we were on the train between Fall River and Boston. Mr. Beecher was reading the New York *Tribune*. He usually read his morning paper from beginning to end, and this time he had got as far as the dramatic criticism, when he said to me:

"If you want to have the true estimate concerning the drama you should read William Winter in *The Tribune*. He is the most graphic writer there is, and he is a fine critic and absolutely clean. Here's what he says of this young actress, Mary Anderson, as 'Juliet.'"

Mr. Beecher then read aloud to me a column prophesying a brilliant success, which proved to be fully realized. Since that time I have read everything Mr. Winter has written. I watched and read and admired the man. I noted the interest that he took in all matters pertaining to the advancement, culture, and education of the community where he lives, his founding of the Arthur Winter Memorial Library at the Staten Island Academy, with a contribution of rare books and gems of literature that could have been collected only by one of fine gifts and refined tastes such as Mr. Winter possesses.

Reading of this acquisition to the academy and the erection of a hall for lectures, etc., I felt an interest in the success of this movement, and wrote my first letter to Mr. Winter, proposing to furnish such of my stars as would contribute lectures and entertainments for his public.

A most gracious and appreciative letter of thanks came in return, which is one of my choicest delights. I so wrote him, and received another characteristic reply. So it has kept up ever since. I now, as far as possible, stipulate with my coming stars that they give one evening during their season to the Winter Memorial Library, and it has come about that they all look forward to that appointment with great expectation, because it is an audience that, for fine appreciation, is not to be excelled anywhere. Marion Crawford, Annie Grey, H. E. Krehbiel, and Ernest Seton-Thompson, all declare the Winter Memorial their ideal audience.

For over thirty-five years (since August, 1865), Mr. Winter has been the dramatic critic of the New York *Tribune*, and during that time he has wielded an influence more potent in the advancement of the drama than that of all the other New York critics combined. He is incorruptible and not afraid of consequences. Once a very prominent manager, knowing that Mr. Winter and I were friends, came into my office and asked for a confidential talk, which was granted. He began like this:

"You know William Winter well, do you not?"

"I have very little association with him. I know him well enough to understand that he is my friend and would go as far to serve me as he would any friend."

"Is he well fixed or is he poor?" asked the manager.

"He's not rich. How could he be, with only the resources of his pen as his income, and with a family of sons and a daughter to educate?"

"Major, would $2,500 be any inducement for him to visit the Union Square Theatre to-morrow evening, and give that girl, the greatest actress in the world, a send off?"

I said: "It would be a waste of time and money. You would be as safe in offering $50,000 as any other amount. If Mr. Winter goes there he will write as he sees, and will do the subject justice."

The manager told me that he had made sure of every paper that he wanted but the *Tribune*, and he would give more for

that paper than for all the others, because whatever Winter wrote the public believed. He had already secured the next best dramatic writer for less than half he offered me if I could secure Winter.

While I was writing this book, one of the other New York dramatic critics to whom that manager referred was in my office, and we went out to lunch together. He wanted to borrow $2. He said that the New York newspapers of to-day would accept nothing from his pen, nor from other prominent old journalists, while William Winter seemed to be as much in evidence as ever.

I couldn't help saying: "I will quote what a theatrical manager said to me twelve years ago: 'I secured the next best writer in New York for less than half what I would offer to Winter, but the public believes what Winter writes'; and it is true."

In reply to a letter from him recommending a great Shakespearean scholar and reader, I once wrote Mr. Winter that there was no public demand for a scholarly address on Shakespeare or any literary subject; that there was scarcely a statesman even, or any man of letters, that even colleges and institutions of learning cared to engage for commencements and other public occasions, but that I had letters from many leading colleges offering fabulous prices if I could secure Henry Irving or Joseph Jefferson for them, and on this encouraging symptom I offered each of these great actors $10,000 if they would each give ten addresses on these occasions.

Here is Mr. Winter's reply:

"September 5, 1896.

"My Dear Major Pond:

"I observed with some wonder your amazing offer of *$1,000 a night* to Irving and to Jefferson, for ten lectures, for *college commencements*. There must, of course, be some 'business' in this, or you would not think of it, but I should be very glad to know what qualifications are possessed by these gentlemen, or by any other *actors*, which entitled them to this peculiar eminence. A university is *a seat of learning*, and I have always supposed that the honors and rewards of *learning*

are due to great *scholars*, whose lives have been passed in study, in thought, and in labor for the art of literature and the cause of education. Mr. Irving and Mr. Jefferson are masters of the art of acting, and no one admires them more than I do; but I should hardly select either of them as monitors for a university commencement, any more than they would select me as a director of the stage.

"Faithfully yours,

"WILLIAM WINTER."

One of Mr. Winter's most cherished friends was George William Curtis, and it is his ambition to add a George William Curtis Memorial Lyceum to the Staten Island Academy. He is sure to accomplish the work if he is spared another five years.

He is the last of his kind. Only by his bravery and his fidelity to his profession could he survive the natural loneliness of his environment

There has been scarcely a great actor or actress or theatrical manager for the last forty years whom he has not known intimately and who has not been his dear friend. Among this number must be included Joseph Jefferson, Sir Henry Irving, Edwin Booth, Lester Wallack, John McCullagh, Lawrence Barrett, Barney Williams, W. J. Florence, William Weaver, John Gilbert, Adelaide Neilson, Ellen Terry, Charlotte Cushman, and Augustin Daly. One can readily come in touch with the tender vibrations and longings of his heart by reading the following poem in memory of his friend Augustin Daly, which is here reprinted by the kind permission of the Macmillan Co.:

A. D.

Died June 7, 1899.

Long he slumbers; will he waken, greeting, as he used to do,
With his kindly, playful smile, his old companions, me and you?

Long he slumbers—though the wind of morning sweetly blows to sea,
Though his barque has weighed her anchor, and the tide is flowing free.

Long he slumbers; why, so helpless, doth he falter on the shore?
Wherefore stays he in the silence, he that never stayed before?

"Do not wake me!" Oh, the pity! How shall we poor toilers strive
If his strong and steadfast spirit keep not our frail hope alive?

All his days were given to action, all his powers of mind and will:
Now the restless heart is silent, and the busy brain is still.

Gone the fine ideal fancies, glorious, like the summer dawn!
Ev'ry passionate throb of purpose, ev'ry dream of grandeur gone!

Courage, patience, deep devotion, long endurance, manly trust,
Zeal for truth and love for beauty—gone, and buried in the dust!

Ah, what pictures rise in mem'ry and what strains of music flow,
When we think of all the magic times and scenes of Long Ago!

When once more we hear, in Arden, rustling trees and rippling streams;
When on fair Olivia's palace faint and pale the moonlight beams;

When the storm-clouds break and scatter, and o'er beach, and crag, and wave,
Angels float, and heavenly voices haunt the gloom of Prosp'ro's cave!

Well he wrought—and we remember! Faded rainbow! fallen leaf!
All fair things are but as shadows, and all glory ends in grief.

Worn and weary with the struggle, broken with the weight of care,
Low he lies, and all his pageants vanish in the empty air.

Nevermore can such things lure us, nevermore be quite the same;
Other hands may grasp the laurel, other brows be twined with fame.

Far, and less'ning in the distance, dies the music of the Past;
In our ears a note discordant vibrates like an angry blast;

On our eyes the Future rushes, blatant, acrid, fraught with strife,
Arrogant with tinselled youth and rank with flux of sensual life.

Naught avails to stem the tumult—vulgar aims and commonplace,
Greed and vice and dross and folly, frenzied in the frantic race.

Naught avails, and we that linger, sick at heart and old and grim,
Can but pray to leave this rabble, loving Art and following him.

Very lonely seems the pathway; long we journeyed side by side;
Much with kindred hope were solaced, much with kindred anguish tried;

Had our transient jars and murmurs, had our purpose to be blest,
In our brotherhood of travel, in our dreams of age and rest,—

Yonder, where the tinted hawthorns scarlet poppyfields enfold,
And the prodigal laburnum blooms in clust'ring globes of gold.

Ended all—and all is shadow, where but late a glory shone,
And the wanderer, gray and fragile, walks the vacant scene, alon

Only now the phantom faces that in waking dreams appear!
Only now the aerial voices that the heart alone can hear!

Round and red the sun is sinking, lurid in his misty light;
Faintly sighs the wind of evening, coldly falls the brooding night.

Fare thee well—forever parted, speeding onward in the day
Where, through God's supernal mercy, human frailties drop away!

Fare thee well; while o'er thy ashes softly tolls the funeral knell—
Peace, and love, and tender memory! so, forever, fare thee well!

WILLIAM WINTER.

SIR HENRY IRVING'S advancement to the order of knighthood aroused great interest among theatrical people throughout the world. An honor has been conferred upon dramatic art, and it has fallen on the one person in the English-speaking world most fitted to bear it as the representative of all that is best in dramatic art.

Honors of this kind have been bestowed with much freedom on painters, writers, and musicians, but never before accorded to an actor. This instance, therefore, involves an unusual recognition of the acted drama as the peer of its kindred arts.

No actor is held in higher esteem by his fellow-actors than Sir Henry Irving. His high abilities are not more admired on the stage than his personal qualities in private life. The congratulations he has received on this advancement are more general and more sincere than could have been bestowed on any other living actor. For the above reason, Sir Henry Irving is offered fabulous sums if he will lecture or give readings. I offered him $10,000 if he would give ten readings before college societies.

It was my privilege to introduce Henry Irving to Mr. Beecher during the season of the latter's first visit to this country. I accompanied him and Miss Terry to Plymouth Church; we all sat in Mr. Beecher's pew with Mrs. Beecher. Two more attentive listeners Mr. Beecher never had. Irving

had heard Mr. Beecher lecture once—that memorable lecture in Manchester, England, in 1863, when he stood before that great English mob four hours before they would allow him to be heard. Mr. Irving had told me of having been one of the standees on that occasion, and was so intensely interested that he hadn't time to be tired.

Mr. Irving listened without moving even a muscle of his face during the sermon.

Of course, no two auditors would have attracted the attention of that great congregation more intensely at that time. After the benediction, everybody seemed fixed in their places with eyes centred on Irving and Terry. Mr. Beecher stepped down from the pulpit and made his way to the pastor's pew. As he approached Mr. Irving he said in a loud voice that all could hear, "Will the congregation please move out?" He then extended his hand to Mr. Irving, saying to me, "Mr. Pond, please walk with Mr. Irving to my house." He then shook hands with Miss Terry, who at that time held Mrs. Beecher in her embrace. As the crowd passed out, Mr. Irving and I walked ahead of Mr. Beecher, who had Miss Terry on his left arm and Mrs. Beecher on his right. As we entered Mr. Beecher's drawing-room, Mr. Irving and Mr. Beecher engaged in topical conversation on the sofa, and Mrs. Beecher sat down in a rocking-chair, and Miss Terry, taking an ottoman, placed it at Mrs. Beecher's feet and threw herself upon it, with both hands clasping Mrs. Beecher, and her head in Mrs. Beecher's lap. She was not aware of the capture she had made, to the surprise of all the Beecher family; for of all women that Mrs. Beecher had always shunned and despised, actresses she most abhorred, and Miss Terry was the first one to whom she had even spoken to her knowledge. This was the beginning of a friendship that was more like that of mother and daughter than mere friends, and continued until the end of Mrs. Beecher's life.

At dinner was such a Sunday scene as was often the custom, one which could occur nowhere else except in the Beecher family. There were present Col. H. B. Beecher, Henry

Ward's eldest son, and his wife; Colonel Beecher's daughter Kate (the late Mrs. Harper); and Mr. William C. Beecher, the second son, all endowed with Beecher brains. The hour was a display of intellect and wit. I never saw Mr. Irving so delightfully entertaining as on this occasion, and he and Miss Terry told me it was the most interesting and delightful day of their lives.

When Mr. Beecher died, I received a cablegram from Henry Irving, asking me to place a wreath on the casket, with the card, "Adieu, noble friend!—Henry Irving."

Mr. Irving came into my office one morning in November, 1887, while he and his company were playing at Wallack's Theatre. He asked if I were busy. Of course I was at his service then and there. He said:

"I see by the papers that a fund is being raised for a statue to Mr. Beecher, in Brooklyn. Can you tell me if the plans are formulated, and if Miss Terry and I can be of assistance? I think my company would gladly contribute their services for an extra matinée of 'Faust' for that object."

I assured Mr. Irving that it would be highly appreciated. I went with him to the theatre, where a rehearsal was on. Mr. Irving asked the attention of the company for a moment. He told them that he and Miss Terry would like to invite them all to join in an extra performance of "Faust," the entire proceeds to be given to the Henry Ward Beecher Statue Fund. The suggestion met with a very hearty and unanimous approval. The matinée was given, and $3,100 was sent to Ripley Ropes, treasurer of the fund, which was duly acknowledged.

MISS CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN was on the stage forty years. The last twenty-five of these years she was the greatest actress of her time. She died in the Parker House, Boston, February, 1876. I started for Kings Chapel, from where she was buried, at 8:30, and found the little church and neighboring thoroughfares thronged with the sorrowing multitude waiting with the hope of getting just one view of the casket which contained the remains of their departed friend.

Miss Cushman's memory is still green. Her cottage at Newport and her grave at Mount Auburn are among the first objects inquired for by visitors to these places.

The last few years of her public life were devoted to public reading. In that department she was without a rival,—Fanny Kemble having retired to private life,—and in simplicity, personal magnetism, humor, and stalwart force of execution her readings have never been equalled. In the autumn of 1874 she gave six readings in Chicago for Messrs. Carpenter & Sheldon, managers of the Star Course, for which they paid her $5,000. The readings took place in McCormick's Hall, on the north side of the city. The gross receipts for those six readings aggregated upward of $17,000.

In 1857 a tramping jour printer had come from Kansas seeking employment on the daily papers in St. Louis. It was the year of the great financial panic. There were so many printers out of work that those having steady employment yielded half of their time to "subs."

At the house where I boarded I sat next to the prompter of the People's Theatre, an old man, the most popular prompter ever known to the profession, Jimmie Anderson I took to the old fellow, and he was very nice to me. One evening he invited me to the theatre, on the stage, where I stood beside him and saw Neafie in the "Corsican Brothers." I walked home with him after the theatre. Before retiring that night he told me that the office of call-boy in the theatre was vacant, and I might have it—seven dollars a week. I began the following Monday. Charlotte Cushman opened that night with Lady Macbeth. It was the first time I ever saw her.

During the play Miss Cushman came to Mr. Anderson somewhat excited, saying, "Jimmie"—they all called him Jimmie—"the boy who carried my basket to-night loitered by the way. That basket contains most of my jewels. I must have somebody that I can rely upon who will walk faithfully by my side."

Anxious to earn an extra dollar, I hunched old Jimmie, and he turned around and spoke very savagely to me:

"Will you do it?"

"Yes," said I.

So that night I walked home with Charlotte Cushman, the great actress, carrying her basket to her room in the Planters' House.

I did this until Saturday, when I was taken ill and obliged to send a substitute, who brought the basket on Saturday night.

After the play, when the lights were turned off with the exception of the star's dressing-room, I was curled up on the stage among a lot of scenery. I heard Miss Cushman, coming out of her room, say:

"Where is that boy who carried my basket?"

I replied, "Here."

She walked across the stage, piloted by the night watchman with his lantern, and reaching out her hand to me said:

"I hope you are not going to be ill," and placed a coin in my hands.

I hurried to get to where there was sufficient light, to discover that I was the owner of a twenty-dollar gold piece.

That night I changed my lodging.

I did not meet Miss Cushman personally after that until 1874-5. I was giving Sunday-night entertainments in Boston, which were meeting with very great success. I thought of Charlotte Cushman, and telegraphed her at Newport, offering her $1,000 if she would give a reading in the Boston. She accepted.

The night of the reading I was so busy that I did not have an opportunity to place in Miss Cushman's hands the envelope containing the certified check for $1,000. It was not until after the performance that I went to her hotel and sent up my card. The bell-boy returned with the answer, "Miss Cushman says show the gentleman up."

Miss Cushman met me very cordially in her room. She was in a very happy mood, as the hall had been crowded with people.

"Miss Cushman," I said, "I intended to hand this envelope to you on the platform, but I was so busy in front of the house that I could not get an opportunity. Please pardon me."

"Oh, that is all right, Major Pond. Sit down and have some supper." (Stars always have supper after their performances.)

During the conversation at the table I said: "Miss Cushman, that $1,000 check of this evening is the interest on twenty dollars that you invested in me in 1857."

Then I related the incident of the twenty-dollar gold piece which she gave me when I was sick back of the stage in St. Louis.

"Are you that boy?" she asked, with a reminiscent smile.

"Yes," said I, smiling back, "the very boy."

"Well, I am glad to see you. I have often wondered if you survived."

We were both glad.

MISS ELLEN TERRY, the greatest actress of our times, possesses a remarkable range of powers from low comedy to the highest tragic force, but always suggesting a lovely spirit behind the mask. At one moment she can be a queen of tragedy, at another a boisterous hoyden, at another a gentle, refined, high-bred lady. Her mirth is perfect gladness.

In private or social life, no matter how select or distinguished the surroundings or attractive the company, she eclipses every lady present, and is always the centre of attraction.

No better estimate of the genius of Miss Terry can be given than Mr. William Winter's description of her in the character of Rosamund, in Tennyson's "Becket," which I quote, by permission of the Macmillan Co., from "Shadows of the Stage":

"Tennyson's Rosamund is one of the loveliest creations in English literature. No character could be imagined in more complete unison with the nature and attributes disclosed in the acting of Ellen Terry. She embodied it in a fluent and delicious vein of spontaneity. In that part, as in Goethe's Margaret, she conquered by simply allowing a rich individuality to show itself through careless glee, confiding abandonment, and a sweet bewilderment of tremulous apprehension, and once through the proud self-assertion of elemental nobility. That seems not difficult in the saying, but, obviously, it must be difficult to do; for whenever, in acting, the effect of

nature is most absolute, there the means of art have been applied with the most of glamour, and concealed with the best of disguise. Throughout her performance there was no effort. All was grace. In the fugitive scene with Becket, and in the affectionate prattle—half raillery, half fondness—in the bower scene with Henry, the conditions are so simple that the effect might have become insipid but for her sumptuous personality, her profound sincerity, the plenitude of her enticing and piquant ways, the sunshine of her face, and the music of her delicious voice. During those scenes her preservation of girlish sprightliness never lapsed—till, with the final exclamation, 'Some dreadful truth is breaking on me,' she struck the chord of tenderest pathos, and showed herself all woman. Beauty and tenderness, in forlorn apprehension, overshadowed, shaken, and made half wild with nameless dread, constitute a conflicting image of lovely grief, such as Ellen Terry, beyond all the players of our time, is best fitted to impress upon the heart."

I have frequently been offered $1,000 if I could secure Miss Terry for an afternoon's reading in the drawing-rooms of wealthy people in New York, Philadelphia, and Boston.

LITERARY LECTURERS

MATTHEW ARNOLD came to this country and gave one hundred lectures. Nobody ever heard any of them, not even those sitting in the front row. At his first appearance in Chickering Hall every seat was sold at a high price. Chauncey M. Depew introduced the speaker. I was looking after the business in the front of the house. There was not a seat to be had excepting a few that were held by speculators on the sidewalk. As Mr. Depew and Matthew Arnold appeared before the audience, somebody told me that General and Mrs. Grant had just arrived and had seats in the gallery, but some other people were occupying them. I immediately got a policeman, and working through the standing crowd, found that they were the last two seats on the aisle in the gallery. We had no difficulty in getting the occupants to vacate as soon as they discovered who held the tickets. We had just heard the last few sentences of Mr. Depew's introduction when Matthew Arnold stepped forward, opened out his manuscript, laid it on the desk, and his lips began to move. There was not the slightest sound audible from where I stood. After a few minutes General Grant said to Mrs. Grant, "Well, wife, we have paid to see the British lion; we cannot hear him roar, so we had better go home" They

left the hall. A few minutes later there was a stream of people leaving the place. All those standing went away very early. Later on, the others who could not endure the silence moved away as quietly as they could.

Matthew Arnold went to Boston, and some friends there urged him to take lessons in elocution, which he did. He engaged the well-known instructor, Mr. Marshall Wilder (not Marshall P. Wilder of vaudeville fame), but it only helped to make the performance appear more ridiculous than before.

Mr. Arnold had his manuscript copied in very large letters on flat cap paper and bound in portfolio style, which he mounted on an easel at his right. He would throw his eyes on the manuscript and then recite a sentence to the audience, turn his head for the next sentence and recite that in a loud, monotonous voice, and in that way to the end of the show.

Notwithstanding all his eccentricities, the best people of America paid $2 a ticket to see and hear the great poet and critic, and he returned to England with a very handsome sum of money, which he must have needed or he never would have allowed himself to be subjected to so ridiculous a spectacle as he made of his performance.

His own impressions of the success of the lecture are given in the following letter which he wrote to his daughter:

"The St. Botolph Club, 85 Boylston Street,
"Boston, November 8, 1883.

"My Dearest Fan:

"Here is Thursday and my Sunday letter has not yet been written; but you have heard from Flu, and she will have given you some notion of what our life here is. I hope, however, to write once in every week to you. I wrote last from New York, before my first lecture. I was badly heard, and many people were much disappointed; but they remained to the end, were perfectly civil and attentive, and applauded me when I had done. It made me doubtful about going on with the lecturing, however, as I felt I could not maintain a louder pitch of voice than I did in Chickering Hall, where I lectured, and some of the American halls are much larger. There is a

good deal to be learned as to the management of the voice, however, and I have set myself to learn it, though I am old to begin; the kindness of the people here makes everything easier, as they are determined to like one. The strength of the feeling about papa, here in New England, especially, would gratify you; and they have been diligent readers of my books for years. The number of people whom, somehow or other, I reach here is what surprises me. Imagine General Grant calling at the *Tribune* office to thank them for their good report of the main points of my lecture, as he had thought the line taken so very important, but had heard imperfectly! Now I should not have suspected Grant of either knowing or caring anything whatever about me and my productions.

"Your ever affectionate

"M. A."

JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY, the poet, editor of the Boston *Pilot*, the leading Roman Catholic newspaper of New England, and the first weekly devoted to Catholic and Irish interests ever published in this country, was at the time of his death the most popular lecturer of his time with Catholic societies. Boyle O'Reilly had passed an eventful life.

Very early in his young manhood he became identified with the Fenian Brotherhood, under James Stevens, the Irish leader who came so nearly organizing a successful rebellion against British rule that it is a matter of record that at one time there was a Fenian Council organized in nearly every regiment in the British army that permitted Irish recruits, as well as in a large majority of all British ships of war. O'Reilly entered the Ninth Hussars in order to learn military life and skill. He became sergeant-major, the highest warrant position obtainable in the rank and file. He was so completely trusted that the Secret Service detective kept on duty in the regiment made him his confidant. The regiment was on duty at Dublin Castle when James Stevens was captured and brought there a prisoner. Besides the Ninth Hussars, there was also a Highland regiment in the garrison. Stevens escaped, aided by the Fenians under O'Reilly and his regimental associates. The young sergeant held high command in the brotherhood. A great commotion followed, and the Highlanders were put on guard

with orders to hold every Irishman within the bounds. Before this was made public, O'Reilly attempted to leave, carrying the despatch bag often entrusted to him. He was stopped at the Castle gates, an act which was apologized for at the time. Before night fell it was known that a Fenian Council was in existence there. Its membership was almost defined, but its leader's name still remained a secret. An order for summary execution of all was promulgated, martial law being in force, unless this name was given. Boyle O'Reilly, to save his associates from this fate, made the announcement himself. His action being treasonable, the penalty was death, and Sergeant O'Reilly was tried at once, found guilty, and condemned. This sentence was commuted to penal transportation for life, and the young soldier was sent to Western Australia, the last of British convict settlements. He remained five years before making his escape and reaching America in safety. The quality of manhood that Boyle O'Reilly possessed was displayed not only in the reckless courage and daring shown in the Fenian incidents, and in the patient, manly endurance exhibited in his years of prison servitude, but it reached a higher plane by far when he settled down to the life of a freeman and citizen in the metropolis of New England. With the maturity of his intellectual life intensified and deepened by the strange experiences through which he had passed, there came to him the conviction that conspiracy was personally demoralizing as well as futile as a policy. He felt that any genuine and sincere agitation could be best achieved in a free community by close adherence to the open ways that equal citizenship afforded. He never assumed, then, any other rôle than that of an American, while faithful always to the better interests of his own people. Boyle O'Reilly easily became one of the most popular men and scholars of Boston. He took an active part in all public affairs, social and political, and soon became as "to the manor born." He was successful as a lecturer from the outset, for he had the genius of the poet, and the wit and warmth of an Irishman—qualities that, with a most attractive presence, made him popular always. But he cared more for

his home, his newspaper, and his library than for the platform. Nevertheless, he was able to do a good deal of lecturing, where the distances would permit, without neglecting his other duties.

John Boyle O'Reilly, an Irishman and a Catholic, has been President of the Papyrus Club in Boston, a chair occupied by Webster, Lowell, Emerson, Whittier, and Oliver Wendell Holmes, and has a memorial niche in the new Public Library of Boston, where is to be found the finest collection of Irish literature in America. The accompanying picture he signed for me only a short time before his death.

MR. HAMILTON W. MABIE, associate editor of *The Outlook*, and author of several books that rank among the finer literature of our land, is one of our very best public speakers. He is one of the first called upon to deliver addresses on nearly all of the most important occasions, and his literary lectures are also in great demand.

If the mantle of Edward Everett has fallen upon any man of this generation, that man is Mr. Mabie. As an orator he is popular in the same sense that Mr Everett was. He possesses more humor than Everett. But in his self command, in his reserve force, in the purity of his language, in his quiet intensity and refinement of appearance on the platform, he belongs to the same school, and to-day heads it.

In dignity of bearing, in clearness of expression, in the finish of his sentences, in the charm of his manner, Mr. Mabie is a model for all public speakers.

Each season on the lecture platform has more firmly established his position as one of the foremost essayists, critics, and orators of this country. He has addressed and delighted the most cultivated audiences wherever he has appeared, and recalls have been numerous. His lectures have been received with special favor before colleges, literary clubs, and wherever substance and form of the very highest order are appreciated.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON was a favorite of the lyceum for nearly forty years. He had finished his lecturing career when I took up the business, but his memory was very green to all lecture committees that thronged our office in Boston year after year, and many urgent applications were made for him to appear after he had retired to his home at Concord.

One morning Mrs. Mary A. Livermore came into our office in Boston, somewhat disturbed by the fact that the newspapers that morning had announced that the publishers of the Boston *Herald* had obtained an option on the Old South Meeting House, and that it was to be torn down, as the society was going to build a new church on the Back Bay and were to sell the old structure. At that time the Redpath Lyceum Bureau was a sort of rendezvous for the leading men and women of letters. Very soon Mrs. Julia Ward Howe came in, accompanied by Father Neil, a patriarchal minister of the Baptist profession, whose great white beard hung down to the skirts of his garments. There was a general feeling of indignation expressed by every one present that this great pile was to be desecrated or demolished. Mr. Redpath came in late, and about the first word he uttered was:

"Do you see the Old South Church is to go? It is sold to the *Herald* company."

There was more indignation generally expressed, and Mr.

Redpath went out to see the parties and to ascertain if the report was true. When he returned he reported that it was a fact that the parties had the option for sixty days, but were willing to release it if the citizens wished to preserve it. Then and there was an organization formed or talked of for the preservation of the church, and it was decided to get up an entertainment.

Before the day was over some ladies came in and announced to Mr. Redpath that they were going to make the attempt to preserve the old pile, and thought of giving an entertainment in the church as soon as possible in order to start a fund for its preservation. What could the Redpath Bureau furnish that would draw a crowd that would pay a good price? We thought it all over, and it was decided to try Mr. Emerson, as he had not lectured in Boston for a number of years.

It was my fortune to be sent to Concord, at Mr. Redpath's suggestion, to see if Mr. Emerson would come in and give us a lecture. I went out and met the dear old man at the Manse House. He greeted me very cordially and gladly accepted the invitation to come in and lecture. The date was fixed; it was advertised in the newspapers; tickets were put out at from one to three dollars, and many of the Boston ladies sold them. The afternoon for the lecture came. The Old South was filled with as choice an audience of the blue blood of Boston as has ever assembled in that old chapel. Mr. Emerson came in and was introduced by Father Neil. As he began reading his lecture the audience was very attentive. After a few moments he lost his place, and his grand-daughter, sitting in the front row of seats, gently stepped toward him and reminded him that he was lecturing. He saw at once that he was wandering, and with the most charming, characteristic, apologetic bow he resumed his place—an incident that seemed to affect the audience more than anything that could possibly have occurred. A few moments later he took a piece of manuscript in his hand, and turning around with it, laid it on a side table.

Just then one of the audience said to me (I think it was Mrs. Livermore or Mrs. Howe), "Please have the audience

pass right out," and rushing up to Mr. Emerson, said, "Thank you so much for that delightful lecture," then turning around, waved the audience to go out.

He probably had been speaking about fifteen minutes. The audience passed out, many of them in tears. It was one of the most pathetic sights that I ever witnessed. It did not attract very much attention just then, and I never read any account of it in the newspapers. I suppose it was out of love and veneration for the dear man that the incident did not receive public mention, but there must be a great many still alive who were witnesses of that memorable scene. It was Ralph Waldo Emerson's last public appearance.

WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS

WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS, Mark Twain always insisted, would be a success on the platform if he would ever consent to go lecturing, and on that recommendation, more than my love for his books, few of which I have ever read, I have used my persuasive eloquence on him more than on any other American author. I had other reasons for importuning Mr. Howells. One was because so many applications had come to me, year after year, from lyceums in all parts of the country, urging me to secure him and expressing wonder that he should refuse. Another was that every visit to the popular novelist increased my faith in the ultimate success of my object. He was always cordial and polite and seemingly pleased that there was so much of a desire on the part of the public to see and hear him, not knowing whether he could entertain them or not. He always seemed to reason very encouragingly from a business standpoint, going into details of probable results from a tour of from fifty to one hundred lectures, as compared with what he could earn by writing during the same length of time. He would like to try it, but there was the risk of health, and of giving up a certainty for what seemed to him an uncertainty. He felt sure that he could prepare a lecture that would please the people and give much information concerning the mysteries of his craft that he could not impart so well in any other way. He was more or less pessimistic concerning himself.

Finally there was some prospective change at *Harper's Weekly*, to which he had regularly contributed so long, and to my delight, in the spring of 1899, he informed me that he would accept my offer, and that I might book fifty engagements for him to lecture, not more than four times a week, and not to go farther west than Kansas or Iowa. I think I never made an announcement that gave me more real inward satisfaction, for in all the years of my pursual of him I had come to learn

his painstaking habit of devotion to his work, and that whatever he attempted would be sure of success.

When Mark Twain learned that Mr. Howells had at last consented to undertake a lecture tour, he wrote me:

"I am glad you have corralled Howells. He's a most sinful man, and I always knew God would send him to the platform if he didn't behave."

He went to his country place in Maine to prepare his lectures. I received frequent letters from him telling me that he was taking easily to the work, and that I might feel satisfied that his lecture would meet the public approval. His first lecture, "The Heroes and Heroines of Fiction," was given at my house.

His first public lecture was in Ypsilanti, Mich., for I had planned to make the long rides and distant cities before cold weather set in. Prevented by sickness from accompanying him myself, I sent another gentleman with him in my stead, and together they made a tour of the principal cities of the middle West. The newspaper criticisms of Mr. Howells' lectures were fine, and everywhere that he went he found large and enthusiastic audiences. He endeared himself to his hearers. A gentleman in Des Moines, Ia., after Mr. Howells' lecture there, sat down and wrote me a letter, from which I quote:

"Dear Mr. Pond:

"I am led to address you in this familiar way out of the enthusiastic pleasure which I have enjoyed over the visit of Mr. Howells, and I have thought it would be pleasing to you to know that his reception here was enthusiastic and appreciative. It was my good fortune to have him, with President McLean of the State University, and Major Byers of this city, at a little one o'clock lunch at my home on Wednesday, 1st inst., and his stay there will always be remembered by us as a delight. He is one of the sweetest tempered and most lovable men that I have ever known. The trait which, perhaps, first becomes noticeable when you have met him is his absolute honesty and faithfulness to the truth, and he carried out this principle in his lecture by making it not alone an effort to please, but by giving us an hour of the most valuable instruc-

tion. It is not necessary for me to enlarge upon the importance of this in a day so prolific of novels, and when it is so important that our novel reading should be well directed. Mr. Howells created a splendid impression in Des Moines, and has left the literary life of our city decidedly the better for his presence."

The cordiality of the people he met throughout those middle Western States was almost too much for Mr. Howells. He wrote me from Emporia, Kansas:

"I had a great house—1,300 or 1,400—last night here, and only less quick and keen than in Topeka, where it was perfect. But I cannot stand the racket. I cannot sleep without drugs, and I will ask you not to make any more dates for me after Hamilton, if you can get me there; for I cannot promise to fill these; and I don't want to disappoint people. It is the *kindness* (as I foresaw) that kills. I *cannot* refuse people's hospitality, and it is simply disastrous."

On his return to New York he brought up the subject again, by writing me:

"The trouble with lecturing is the social side, which is essentially a part of it, and a very pleasant part. If I could lecture every night (which I cannot) and arrive every day too late for an afternoon reception, and get away as soon as I read my paper, it would be fine, but that is impossible."

This tour, I believe, brought a great deal of pleasure and profit to the novel-reading public (and whom does that term not include?) who had their first opportunity to hear the greatest realist in American fiction explain the technique of his profession. It seems, too, that some of the experiences were an education to Mr. Howells, who wrote me:

"Grinnell was my first glimpse of the real West, and it is simply stupendous. The beauty and richness of the country are marvellous. Co-education is the true thing for the West. I have never met brighter minds than among the women members of the faculty. What charming people, all!"

But he got homesick for New York and his desk, and some weeks before the tour was completed, he countermanded his

request to make engagements for him only every other day, and asked me to crowd in all the dates possible in November, so as to let him off early in December.

Although in haste to escape from what he termed "the worst slavery I ever imagined," and to get back to his writing, he called a halt at Hamilton, Ohio, the town of his early boyhood. How much human nature and "boy" nature the following few words reveal:

"Hamilton is my 'Boy's Town' and I wish to go there on almost any terms. I could lecture there the night after Cincinnati, and I should like a day off there afterward."

He did stop off there, and preceding his regular lecture on "The Novel and Novel Writing," he delighted the people of Hamilton with some of his autobiographical reminiscences. The town was proud of him, if one may judge from the extended reports that appeared in the local papers.

I have since made several attempts to induce Mr. Howells to fill lecture engagements and thus give pleasure to the many people who are constantly applying to me for him, but his prejudice against the platform seems adamantine. Here is a record of one such futile attempt:

(Dict.) "May 24, 1900.

"My Dear Mr. Howells:

"Will you go to Wilmington, Del., and lecture for $350? I should think it would be splendid recreation for you. There are a great many people who have died for the want of platform ozone.

"Sincerely yours,

"J. B. Pond.

"Mr. W. D. Howells, 40 West 59th St., N. Y."

"40 West 59th St., May 24, 1900.

"My Dear Major:

"I am not quite hungry enough yet. But I appreciate your kindness, and I wonder at Wilmington.

"Yours truly,

"W. D. Howells."

I wanted to say something of Mr. Howells—better than I knew how to write—so I asked my friend, Mr. George W. Cable, to write it for me, and here is what he has to say:

Nearly twenty years ago, Mr. Thomas Sargent Perry wrote of Mr. Howells: "He has made over the American novel, taught it gracefulness and compactness, and has given it a place in literature along with the best of modern work." This was far from the first word of praise and appreciation evoked by Mr. Howells, who, as editor of a leading literary magazine, as poet and as novelist, had already firmly established himself in the ranks of the writers of to-day. And since his name first became known it has grown constantly more familiar and more loved, until to-day it is regarded as that of the most typically American of American writers, without a rival in his particular field of work.

This field of work has been the subject of more or less discussion among his readers, regarding its merits and demerits. But however much discussion there may be, as to the subject he has chosen, there can be absolutely no doubt as to the excellency of his treatment of it. He has chosen, as Thomas Wentworth Higginson tells us: "To look away from great passions, and rather to elevate the commonplace by minute touches." He began by throwing aside all the meaningless conventionalities that then hung around the novel, boldly asserting that, "As for him, he was a snapper-up of unconsidered trifles—an observer and a portrayer of the trivial commonplaces of life." Yet in truth he is far more than this; to quote Mr. Perry again, Mr. Howells touches the reader's shoulder and points out the beauty hidden in simple actions, the pathos lurking beneath seemingly indifferent words—in short, the humanity of life."

To "paint the thing as he sees it" has been and is ever Mr. Howells's chief aim in his work. And because of his patient, conscientious adherence to this principle, he gives us life, his characters are not puppets, conjured from a wild imagination and moved mechanically by strings, but living, human men

and women, such as we meet any and every day—very ordinary, perhaps, and at times even uninteresting, except that, as Browning has it:

> "We're made so that we love
> First when we see them painted, things we've passed
> Perhaps a hundred times nor cared to see."

It is as the leading exponent of realism in art that Mr. Howells stands to-day—for realism as opposed to romanticism, for living interest in the world around us instead of a vague, fanciful dreaming about the past. Mr. Howells himself has told us that we cannot have romanticism back because we live now in an age of hopeful doing and striving, not of mere dreaming. "Like Tolstoi and Ibsen," some one has written of him, "his types are drawn directly from the reality he knows, and have no prototypes in fiction. All romantic traditions are discarded and the story moves on, not only with the strictest regard for probability, but with the inevitableness of life itself."

His "heavenly scorn" for conventions and traditions, for all that is second hand or sham, and his conscientious desire to set forth the truth and to show us life as he knows it, are the fundamental bases of his success. Yet I think he has become endeared to the American people even more through his pure, unqualified Americanism—his "contemporaneousness," as Boyesen calls it, when he says, "That good-natured disrespect toward the past, that humorous tolerance of amusing shams, that large-hearted sympathy and kindliness toward all humanity, which are the most characteristic qualities of the American people, have never before found so typical a representative in American literature." His men and women are not only real men and women of to-day, they are American men and women; and if he has been censured for giving us frivolous, inconsequent, nervously silly women, it is, as some one has said, because, "the vain and weak women intrude themselves a good deal in real life, while the Olive Hallecks and Penelope Laphams are content to keep a post of quiet ob-

servation farther back." His fine, pure, unselfish women are not wanting any more than are his strong, noble men. He is too keen an observer to fail to recognize their existence even in the "every-day world" that he depicts, but his all-pervading humor ferrets out weakness and inconsequence and folly, exposing them, not in an unfriendly way, but with a generous, sympathetic smile that makes even his victims smile with him.

Still, even this kindly humor is far less noticeable in his later work than in his early writing. It has rather broadened into a large human sympathy, a genial love of his kind, and a keen appreciation of their merits as well as of their faults. When he moralizes, as he sometimes does, it is, as some one has said, in an "open and fearless treatment of the living problems of the hour. . . . Underlying each of his later works is the thought of a perfect brotherhood."

To quote Thomas Sargent Perry again, than whose appreciation of Mr. Howells I know of none finer: "That he has delighted us all, we all know. He has shown us how genuine, how full of romance, is the life about us which seems sordid and has a fine reputation for sordidness. It is the tone of the author's mind that makes the mark upon that of the reader, and who that knows Mr. Howells's work does not feel that he learns new sympathies and gentler judgment from his generosity and careful study?"

Mr. Howells is not only one of the most prolific of all imaginative American writers of the first rank, but within the last ten years or so he has come to be regarded as one of the foremost authorities, if not the very first, in the criticism of current poetry and romance. Hundreds of thousands of readers put themselves under the inspiration and leading of his printed talks upon books and writers of the day, and while he has been to our vast reading public one of the least seen of literary Americans, no portrait is better known than his, no man's utterance upon any subject of literary value is more widely or eagerly considered. All the more emphatically is this latter statement true of the subjects he has now chosen for his public lectures. These themes are peculiarly his own,

and the opportunity to see the very face and hear the living voice of the man himself is one that, it may safely be predicted, the whole book-loving element of American society will avail itself of with a keen and affectionate delight.

G. W. Cable.

Northampton, Mass., July, '99.

I want Mr. Howells to live to a good old age, as long as the great war horses of the platform lived. The people want to see and hear him most of all. Here is what his friend, Mark Twain, said of lecturing at the close of the American end of his tour around the world:

"Lecturing is gymnastics, chest-expander, medicine, mind healer, blues destroyer, all in one. I am twice as well as I was when I started out. I have gained nine pounds in twenty-eight days, and expect to weigh six hundred before January. I haven't had a blue day in all the twenty-eight."

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS has filled, as no other American man of letters of this generation, the ideal of clear intellect, pure taste, moral purpose, chivalry of feeling, and personal refinement and grace. The grace and culture he possessed were as natural as his courtesy and his faith in mankind. They were ingrained as part of his being, wrought into every strain and making the strands of his every-day life.

From the moment of his entrance into public life as a speaker, now nearly fifty years ago, he entirely satisfied the higher conception of purity, dignity, and sweetness. He was a lecturer of beautiful presence and was superbly artificial, yet this artificiality was natural. His hair and beard were a beautiful silver-gray, his face was pale, his manner studied, his voice cultivated. It was as enjoyable to hear him as to listen to an opera, and was a lesson in grand manners and elocution.

His voice, like his manners and appearance on the platform, was ideal—clear, bell-like, silvery. He could be heard in the largest of halls without apparently any special effort. It was a delight to listen; every syllable was distinct, yet there was no strain. The enunciation was perfect. The matter of his speeches was like the sound, perfect in sense, clear in meaning, as graceful as the speaking, and always carrying the sense of conviction to the hearers.

A gentleman, and exclusive in bearing, Curtis was, nevertheless, profoundly democratic. He believed in his fellowmen—that was the essence of his democracy—and, like Wendell Phillips, he illustrated in his manners and greeting that the noblest refinement was in all senses a part of the most complete faith in republican doctrine and in the essential equality of human beings. For twenty years Mr. Curtis commanded the highest fees—about the same as Gough, Beecher, and Phillips. He always read his lectures from carefully prepared manuscripts.

MISCELLANEOUS

HENRY WATTERSON I have known for the twenty-five years that he has been coming to the Everett House, New York. I think I know him better than many of those who count themselves intimate acquaintances and friends. My office has been his headquarters most of that time, where he has been in the habit of meeting all classes of political leaders, newspaper managers, and editors, and where have been discussed all progressive schemes in the interest of telegraph news, printing machinery, paper manufacture, and advancement in industry of all kinds, political, social, scientific, and for the general good in all directions.

A Democratic leader and editor of the most influential paper in the South, he has counted such men as Greeley, Raymond, James, Whitelaw Reid, Dana, McGill, and John Swinton among his nearest friends and advisers. He was looked upon by his political opponents as one of the safest of their advisers. I think Henry Watterson has had the entrée to the White House during every administration since Grant's, excepting Hayes, although I hardly think he and President Cleveland were over fond of each other.

There are conditions under which a close friend of the Colonel can learn all about him—his remarkable social experiences, especially among the men and women of the lyric and dramatic stage. At one time he knew every great actor, ac-

tress, singer, and manager in the English-speaking world, and they were all his friends.

Colonel Watterson has been a successful lecturer during the last two decades and has covered as much territory as any other man. He is equally popular in New England and in the South; is a favorite in Texas, California, Arkansas, Kansas, Iowa, and all the Western States. He has given his lecture on "Abraham Lincoln" before crowded houses in Southern cities where, when he was a rebel captain, he would joyfully have directed the Federal President's execution.

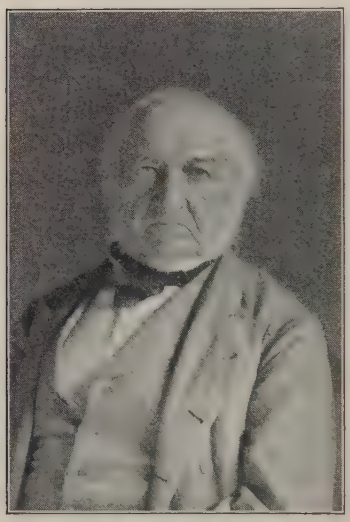
Until 1894 he conducted the councils of his party in all national conventions, and has wielded an influence more potent in the advancement of the Democratic party than any other man of his time.

He is a charming man personally, honest, kind-hearted, and sincere in every way (except at poker: I have known him to rake in all the chips in a three-round jack-pot, and raise out five good players—a Vice-President of the United States, a governor of a State, and three United States Senators—on a bobtail flush). His friends are legion. As a public speaker I think he is as bad as he is charming in private conversation. The secret of his universal popularity is his own magnificent self.

THE HON. WILLIAM PARSONS, a Dublin barrister, was a splendid representative of a school of literary and historical lecturers, who, like Dr. John Lord, followed the platform as a profession. Taking him all in all, Mr. Parsons was decidedly the most satisfactory man to manager and audiences alike that has come from abroad. His taking presence, charming manners, and well-equipped brain, admirably furnished, his ease of speech and pleasant, well-trained voice, together with his ready wit and careful scholarship, made him a favorite always during the twelve years he was continuously coming here for the lecture season. But his voice was his best tool; it never wore on himself or tired his hearers.

From 1873 to 1884, the Hon. William Parsons made annual lecture tours in America. Next to Gough, he was about the first one to be booked for the following season wherever he appeared. Generally he returned after the close of a lecture tour with his time for the following season all booked solid and contracts in his pocket. His lectures were biographical.

WILLIAM E. GLADSTONE could not be prevailed upon to undertake a lecture tour in America. I made him a final offer of £4,000 for twenty lectures. Of course he did not accept it; yet, if he had only known the reception he would have gotten in America, and the anxious, almost feverish desire that there was on the part of the people to see and hear him, I think he would have been inclined to run across. There is no auditorium in this country that he could not have filled nightly at big prices. But possibly the fear also of the reception may have influenced his negative. It certainly did affect John Bright in the series of refusals he made to my several suggestions.



I met Mr. Gladstone three times at his home in London and submitted propositions for a tour of fifty lectures. He did not discourage me at first, but later on said that he thought he was too old to make the trip. "Besides," he added, "why should I go to America? Don't all Americans come to see me?" I give the letter Mr. Gladstone sent me in reply to my last:

"DEAR SIR: I have to acknowledge the receipt of your letter, with all the kindness it expresses, and the dazzling proposals which it offers. Unhappily my reply lies not in vague expressions of hope, but in the burden of seventy years, and of engagements and duties beyond my strength, by the deser-

tion of which, even for the time needed, I should really be disentitling myself to the good will of the people of America, which I prize so highly.

"I remain, dear sir,

"Your most faithful servant,

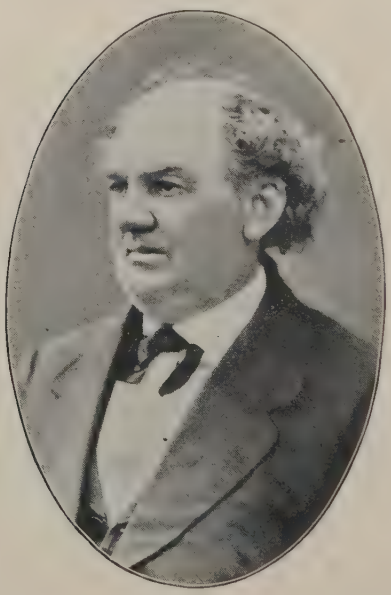
"W. E. Gladstone.

"February 7, 1880.

"To Major J. B. Pond, Boston, U. S. A."

On two occasions I breakfasted with Mr. Gladstone at his Harley Street house. He was very much interested in my stories of Western frontier life, and asked if I had any objections to having a stenographer sit behind a screen and take down the "stories." So on my third visit we sat down to breakfast and I talked. I had been thinking all the night before and all the morning on my way to his house what I would say, but when once seated at the table, somehow, unconsciously, I was going on at a great rate, giving experiences of my Western life, all drawn out of me by Mr. Gladstone's fascinating way of doing things. It was one o'clock when we rose from the table. He said: "Major Pond, I cannot tell you how interesting your visit has been to me. I thank you for it." The reporter was concealed behind a screen very near. I have looked for the stories in print, but I never found them.

P. T. BARNUM I first saw in Fond du Lac, Wisconsin, in 1853. The agitation over the Maine Law had excited the then new and farthest Western State, Wisconsin, and there was a movement on foot to have the Maine Law passed by the State Legislature. Many speakers were secured from the East, among whom were Mrs. Fowler, Mrs. S. R. I. Bennett, P. T. Barnum, and another gentleman, a famous agitator, whose name I forget. This party travelled in a two-horse carriage from town to town, holding temperance meetings and making speeches. I know that I walked with my father from Alto to Fond du Lac (twenty miles) to see and to hear "the great humbug," Barnum. I remember Darling's Hall was packed. The women speakers, to my eye, seemed very beautiful. I remember that the hair of one hung in long ringlets down each side of her face and neck, and her shoulders and arms were bare! She was very picturesque.



Then came the first gentleman, whom I didn't care for; but at last came Barnum, "the humbug." The first handclapping and cheers that I ever remember hearing were for Barnum. I didn't understand what it was all about. A handsome, medium-sized man, in dark trousers, white vest, and a

black sack coat, smooth shaven, with a wealth of curly black hair, and a smile all over his face, stepped forward on the platform. He prefaced his remarks by saying:

"Yes, I am a 'humbug,' but the cause which I have championed in company with these friends is sincere. That is no humbug. I have consented to accompany them throughout your State to help, if possible, in establishing a law in this young State that may save thousands and tens of thousands from ruin. You have laws for the prevention of murder and of theft and of all other crimes, but no law for the prevention of a man's stealing and wasting his earnings in strong drink and impoverishing his family."

He made a very eloquent appeal to our people, and closed his speech by reassuring his friends that he was no humbug, "but look out next year. I expect to send a show into this country. Then you may get humbugged." He retired with more cheers and applause. The next year Barnum's woolly horse was exhibited throughout the West, and everybody *was* humbugged. My father, at great sacrifice, took all his family, and all the settlement did likewise. I didn't see him after that until 1875 or 1876.

While I was associated with Mr. Redpath in Boston I engaged Mr. Barnum to give twenty lectures on temperance in New England, paying him $2,000 and his expenses. His first lecture was in Music Hall, Boston, in the Redpath Lyceum Course, before a very large audience.

The day he arrived at Boston I met him and Mrs Barnum, his new young wife, at the station. Each had small handbags. I asked him if he had any large baggage He said they had none, excepting what they carried in their hands. I started to pilot them to a carriage, when Mr. Barnum said: "We will walk to the Parker House. It is not necessary to go to the expense of a carriage." I accompanied him on his tour through New England, where he lectured in all the large towns, and he would never allow his manager to incur an extra expense for any unnecessary comfort. He was the most prudently economical man that I have ever known It made no

difference to him who paid the expenses. If they were unnecessary, he didn't want them incurred. Invariably he walked from the station to the hotel. In business relations with him afterward I found that same rigid economy in all his dealings.

He told me that the large full sheet lithograph of his own head cost him a little less than a cent and a half each; I could not have got them at the time for less than eight cents. He also told me that his book, "The Life of P. T. Barnum," a bound volume of several hundred pages, was printed in Buffalo, and cost him a trifle over nine cents each and sold for a dollar; but he bought a million copies both of the book and of his lithograph. He always arranged to have his colored show bills made so as to answer the same purpose from one year to another. He seldom had a new drawing made, but, with the introduction of modern type descriptive bills, he could border the old colored posters and make a fine display. He had bill-posting reduced to a fine art. He claimed that there was only one liquid a man could use in excessive quantities without being swallowed up by it, and that was printer's ink.

His house in Bridgeport was a museum of itself. All the gems of the old museum that were of extraordinary interest as curios were to be seen there. Although he cared nothing especially for rare paintings, the things that he gathered about him seemed designed to attract the eye rather than the ear or the finer qualities of the mind. His band was composed of the cheapest musicians that could be hired. For his side shows he engaged people personally. I remember a man who had a special act of some kind that rather attracted Barnum's interest as a feature for a side show. The man spoke of a woman he knew with whom he did a double act which made a great hit. Mr. Barnum at once asked if she were his wife. The man said, "No."

"Well," says Barnum, "you must fix that. You will have to make arrangements to occupy the same berth in the sleeping car. We put four people in a section."

Once I told Mr. Barnum of an experience a friend of mine had at his show in Milwaukee. There was a big crowd around

the ticket wagon, but he got through it and called for eight tickets, holding out a $50 bill to the agent, who seized it, handed him eight tickets and a wad of money. After he got out of the crowd and counted his money he found that he was $20 short, and of course that spoiled the enjoyment of the show for him. He seated his party, went back, and waited for an opportunity to get to the box office. The ticket seller just politely bluffed him off, insisting that he got his right change, and one or two "bouncers" around the office hustled the man away. Of course there was no recourse for him whatever. The story seemed to make no impression on Barnum at all. He simply said, "That was nothing; my man pays $5,000 a year for the privilege of selling tickets at my show." I asked him if that was the custom, and he said it was with all circuses and big shows on the road; that the privilege of selling tickets was awarded to the highest bidder. For years he had never let it for less than $2,500. I afterward learned that that was indeed the custom.

Mr. Barnum frequently gave me passes to his show, written out in his own handwriting and always on the cheapest kind of paper. I wish I had kept some of them. I have had as many as a dozen of them in my pocket at one time.

He and I were one day sitting in the show in Boston a few minutes before the time for the performance to begin. The show peddlers came along crying, "Lemonade! Lemonade!" and, not recognizing Mr. Barnum, shouted in his face. Mr. Barnum said to them:

"Go to the other part of the show. I don't want you to peddle these things anywhere within my hearing."

That afternoon one of the Amazons in the great Amazon march, which was a feature that year, was run over and killed by a chariot near the entrance of the ring. Mr. Barnum did not move, and I said:

"That is dreadful, isn't it?"

"Oh," he replied, "there is another waiting for a place. It is rather a benefit than a loss."

I think I never knew a more heartless man or one who

knew the value and possibilities of a dollar more than P. T. Barnum. I am told he left a very handsome fortune. He cut always with a gold knife. A more plausible, pleasant-speaking man was never heard. It was as good as the show itself to listen to him in conversation. He was familiar with every slightest detail of his great performance.

I said to him once: "You utilized Jumbo's stampede in the Zoological Gardens, London, to pretty good advantage as an advertisement."

Barnum replied: "We did nothing. We could not help it. I had been to a thousand dollars' expense sending men to India, and had sketches made of the scene of capturing this immense beast, and had started my man to Buffalo with drawings and orders for the printing when I saw in the papers that Jumbo refused to leave the garden, and that there was a general uprising of the children of London, who were making a protest against his going. I had a cable proposition to buy him back, but I didn't sell. It never cost me a cent to advertise Jumbo. It was the greatest free advertising I ever heard of."

MR. GEORGE H. DANIELS, general passenger agent of the New York Central & Hudson River Railroad, is a many-sided man who has added a new subject to the lecture platform.

It is somewhat surprising that although almost every conceivable phase of art, literature, science, invention, adventure, and philanthropy has been treated by lyceum lecturers, the almost limitless subject of the evolution of facilities for rapid and luxurious travel has been neglected. Yet it is a subject in which the great travelling public is much interested. The development of the means of travel and commerce is so universally a part of daily life that we do not stop to realize the causes of the tremendous strides which have been made in these fields within a single lifetime. It remained for Mr. Daniels to introduce us to this interesting subject.

Early in the Civil War Mr. Daniels left the public school in Aurora, Ill., and enlisted in the marine artillery of New York, going to North Carolina with the Burnside expedition, later becoming a government steamboat pilot for the inland waters of North Carolina and Virginia, serving in that capacity until the close of the war.

After the war he became connected with Western railroads and has grown up in the transportation business, so that he has not only observed, but has had an important part in its development. In his special department he has shown a combination of rare executive ability which amounts almost to

genius. He is original in his way of doing things and is full of new and progressive schemes. Besides this, Mr. Daniels is a man of excellent literary ability, as well as originality of thought—a rare combination of qualities.

His speeches are concise and to the point and crowded with information. He is *the* man to address railroad assemblies on all sorts of occasions, and is one of the most brilliant of speakers. If our lyceum managers could realize the great educative influence such lectures would have upon their community, they would not be long in restoring the lyceum platform to its original position when it stood for genius, ability, and education.

In spite of his brilliant qualities as a writer and speaker, Mr. Daniels is satisfied with the very highest position in his profession, and is not ambitious to fill any other niche of public eminence. He has risen by sheer ability to the high position which he now occupies in his special line, and is contented to remain the "right file in the front rank," with the largest income of any general passenger agent in the world.

Mr. Daniels, it is expected, will soon convey passengers from New York to Chicago between sunrise and sunset, via the New York Central Railroad.

MR. ED. HERON-ALLEN, who is now a barrister in London, was one of the most unique as well as most remarkable successes in the way of a lyceum novelty that I ever discovered. He came to me while I was in London with Mr. Beecher in 1886, and showed me a little book which he had written on the science of the hand.

He at once impressed me as one of the most dashing and attractive young gentlemen I had ever met, and I found that he was a favorite with many of the swell clubs and literary societies. He was a young man with tremendous assurance, which at once inspired confidence on the part of whomever he met.

He wished to go to America and give lessons and lectures on the science of the hand, and went so far as to propose that he would hire a hall and give his lecture that I might judge of it for myself. He did so, and Mr. Beecher and I, with a number of his friends, attended the lecture in Hempstead, London.

When he was eighteen years of age he was sent to the continent to secure a collection of violins and other stringed instruments for the Colonial Exhibition in London. His expedition was very successful, and he became so intensely enamored of his work that he wrote a book on violin making, which is now a standard authority on the subject for all violin makers. He seemed possessed of many most remarkable gifts.

Arrangements were completed, and he came to America on the same steamer on which Mr. and Mrs. Beecher, my brother, and I returned. He was the most popular man on the boat, improvising a number of brilliant social affairs that added to the pleasure of the voyagers.

On his arrival in New York, he took an extensive suite of parlors at the Everett House, and held a press reception, at which he examined the hands of many of the reporters and their friends, including several men of distinction, and wrote descriptions of the characters of many, to the wonder and admiration of his auditors.

Within a week he was a favorite in New York's best society. He sent out his cards announcing that he would give lessons in the science of the hand, with charts and written descriptions accompanying them. One leading young ladies' school in New York arranged for seventy sittings of pupils, each of whom paid ten dollars. Their hands were examined, charts made, and a description of their character was written out. Ed. Heron-Allen was indeed a very busy young man. He employed a stenographer to take down his descriptions of the hands and write them out to accompany the printed charts in which he himself inserted the lines of the hands he examined. He found a stenographer who could take down his descriptions with such accuracy that when he had finished his examinations the chart and descriptive paper were ready to hand over to the pupil enclosed in a cardboard roller and tied with a tasty bow of various-colored ribbons. In this way he was kept very busy for a number of weeks, and would often come down to my office at the close of a day's work and turn in from $100 to $150 in cash, which he had taken in from visitors in a single day.

He served a five-o'clock tea in his parlors every day, at which his fair pupils invariably assisted. In fact, it became a regular custom for the daily papers, under the head of "What is Going On in Society," to announce the name of the lady who was to "pour tea" at Ed. Heron-Allen's *séance* that day.

Notwithstanding the peculiarity of his profession, he had the entrée to the very best families of New York.

It was not long before there arose a jealousy of him among the young men of New York, and a great many of them were much opposed to him, but that made no difference to him. He was a favorite, and he knew it. He kept right along making friends and money.

He went to Boston and repeated his successes there, with headquarters at the Vendome. Mrs. Jack Gardner took him up, which of course made him a social attraction there. Then he went to Chicago, Philadelphia, and back to New York.

One day he and I, in company with a prominent citizen of Brooklyn, visited a famous violin maker in that city who was anxious to meet Mr. Heron-Allen. We found our way up to his studio or workshop, where he was hard at work in his shirt sleeves and apron, and before him lay Ed. Heron-Allen's book on the violin. As he had not been apprised of Mr. Heron-Allen's coming, the visit was a complete surprise; but it was a very interesting meeting to hear those two experts discussing the mechanism of the violin, and reminded one of the oft-quoted saying, that "if you want something you must give something." Mr. Heron-Allen discovered we had a great violin maker in America, and the violin maker claimed he was greatly benefited by the visit from the man whom he considered possessed the greatest knowledge of the violin of any one of his years.

Cheirosophy became irksome to Ed. Heron-Allen in a short time, and he decided to turn his attention to literature. He told me that he was going to write a novel, that he had found a publisher who was to make an advance on royalties, and that he was going to try living the life of a Bohemian litterateur for two years, depending for his living entirely upon what he could make with his pen. He withdrew from society, took apartments in some obscure place in New York, and I didn't see him for some months. One morning I met him on Fourth Avenue, and he looked emaciated and hungry. He said he was going to get some breakfast. I invited him to breakfast

with me, but he declined, and said he was still engaged in his literary labors and depending upon them wholly for his sustenance. He did keep it up for two years, but came near starving to death. During that time he put out two books—one "The Kisses of Fate," the other I have forgotten.

He afterward called upon me and told me that he was going back to London to take charge of his father's business, who was a well-established barrister in Soho.

The season following I visited him at his office in London. He had some public position in the law courts, which I visited with him. He was not clerk of the court, but seemed in charge of the distribution of briefs and assignment of cases for the judge. He invited me inside the railing and introduced me to the judge on the bench as Judge Pond of New York, as coolly as though it were an indisputable fact. The judge welcomed me on the seat by his side, and was very chatty and agreeable to me. I managed in some way to mask my identity and to keep up the delusion until the hour for adjournment, when Mr. Heron-Allen and I walked out, he thanking the judge for his kindness to his friend. When we got out on the street he nearly fainted with laughter over the practical joke and the way it had succeeded.

On my last visit to London, in 1897, my wife and I dined at his house. He is happily married, owns a big establishment, has a fine profession, and has had some of the most wonderful experiences of any man I have ever known. He was a great friend of Sir Richard Burton, who declared to me that of all the interesting and remarkable characters he had ever met, Ed. Heron-Allen was the most interesting, and suggested that he should have been a great soldier and leader of armies. His youthful appearance would lead one to believe him a mere boy. His manner and habits are those of a perfect gentleman. Putney, London, was the home of his boyhood. He was reared in affluence, and in the part of London where he lived he was known by all classes, rich and poor, as "The Pet of Putney."

PATRICK SARSFIELD GILMORE was the greatest manager of his time, as well as the greatest military bandmaster. To him is due almost all the credit of making it possible to produce fine orchestral effects with a military band. Before his time military bands were simply brass bands, and the introduction of wood instruments—the oboe, saxaphone, flute, piccolo, and clarinet—dates from the year of Gilmore's great Peace Jubilee.

In 1859, in Salem, Mass., he organized Gilmore's Band, which he maintained until his death, Sept. 24, 1892. In Music Hall, Boston, Gilmore introduced the first band concerts, at popular prices, that were self-sustaining. For years, in Boston and New England, Gilmore's Band headed the great parades.

He conceived and carried to a triumphant success the greatest musical jubilee festival ever known in all the world—the World Peace Jubilee Festival of 1872, when it did seem that wars were over and all the world was at peace. The immensity of the scheme was all the product of Gilmore's brain. For over a year (1868–69) he found little encouragement. Business men scoffed at the wild idea and fairly laughed in his face at his persistence. "Finally," as he told me himself, "I found one Boston merchant who was willing to listen to me,

and as I unfolded the possibility and feasibilities of the plan and the great stimulus it would be to Boston trade, I saw that he caught the idea and comprehended the situation. This was Mr. Eben Jordan, who then and there promised me his help. I had no trouble from that time on. Mr. Jordan raised and supplied the money. I set about the details, secured the ground, had plans for the great coliseum drawn, contracts awarded, and the work was progressing rapidly and to the satisfaction of all interested. The great arches were raised, and the immensity of the structure attracted much public attention. People came from far and near to see the monster auditorium that was rising above everything in Boston. I was about ready to start for Europe to secure musical talent for the event, when, one morning, I saw headlines in the papers: 'The Great Gilmore Coliseum Levelled to the Ground by a Hurricane,' etc. I went out to the grounds and there everything lay flat. There was not a post standing. Those great arches were blown down and all was a hopeless wreck.

"I did not lose my courage, but called on Mr. Jordan, who listened to me as attentively as on the first occasion. I assured him that the accident was surely the most fortunate thing that could possibly have occurred. I had discovered, during the progress of this auditorium, which I had planned to seat 20,000, that it was inadequate, as the public attention which it was attracting warranted the fitting up of a building with three times that capacity. I was receiving orders from one end of the country to the other for blocks of seats, thousands of applications from singers to join the chorus, and there was not a military band leader in the country but had applied to join the great orchestra. We must have an auditorium with a capacity of 50,000—nothing less. I got that committee together, and before I slept that night had new plans matured and ready to announce the next morning.

"New life was instilled into the great project. The accident had provided the sure means of success. The whole community was heart and soul in it. The new coliseum was built. I engaged leaders, got out books of music to be used

for choruses, and within three months singers were being drilled in all the New England cities."

In 1871 Mr. Gilmore visited the capitals of Europe and succeeded in accomplishing what no other man could have brought about. He obtained from the governments of England, Germany, France, Ireland, Russia, and Italy, their national bands, all composed of enlisted men, and these bands were sent at the expense of their respective governments to take part in the World's Peace Jubilee Festival.

It was interesting to hear from Mr. Gilmore's own lips the accounts of his visits to the capitals and his arguments with the heads of governments when they tried to show the absurdity of granting leave of absence to enlisted men to visit our free country. Naturally, they said, the men would all desert, and quite naturally, too, the Americans would offer all inducements for them to desert—inducements quite irresistible, if all reports were true.

Mr. Gilmore replied that he would put them on their honor; that musicians were above the average of intelligence; they were gentlemen, and they would never desert. The fact that their sovereigns put trust in them and granted this privilege, would test their honor and their pride. He proposed to make a competitive international military band tournament, and every musician would feel bound to see his band bring home the prize.

Gilmore succeeded. Those foreign bands were a great feature of the jubilee, and their respective nations took a patriotic pride in seeing that nothing was lacking of perfect equipment for the visit.

The greatest opera singer of that time was Mme. Peschka Leutiner, who was subsidized by and under contract with the German government. Consent of the German Emperor must be obtained to bring her to America. Gilmore's application for this great singer was refused. Nothing daunted, he secured an audience with Emperor William, and before leaving had obtained his consent, which meant an imperial order for Germany's greatest singer to take the leading part in the

World's Peace Jubilee. "I never will forget the kindness and courtesy I received from the great emperor, and the feeling of triumph I had as I left his august presence," said Mr. Gilmore afterward.

Many an evening while on tour, over his bottle of champagne after a concert (it was his custom to take a pint of champagne every night before going to bed), have I enjoyed Gilmore's description of his successful visits to European capitals and the cordial receptions he had everywhere.

The great Peace Jubilee was the talk of the world to a greater degree than anything that has since taken place except the World's Fair in Chicago.

While the plans for it were in progress, Gilmore was constantly being told by musical friends that his ensemble was so large as to render impossible the harmony of 1,000 instruments and 10,000 voices. They would be necessarily so far apart that the time required for the sound to travel would produce discord.

"I told them to wait and see," said Gilmore, "and when I stood before that orchestra and that vast chorus, on my twenty-foot elevated stand, with my ten-foot baton in my hand, and began the opening overture with one grand harmony over the great coliseum, my triumph was complete. Major Pond, I would not have exchanged places with the greatest monarch living." What a triumph!

THE WORLD'S PEACE JUBILEE IN BOSTON IN 1872.

P. S. Gilmore, Director.

Chorus: 10,000. Orchestra: 1,000.

Orchestra leaders: Carl Zarrhan, Johann Strauss, and Dr. Tourjie.

Pianist: Dr. Von Buelow.

Soloists: Mme. Peschka Leutiner, Mme. Rudersdorff, and Miss Adelaide Phillips.

National bands: English, German, French, Italian, Russian, Irish, and American (the Marine Band, of Washington, D. C.).

In 1873 Mr. Gilmore went to New York with his band, which became the Twenty-second Regiment Band of that city. He remained its leader up to the time of his death and made annual concert tours all over the country. It was my privilege to conduct several of these tours; in fact, I was his sole agent for booking his concerts until I was outbid by Mr. Blakely, who toured the band the four last years they were on the road. Gilmore's Band, always one hundred strong, was at the head of all great public parades. Its appearance along the line of march was the signal for great outbursts of applause. Gilmore conceived the greatest and most popular schemes for hitting the music-loving as well as the patriotic masses. He was not a business man in the sense of loving to acquire money. In fact, he cared very little for money, but much for the fame of his band. He was a hard worker, and never left a rehearsal until everything was right. His musicians loved him and everybody respected him.

Once he and I were walking together down Broadway and were speaking of Parnell, who was then in New York and booked to speak in the Academy of Music in Brooklyn that evening. Mr. Beecher was to speak there also. Gilmore said to me:

"Major, do you know Mr. Beecher real well; I mean well enough to ask a favor? I want to get a seat on the stage tonight to hear him and Parnell, and it's too late to think of securing a ticket."

"Do I *know* him?" I said.

Just then I saw Mr. Beecher coming up Broadway toward us. Our eyes met, but each pretended not to see the other, and we came together co-chunk! We squared off at each other, and so stood a few seconds, to the surprise of passers-by. Then came Mr. Beecher's laugh of recognition, and I said:

"Mr. Beecher, to my surprise, *this man*, P. S. Gilmore, says he never met you and asks if I know you well enough to introduce him to you."

"Well," said Mr. Beecher, "I know Mr. Gilmore, but it's

quite evident that a man of his fair reputation and fame doesn't know the company he is in."

Mr. Beecher invited Mr. Gilmore to "come over early with Pond and take dinner, and if I get into the Academy you will." So we were there at the great Parnell meeting, and Mr. Gilmore heard Mr. Beecher at his best, for that meeting is on record as an event in Mr. Beecher's life.

I went home with Mr. Beecher, and he and I sat in his dining-room for some time over a light supper, I listening to his conversation on the topic of the evening just past. I left him at about eleven o'clock for my home at the Everett House, New York. Mr. Gilmore then resided in New York, at 61 West 12th Street. On my way home it occurred to me that possibly Mr. Gilmore had not yet finished his bottle of champagne, and so I rang his bell. It was just twelve o'clock. The colored boy opened the door and I asked if Mr. Gilmore were still up. He said, "Yes." I walked back to the dining room, and there he stood, telling Mrs. Gilmore about his experiences of the evening. He turned to me, saying:

"Major, I'm glad you came in. I am telling Mrs. Gilmore that this evening has been the greatest of my life; that Mr. Beecher's speech to-night should be carved in letters of gold and placed in every schoolroom throughout the entire land."

Mr. Gilmore and I were fast friends up to the time of his death. He had many eccentricities, some of which retarded his success. He was the man and the only man who should have had the direction of the musical features at the Chicago Exposition. He was ignored, and the whole affair turned out a diabolical failure, as everybody at all versed in the management of musical affairs knew and felt at that time. It broke Mr. Gilmore's heart to see so great an opportunity lost, and I believe that was one of the causes that hastened his death.

He left one of the finest musical libraries ever collected. I do not know who has it now. He had no successor. We have Sousa and his incomparable band, that is up to date and in keeping with the requirements of the time, but the two great leaders are not alike.

Gilmore, often seen plodding in the mud through the streets of Boston at the head of a score of musicians, then conceiving and carrying to successful termination the greatest musical jubilee ever known, and making Puritan Boston bow the knee to him, Irishman and Catholic though he was.

Sousa, an enlisted musician in the Marine Band at Washington, becoming its leader, then, through Mr. Gilmore's former manager, starred with a band of his own, and rising year after year, through the popularity of his own compositions and charming personnel as a conductor, to the highest place as a musician, bandmaster, and composer—not like Gilmore, but like what he is, and no one else can be—Sousa.

ELBERT HUBBARD, editor of *The Philistine,* founder and owner of the Roycroft Shop in East Aurora, New York, is the most recent and unique development in the lecture field.

I wish that I were able to write of Mr. Hubbard as I should like, but as I cannot, I shall say nothing. He says it himself. I have read so many nice things of him in *The Philistine,* a few of them reprints from other papers, that I think the entire eulogistic field is exhausted. I am one of the subscribers who pay for those puffs that he prints about himself.

Notwithstanding all that, he is doing a mighty good work, and he is also letting the public into the secret about himself for a consideration. Not long ago he wrote me: "If I get down to business here and cut off all distractions, I can make a name equal to John Ruskin's or Thomas Carlyle's. *I can do it,* but I must keep out of sight in order to succeed. To merely talk is not to succeed, and the public is only a devil that takes a man to the top of the mountain and then casts him on the stones beneath. So make no more lecture engagements for me." And so the lecture-going public will never know what it has lost.

Good luck to you, Elbert! A high ambition is the chief spur to success.

Mr. Hubbard has received great praise for many of his "Little Journeys to the Homes of Famous People," and many of

them are truly delightful; but, of course, visiting so many of these, he has been obliged to travel in all sorts of weather and at all seasons of the year. He must have visited the home of Robert Burns just at the breaking up of a hard winter or the opening up of spring, else his tracks could never have thrown up so much mud.

The proportionate success of Hubbard to some of the other men of the platform may be inferred from *The Philistine* for April, 1900, where he says:

"The week before I was in Des Moines, Dean Stubbs exploited an audience in the same church. Stubbs had one hundred people; I had a thousand, with just $500 in the box office, that's all. About an hour after the lecture the chairman of the committee snipped a clove, and declared that Stubbs wasn't in it with me—a proposition I did not argue."

In a later number of *The Philistine* Mr. Hubbard went on to say:

"I see that Dean Stubbs of Ely is out with a letter in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, denying that he ever said that Major Pond was the original David Harum. In this letter the Dean takes occasion to say his regard for the Major is very great, and further, that he fully endorses Hall Caine's project of placing in Westminster Abbey a memorial tablet to Major Pond. The leading literary men of England and several American authors also have made contributions for the purpose mentioned. All those who contribute will have their names on the tablet, too, and beneath will be these words, 'It is he that hath made us, and not we ourselves.' "

I was so elated to hear that the Dean had made nice mention of me, that I wrote to him, asking him to send me a copy of the *Pall Mall*, and here is his reply:

"Of course I did not write a letter to the *Pall Mall* at all —on that or any other subject. I have not written a line about my American impressions in any English papers since my return, nor do I intend to do so."

With this letter from the Dean of Ely, how am I to realize my blasted hopes of being immortalized in Westminster Abbey?

I travelled with Mr. Hubbard on a little starring tour last spring (March, 1900). Everywhere we went he had something nice to say to the porters, to the baggagemen, the hackmen, the street-car conductors, and the waiters in the hotels. He seemed incapable of hurting any one's feelings. Everybody was in love with him. His is a remarkable personality. But when he gets set down by himself with that caustic pen of his, the words of Scripture seem to take possession of him, and "Whom he loveth he chasteneth."

I like the atmosphere of East Aurora and frequently visit the Roycroft Shop. It is an object lesson in industry, frugality, and nice manners. A common friend, writing from St. Louis, expresses a wonder that a man who naturally elicits so much adulation does not become conceited!

Hubbard had the largest money audience of any "one-man show" in New York last winter, and the readers of *The Philistine* have been told all about it. That was his first New York audience.

When the Dean of Ely gave a course of five lectures in the Lyceum Theatre, New York, the first one was not very largely attended. The second audience was larger; the third larger still; and at the fifth, the capacity of the house was reached. This information I give here, as my friend Hubbard has never been furnished with box-office statements of that business. Yet, of the two, from a business standpoint, I would prefer the Roycroft man for a series of one-night stands over the country in cities where he has *never* before appeared—and there are many such towns left.

Mr. Hubbard's love of water and cleanliness is remarkable. Not satisfied with his daily morning baths, he wants them all through the day. As soon as he arrives at a hotel he must have his bath, and before starting out sight-seeing he wants another. Then on his return for luncheon he will take out his watch, and if there happens to be fifteen minutes to spare, he says, "Just time for a bath before luncheon," and off he goes for his tub.

At the Roycroft Shop he has had a number of bathrooms

built for the convenience of the employees. At first there was but one, and when Mr. Hubbard announced that any one could be excused from work, at any time, long enough to take a bath, the capacity of this one room was soon reached and the employees were found waiting in line for their turn. So this permission had to be withdrawn until additional bathrooms could be added. The supply of bathrooms is now adequate and appreciated, as well as remunerative, for it adds vigor and energy to the workers, and increases their earning capacity.

In a sequestered bend of the brook, a few hundred yards from the back door of the Roycroft Shop, is the Roycroft swimming hole, which reminds the passer-by of a frog pond on a spring day, for the male Roycrofters, old and young, can be seen and heard jumping into the water for the time being, until the curious visitor has passed beyond the range of view.

"Cleanliness is godliness," says Hubbard. "This is part of our system of education."

Mr. Hubbard is without question the most amphibious man I ever knew—a sort of human sea lion—and I must say that when I saw him plunging around in the swimming hole at East Aurora, I was struck with the resemblance of his eyes to the beautiful, large, mild, liquid eyes of the California sea lion.

AUTHOR READERS

EDWIN ARNOLD

SIR EDWIN ARNOLD is only one of many notable people with whom I have enjoyed relations of a kindly and personal character, but the enduring friendship with which he has honored me has been one of the pleasantest features of my whole life.

Now that his public activity, in a personal sense, has ceased, one may measure his notable career by the large pathway it has blazed. He has had always the honors usually attendant upon an English literary career. Educated at two of the endowed schools, which in England are called "public," and of a legal family, he won a scholarship to University College, Oxford, where he graduated in 1854, taking in 1852 the Newdigate prize for an English poem. He was a second master in King Edward VI. School at Birmingham, but was soon appointed Principal of the Government Sanscrit College at Roona, in the Bombay Presidency, and was also made a Fellow of the Bombay University. He remained until 1861, serving also as an editorial correspondent of English papers, when he returned to London as chief of the editorial staff of the London *Telegraph*, a position that he still holds (1900).

It is certainly true, and I have had many evidences of it, that Sir Edwin Arnold has been and still is a political writer, a power to be counted with in British affairs. To him, perhaps, as political writer and Asiatic scholar and poet, is far more due the beginnings of present British Imperialism as a political condition than to either Chamberlain, as statesman, or Kipling, as singer of the "Greater Englanders." The leading articles of the *Telegraph* have been a unique feature of that powerful journal, as much for the wide knowledge shown of imperial affairs as for the peculiarly rich and refulgent literary merit they display. English editorials, though keen and incisive in logic, are usually colorless as to rhetoric and illustration. Arnold's leaders have been and continue the reverse of that.

His literary work and industry have also been as marked and extensive. His writings make a rich library, which covers much of Asiatic life. There are ten volumes dealing with Sanscrit, Hindoo, and Persian subjects. His output has not only been splendid, but great in quantity, and one wonders how, with his unremitting daily labors on the *Telegraph* for the last forty years, he has been able to accomplish so much of permanent form and value.

The poet-editor, like all notable workers I have known, has orderly habits and hours. His editorial room at the *Telegraph* office, Fleet Street, London, was a modest one, furnished in light oak and with walls of a soft gray tint. Sir Edwin has kept but few books there, because he needed them little for reference, his wonderful memory having always placed dates and facts at command.

Arnold has a contempt for fussiness and keeps the newspaper man's faculty of being able to prepare copy under any circumstances. He was always at work during the period of my personal knowledge. When on his Japanese "vacation" he told me that he had "written some sixty-two columns in letters to the *Telegraph*, composed an epic poem longer than 'The Light of Asia,' and furnished articles besides for *Scribner's Magazine* that made a volume, learned to speak colloquial Japanese, and to write the Kata Kara character." He added, "I was not so very idle, you will see, Major." "The Light of the World" went to press without his reading the last proofs, and the correctness of copy this shows is characteristic of all his work. His editorial "leaders" went to the printer's hand as he dropped his pen or ceased dictation.

He once said: "I do not at any time force poetry. I must be thoroughly in the mood. These moods come imperatively, but very irregularly. My method is this: either I write first, and roughly, on scraps of paper, or my daughter takes it down from my dictation—she is the only one who can do so for me—as I walk up and down the room and smoke. I put the rough notes in my pocket until the next day. Then I read the verse over and over, correct and copy all out myself, alter-

ing it very much, and filling it up. These scraps I enter into a sort of day book or ledger until the work is nearly finished. I treat the matter thus compiled as the rough draft. I go over it myself, polish it, and transcribe it into a second book, which may be called the poem itself, but still in a rough state. Then I copy it out again, and finally, in a fair manuscript for the printer. Every line of the poem, therefore, passes through my mind three or four times. Sometimes the lines are importunate and *will* be at once registered. Reading, smoking, driving, dressing for dinner—it does not matter how I may be then engaged, the verses will haunt and fascinate me, dance before my imagination, demanding to be fixed; and I must catch them then and there or they will go. Sometimes the right ideas will come as suddenly as if by electric message."

The popularity of Sir Edwin Arnold as a poet was more widespread in the United States than in his own country when, in 1886, I first approached him with the proposition to make a reading tour on this side of the Atlantic. It is quite singular to note how little personal and popular knowledge there is in Great Britain of the men who really mould intellectual thought. If we Americans do not personally know a man who has written books and sung poems for us, we do at least strive to know his face, by wide possession of a "counterfeit presentment." In our land John G. Whittier's portrait hangs on the walls of many thousands of what the English call "middle-class" homes; yet no English poet of equal rank finds such recognition in his own land. Tennyson and Browning are far more widely known among us by their pictures than they are in England. It was a constant surprise to Sir Edwin Arnold to find himself recognized and his poems so extensively known in the United States. When he left our shores for Japan, and later resumed his editorial and literary labors at home, he was not only better known and appreciated as a poet than he was when he came to us, but he was personally better known to more thousands of cultivated people here than he was to scores in England.

My earliest attempt to secure him for a lecture tour in this

country was unsuccessful, as the following quotation from his first letter to me shows:

"42 Denmark Villa, West Brighton,
"December 31, 1886.

"I thank you for the compliment conveyed in your letter of the 25th, and it is my wish and intention to visit America. It would, however, be impossible for me to go there now."

The poet-editor was familiar enough with the United States, by marriage tie and several visits here, to understand our lecture platform and audiences, as well as our habits of travel and our needs. Mrs. Arnold was a Miss Channing of Boston. The present Lady Arnold is a member of a prominent and cultured Japanese family, who has become one of the most popular hostesses in London.

After Stanley's return to England at the conclusion of his most remarkable lecture tour (1890–91), the proposition to secure Sir Edwin was again broached, and was fully discussed between us, the Stanleys taking a very friendly interest in the matter and declaring that they would do all in their power to influence the poet's decision. The accompanying letters show how thoroughly the great explorer fulfilled his promise, for under date of June 26, 1891, after writing relative to his pending lecture tour in Australia, he referred as follows to the Anglo-Indian poet, with whom I was then corresponding in relation to the proposed tour:

"I had Edwin Arnold to lunch the other day and we all did our best to induce him to make you his agent, but I find he has already engaged himself to another man—if he lectures, of which he is not assured yet."

This was not very encouraging, but I am not easily discomfited. The negotiations proceeded, and an agreement was reached between the poet and myself. Stanley's generous and constant interest is shown by this letter, written September 30, 1891:

"Yesterday Sir Edwin Arnold took tea with us, and naturally we talked of you and of his approaching departure for

America. I do not think you need have any fear that he will fail. He has an unusually flexible voice, which is entirely at his command, admirably suited for the drawing-room or for the platform. It is at its best to-day. The way he manages it to attract, soothe, or excite, proves that were he not a first-class poet, he would make a first-class actor.

"I have often heard him make after-dinner speeches, wherein he is different from most men. He always contrives to express graceful sentiments appropriate to the occasion, uttered in those benevolent tones which leave you most kindly disposed toward him. You find his speech seemingly unstudied—and spoken right on, pleasing to the ear, as his expression charms the eye. He appears to be following a cue, which is to make every one feel pleasant and agreeable, and bereave them of unkindness toward one another. At a dinner, for instance, you never detect in him a consciousness that he has something to say which must be said, and that he bides his time to say it, meantime silently revolving the subject. No, his speech drops sweetly on the hearing, smooth, bland, and the guests look up wistful for more, for it is so apt, so rich in thought and charity. His memory is stored with the flowers of literature and the sweetest blossoms of poesy, and they are presented to his hearers with the grace that marks the learned gentleman.

"From this rapid sketch of Sir Edwin you have enough to measure him by. While he is in America he will only deem what is best in it worthy of his regard. He cannot forget that human nature is weak and vain, but he has a knack of shutting out observation of failings."

It will be remembered, in passing, that Henry M. Stanley was sent to Africa by Sir Edwin's paper, the London *Daily Telegraph*, and by the New York *Herald*.

I copy the last letter received from Sir Edwin before he sailed for America, as evidence of the spirit in which he came:

"Daily Telegraph Office,
"September 23, 1891.

"My Dear Major Pond:

"I have just received your kind and pleasant letter, and rejoice at your renewed health. I replied to it by a telegram indicating that although I cannot write anything new in the way of lectures, it will be very easy to put together from my prose and verse interesting discourses with poetical illustra-

tions of ancient and modern India, Japan, etc. I enclose a rough sketch of the topics I would treat in this way. You need have no fear but that I shall hold and please your audiences.

"Best thanks for your very hospitable invitations as regards Miss Arnold. But I shall come quite alone, and shall put up at the Everett House, and always when we travel, as far as possible, at hotels. I have written to accept the very courteous invitation of the Lotos Club, but, as far as possible, I wish in America to preserve my time free from social interruption, and I shall ask you to help me in this.

"Kindly arrange that we may commence as soon as possible. But all these matters I gladly leave in your good hands.

"There will be just time, I think, for you to send me before I start some little sketch of what you have already planned.

"Yours always sincerely,

"Edwin Arnold."

The engagement was for fifty "readings," a descriptive word inadequate to express what he gave. The term "lecture" certainly does not apply to the delightful entertainment that Sir Edwin Arnold presented. The descriptive talk which accompanied each reading was so fresh and varied, and so full of the charm of scene and intimate knowledge, that it had almost the air of personal and fireside talks with his varied and delighted audiences. The man was felt so in it all—as traveller, observer, teacher, and poet—that you realized the atmosphere in which he had written, as well as the spirit of the poems which were its product.

As he appeared to American audiences, Sir Edwin Arnold was of large frame and good stature, with an open face, strong features, expansive brow, and a broad, full, and well-rounded head, thickly covered with iron gray hair. His complexion was fair, his eyes blue, mild, and courteous in expression. His general air was one of kindness and good breeding. He was in personal manner quite free from self-consciousness, and on the platform was always absorbed in his task and by his audience. His speaking voice was melodious, excellent in compass and timbre. It was, in fact, among the very best

for use and wear that the lecture audiences had heard during twenty years. He has shown himself the respect of securing a careful training for his voice, and he knows how to take care of it. It has much of the high-bred gentleness in it that made George William Curtis so great a favorite. In personal speech his English intonation was apparent, but when he read, it seemed as though the language lifted him above all such peculiarities. The modulation was perfect, and was indeed sometimes thrilling. He is one of the few poets that can both read and declaim their own poems. I was constantly reminded of Stanley's expression that if Arnold had not been a great writer and poet, he would most assuredly have been a great actor, for at fitting times the delivery became animated and dramatic.

He usually held the book of selections in his hand, but seldom did more than glance at it; sometimes he laid it aside entirely, so that he could use gesture more freely. Occasionally he read from manuscript, but ordinarily he recited. The first line was enough to call up the entire poem from his phenomenal memory. He could repeat perfectly any poem that he had once heard. One evening in my library Sir Edwin was reclining on a lounge. I was holding a rare volume of Shakespeare, which he had been admiring and passed to me. "Now, Major," said he, "give the first line from any scene at random, and I'll give you the whole scene." I gave him a line from one of the least known of the plays, and, to my astonishment, he recited the entire scene. He told me afterward that he could recite Shakespeare from beginning to end. I believe it. It was this gift that made his readings so complete, for no public reader has ever been a more complete success, personally and artistically, than Sir Edwin Arnold. No better description of the poet as a reader, or of his charm of voice and manner as a speaker, could be given than Stanley's words convey. I felt certain on reading them that our tour would be a success, as it indeed proved to be. How heartily the poet entered on his delightful task!

It was, after all, a campaign of careful preparation and

hard work, done assiduously and with the most distinct apprehension on his part of what was due to the cordial audiences which were to give him such hearty welcome and earnest attention. He was a model to those who were to follow him. Beginning November 4, 1891, the tour closed February 15, 1892. For seven weeks he filled completely the demands of the situation, working with unremitting patience and assiduity to make a complete success.

The 21st of October, 1891, when he reached New York, was not an auspicious day for his landing in America—wind and rain all day. Yet he appeared in excellent health and very jolly. My office was the scene of another remarkable interview. Representatives from all the daily papers were there, and never has there been a more fascinated lot of reporters than this crowd about Sir Edwin. For two hours he interested them, answering every conceivable question as promptly as though he had been prepared for it. He was interrogated upon all subjects, from the Whitechapel murders to the effect of the death of Parnell upon the status of the Irish factions. He discussed Kipling, "who has the magic secret of style"; James Russell Lowell, "the best judge of literature that he ever knew"; and Emerson, "the ablest American writer." He discussed Japan and theosophy. The only subject he refused to touch upon was English politics. Richard Watson Gilder, who was there, asked Sir Edwin if he had any favorite American poem. He replied, "'Airs from Arcady,' but I do not know who is the author of it." Mr. Gilder and Mr. Robert U. Johnson, his colleague, were much pleased with his answer, for the author was their friend, H. C. Bunner, editor of *Puck*.

When I went with Sir Edwin to Sarony's to sit for pictures, Sarony was in his element, for he found in Sir Edwin a critic who thoroughly appreciated art. It was an interesting scene in that studio: the exhibition of Sarony's fine black and white drawings and the intelligent discussion of them. We next visited Tiffany's, and there Sir Edwin was again at home with Mr. George Kunz, the gem expert. I had to leave the two

critics, scholars, and experts for two hours and return to my work.

A few days later Sir Edwin Arnold dined at our house, and after dinner entertained us with a reading from his "Light of the World," and made a great hit. My predictions of success were again confirmed. He is one of the most lovable and entertaining men, always even-minded and agreeable; his tact is as invariable as his good humor, and both grow from temperament and quality rather than from habit or policy. On this occasion he presented Mrs. Pond with a copy of "The Light of the World," bound in white seal, gold clasped, telling her that he had two copies bound alike, and that he had presented the other one to his queen. The inscription in the book reads:

"To Mrs. Pond, with warm regards of the author."

Before beginning the series of public appearances, he gave several other private readings that were most enjoyable. One evening he read a chapter from "The Light of the World" in the Everett House dining-rooms, before a select circle of friends. On another day Joseph Jefferson, W. J. Florence, St. Clair McKelway, Murat Halsted, Sir Edwin Arnold, and some of our personal friends dined with us at our house in Brooklyn. Jefferson and Florence were playing at the Brooklyn Academy of Music that week, and in order that we might have plenty of time, and that they should not miss their usual afternoon nap before going to the theatre, we had dinner at noon. We had a good time together. Sir Edwin was at his best. He read selections from "Saadi in the Garden," and some unpublished poems, to the delight of the two comedians, who enthusiastically declared that they had never enjoyed anything more in their lives. It was after six when they left us—no sleep that afternoon. In the evening our entire party were in the theatre to see Jefferson and Florence in "The Rivals."

The Lotos Club, on the 31st of October, honored Sir Edwin and its own members, by giving a dinner which, from the number participating and the high character of the addresses made, was generally conceded never to have been surpassed in

brilliancy in the history of the club. President Frank R. Lawrence occupied the chair, with the guest of honor on his right, and President Seth Low of Columbia College on his left. Among the other guests of the evening were George W. Childs, Richard Henry Stoddard, Edmund Clarence Stedman, Gen. Horace Porter, Paul Dana, Murat Halsted, E. B. Harper, W. H. McElroy, Arthur F. Bowers, Robert Edwin Bonner, Ballard Smith, Walter P. Phillips, H. L. Ensign, Col. Thomas W. Knox, William Winter, Gen. C. H. Collis, Richard Watson Gilder, Max O'Rell, St. Clair McKelway, and Col. E. C. James.

The walls and alcoves were hung with emblems indicative of the honors borne by the club's distinguished guest. Siamese and Japanese flags predominated. On the wall at the poet's right hung a full-sized portrait of himself, done in crayon by Sarony, and over the doorway which separated the parlors was draped a banneret showing the "Order of the White Elephant"—a Siamese decoration which had been conferred upon only four English-speaking persons: Queen Victoria, Sir Edwin Arnold, Gen. J. A. Halderman, and Col. Thomas W. Knox (the latter two, as it happened, being both members of the Lotos and present.) Sir Edwin wore on his breast his decorations, among which this order was conspicuous. Letters of regret were read from Oliver Wendell Holmes, Charles A. Dana, John G. Whittier, W. D. Howells, the Rev. John Hall, and George William Curtis.

President Lawrence, in presenting the guest of the evening, referred to his many titles to distinction. "If there be one thing more than another," he said, in proposing Sir Edwin's health, "which is worth preserving in connection with the Lotos Club, it is our boast, for more than a score of years, to strive to be among the first to welcome to New York men of genius from foreign lands. This joyous custom has brought to our club many happy moments—none more so than the present one. And so, when it became known that Sir Edwin Arnold was to visit our shores, it followed that the Lotos Club was to welcome him. As to his eminent graces of mind

and heart, I need not remind you or any other English-speaking people thereof.

"He is, perhaps, best known to us as a poet. I should not say 'perhaps,' but that his many estimable qualities confuse me. He, more than any other man, has brought us near Asia —that Asia of which we know so little. We hear it said that the Laureate is in his declining days. We hear it asked, 'Who is to succeed him?' Yet we know that the high standard of English poetry will not die while the author of 'The Light of Asia' lives.

"But, gentlemen, it is not alone as a poet that we meet and greet him to-night; it is as a journalist as well. Well do we remember his services as a moulder of public opinion in England. It was he, on behalf of the London *Daily Telegraph* and in connection with one of our own good Americans, who sent Stanley in search of Livingstone—all honor to that humane undertaking. As a poet, as a journalist, and as a scholar; as one who might talk to us, if he chose, in many mystical tongues, we welcome and we greet Sir Edwin Arnold."

The health of the club's guest was drunk, everybody rising and cheering. He showed the deep impression made upon him as he gracefully bowed in acknowledgment of the cheers. His speech was one long to be remembered, both for the pleasing manner of delivery and for the apt and eloquent appropriateness of its matter. He said in part:

"In rising to return my sincere thanks for the high honor done to me by this magnificent banquet, by its lavish opulence of welcome, by its goodly company, by the English so far too flattering which has been employed by the president, and by the generous warmth with which you have received my name, I should be wholly unable to sustain the heavy burden of my gratitude, but for a consideration of which I will presently speak. To-night must always be for me, indeed, a memorable occasion. Many a time and oft during the seven lustrums composing my life, I have had personal reason to rejoice at the splendid mistake committed by Christopher Columbus in discovering your now famous and powerful country.

"I have good reason to greet his name in memory owing, as I do, to him the prodigious debt of a dear American wife, now with God, of children, half American and half English, of countless friends, of a large part of my literary reputation, and, to crown all, this memorable evening, *Nox coenaque Deum*, which, of itself, would be enough to reward me for more than I have done, and to encourage me in a much more arduous task than even that which I have undertaken."

Referring to America, he quoted the old poet, who sang:

> "Her likeness and brightness do shine in such splendor,
> That none but the stars are thought fit to attend her."

He spoke of the recent passage of our international copyright law, and half humorously suggested:

"Personally I was never a fanatic on the matter. I have always rather had a tenderness for those buccaneers of the ocean of books who, in nefarious bottoms, carried my poetical goods far and wide without any charge for freight."

Two of the most striking portions of his speech were his eloquent references to our common language, and to the feeling of kinship and unity between the great branches of the English-speaking race. "Let us all try," he said, "to keep in speech and in writing as close as we can to the pure English that Shakespeare and Milton, and in these later times Longfellow, Emerson, Whitman, and Hawthorne have fixed. It will not be easy. Lord Tennyson recently expressed similar opinions to me when he said: It is bad for us that English will always be a spoken speech, since that means that it will always be changing. The time will come when you and I will be as hard to read for the common people as Chaucer is to-day.' He then quoted Artemus Ward on Chaucer, 'The admirable poet, but as a spellist a decided failure.'

"To the treasure house of that noble tongue, the United States has splendidly contributed. It would be far poorer to-day without the tender care of Longfellow, the serene and philosophic pages of Emerson, the convincing wit and clear criticism of my illustrious departed friend, James Russell

Lowell, the Catullus-like perfection of the lyrics of Edgar Allan Poe, and the glorious, large-tempered dithyrambics of Walt Whitman."

As he closed his speech, he said:

"Between the two majestic sisters of the Saxon blood the hatchet of war is, please God, forever buried. We have no longer to prove to each other or to the world that Englishmen and Americans are high-spirited and fearless; that Englishmen and Americans alike will do justice, and will have justice, and will put up with nothing else from each other and from the nations at large. Heartily, gratefully, and with a mind from which the memory of this glorious evening will never be effaced, I thank you for the very friendly and favorable omens of this banquet."

E. C. Stedman followed, paying a fine and appreciative tribute to his brother poet. President Seth Low referred to the connection of the guest of the evening with the cause of education, he having been at one time a college president. Paul Dana responded for the press. General Porter spoke as the all-round man of the world, soldier, statesman, and orator, in a speech full of wit, humor, anecdote, and hearty appreciation of the guest. St. Clair McKelway made one of his brilliant speeches, carrying the audience with him to the height of feeling and amusement rarely equalled. At the close of the banquet, Sir Edwin Arnold read his now-famous poem of "Potiphar's Wife," the manuscript of which he gave to the club as a souvenir of his visit. It is framed and hangs with his picture on the wall of the club house. This banquet will remain in the history of the literary events of New York one of the most notable; and as one of the brightest pages to be recorded in the annals of the Lotos Club.

When we went to Philadelphia we were met at the Lafayette Hotel by John Russell Young, Henry Guy Carleton, and a number of newspaper men, among whom was Clark Davis, editor of the *Public Ledger*. It was an interesting evening. Sir Edwin read several poems, to the delight of reporters and friends present.

The following day Sir Edwin Arnold, John Russell Young, and I went to Camden to call on the picturesque old poet Walt Whitman, who was living there in his own house. We were shown up a flight of stairs by the mistress of the house, to the bare front room, where, in the midst of a heap of newspapers, magazines, books, kindling wood, lamps, and old pictures, from one to six feet deep, the poet sat, in a high-backed chair, over which was thrown a goatskin robe, once white. The long hair of the poet and of the robe, and his great wide open shirt collar, made a picture unique beyond description. Back of his chair was a heap of newspapers which suggested the pile of cornstalks at an old-fashioned husking, where, when you husked the corn, the stalks and husks were thrown back over your shoulders until they formed a big stack. Walt had been accustomed to reading his morning papers and then throwing them back on this stack, until they had accumulated in this enormous mass fully as high as the back of his chair. That pile must have been the accumulation of several years.

There was a different scene when the two poets, already known to each other by correspondence, exchanged greetings. They plunged into animated conversation at once, though the "good gray poet" was quite feeble. But his was a grand personality indeed, as he leaned back against the deep back of his huge old rush-bottomed, wide-armed chair. Something was said of Whitman's poems, and Arnold took down "Walt Whitman's Complete Poems and Prose," a large octavo volume, from a nearby shelf. The volume was uncut, and Whitman began looking for a paper-knife, saying, "Let me get you something to cut the leaves with."

"No, no. Never mind, Walt Whitman," replied Arnold. "I have no need to cut these leaves. I can see the first lines in the index. What poem would you like to hear?"

A poem was named, and immediately the rich voice gave it vocal form, and that, too, with a perfection of rhythmic tone and shade which indicated the perfect mastery of a most difficult subject. We spent an hour and a half, Sir Edwin and Walt quoting and commenting. It was a great day.

In the afternoon we went to Bryn Mawr, and to Mr. George W. Childs' home, where we dined and Sir Edwin planted a tree. Here we met Mr. Clark Davis of *The Ledger*, Mr. McAllister of Drexel Institute, Miss Thomas, dean of Bryn Mawr College, and Mrs. Childs. We then returned to the city, where the Penn Club gave Sir Edwin a grand reception.

In the Philadelphia Academy of Music Sir Edwin Arnold made his first appearance on any stage. Although it was the evening of a hotly contested election, and there were bonfires and bands of music outside, and the streets were packed with crowds of excited people, we had a large house. The gross receipts were $1,317. The readings were a great success; the audience was delighted. Arnold read two and a half hours, and held them all that time.

The Philadelphia papers were enthusiastic. One critic wrote: "A grace of manner, genial presence, and a mellow, full voice are notable characteristics of the poet-scholar; and the familiar poems which are not less known and loved in this country than in the poet's home, acquired new beauty from the author's wonderful reading of them. Without striving in the hackneyed way, Sir Edwin, by his expressive face and voice of many modulations, recites tales of love, pathos, or tragedy in a manner which many a trained actor might envy."

The first New York reading, in Carnegie Hall, November 4th, was a tremendous success. I cannot recollect having ever before seen so large an audience in that hall and, for a reading, held so spellbound. The enthusiasm knew no limit. There had been a great demand for tickets for this performance, and as the house was sold for the benefit of St. Mark's Hospital, Mr. A. B. de Frece, the vice-president of that association, decided upon an auction sale of seats and boxes, which occurred in the hall on October 26th. Twenty-six boxes brought about $1,500 premium. The great desire both to honor and to meet the poet was shown not alone in the sale of tickets, but even more in the eagerness of many people to be members of the committee of reception, which occupied seats

on the platform. Such distinguished representatives of learning and of letters were present as Edmund Clarence Stedman, Richard H. Stoddard, Richard Watson Gilder, William Winter, William Dean Howells, George William Curtis, Brander Matthews, the Hon. Seth Low, President of Columbia University, and many others.

Chauncey M. Depew, as chairman, made one of his happy speeches, referring to the event as of international significance, for "an English audience applauding James Russell Lowell, and an American audience cheering Sir Edwin Arnold, present the unity in essentials of these great empires, and the possibilities which are before English-speaking peoples. Our language is conquering the earth. It is destined in the future to be for the East more than Buddha, 'the Light of Asia,' and to diffuse around the globe 'The Light of the World.'"

The genial orator, always himself a luminous personality, made other appropriate remarks, and when the poet rose from the remarkable group of celebrities who crowded the platform, he was cordially welcomed. His presence was a fine one for just such an occasion, and as he briefly thanked the introductory speaker, he expressed the wish that the audience would do him the honor of encouraging the ancient and classic custom of a poet's reading selections from works of his own creation. Thus, from the first words, his appearance was a triumph. More than that, he was a delight. Remembering other "readers" I had known, Sir Edwin Arnold's closing of the book he held in his hands, after one long and almost rapt glance at it, was, perhaps, the most delightful episode of the evening to me. He did not once refer to the book after that. He knew his own poems and was always accurate to the letter. He knew, too, the poems of other poets. His memory is remarkable, but his mastery of the words was no more complete than his absolute possession of the rhythm. His recitation was music itself. You felt the meaning in all the varying shades of that perfect modulation and intonation. I make no pretence to criticism, yet I think myself able to comprehend the capacity of a human voice. Sir Edwin Arnold's voice was,

for his purpose, a perfect instrument. The marvel was that only once before had he read in public.

The following evening Sir Edwin read in the Brooklyn Academy of Music before a magnificent audience, to which he was introduced by the Rev. Dr. Storrs. A Brooklyn critic wrote thus of his power of improvisation:

"Sir Edwin was not restrained by any idea of slavish fidelity to his own printed page. He gave himself up to the spirit of his poems and to the music of his verse, and his eyes were upon the audience rather than upon the book which he held. If one followed him in the text, it soon became evident that he had not prepared himself by committing the poems. There were hardly half a dozen lines in which the language was not varied. Once or twice he used a striking phrase too soon, and had to omit a line or two to avoid obvious repetitions. As he read, one wondered how a man could make the substitution he was making without breaking the rhythm or the sense, but he avoided any more serious entanglement than that of once or twice repeating a phrase."

Our next point was Boston. Reporters of all the papers met us at the Parker House at about ten in the forenoon, and Sir Edwin entertained them with a delightful chat about Japan and India, closing the interview by reading a poem. He took well, and his reception by the Boston press was, in short, simply a repetition of the scenes in Philadelphia and New York, though enhanced, if possible.

Distinguished callers were constantly coming in, among whom were President Eliot of Harvard University, Edward Everett Hale, Oliver Wendell Homes, T. W. Higginson, John Holmes of the *Herald*, and Editor Clement of the *Transcript*. Dr. Edward Everett Hale introduced him at his first reading in Music Hall, and Col. T. W. Higginson at the second.

The *Herald* critic grasped the true spirit of the occasion when he wrote:

"The acts and tricks of the trained elocutionist were lacking, but in their place were a divine earnestness, a sincerity and force which would be lacking in an elocutionist."

The *Transcript*, at the end of a column and a half review, said:

"The audience was simply held entranced and spellbound by the recital of that impassioned ballad, 'He and She,' whose closing stanzas are:

> "'The utmost wonder is this: I hear
> And see you, and love you, and kiss you, dear,
>
> And am your angel who was your bride,
> And know, though dead, I have never died.'

"The charm of presence is an especial gift of Sir Edwin's, and the entertainment was one of the most delightful ever enjoyed in this city."

His readiness, his anxiety even, to vary and brighten his programme is shown in the following letter, which I received after I left Boston. It illustrates his conscientious spirit and sincere desire to meet all proper demands—a spirit which, like Sir Henry M. Stanley, he had to a marked degree:

"PARKER HOUSE, Boston, Nov. 10, 1891.

"MY DEAR MAJOR POND:

"I miss you very much indeed, but Mr. Angleman is all that can be desired in the way of obliging and active friendship, and we had a splendid time in the City Hall, Springfield (see *Republican*). To-morrow I go at 10:15 A.M. to Wellesley College, having just arranged this with one of the ladies; and at night, to Smith College.

"It is very difficult to devise a programme which does not shut out something too good to lose. You see I must not quite fall into being merely a reciter of songs and ballads! I am a serious and solid poet, and the people themselves like some of my graver writings. Still, I know you are right about these mixed audiences, that pieces too long waste time and strength; so I have greatly cut down such items. The poems that always take are:

"1. 'He and She.'

"2. 'Egyptian Slippers.'

"3. 'Rajput Nurse.'

And the little beautiful Nume from 'Pearls of the Faith.' I will write on the other side my programme for to-night, and that for Wellesley College.

"For your unbounded kindness and dear Mrs. Pond's, my grateful thanks. I am too much a Bohemian, I fear, ever to settle down again.

"Yours always,

"EDWIN ARNOLD."

As will be seen from the letter that I have just quoted, Sir Edwin lectured in Springfield on the evening of November 9th. A Springfield reporter wrote this striking review:

"When he [the poet] speaks in his own proper person, in preface to his poems, directly addressing his audience, the Englishman is recognized in his intonations; but as soon as he begins to recite, he renders the English language in very beautiful modulation, with fitness to the characters who are introduced, and with rare dramatic expression. It is seldom that a reader like him is heard. The tricks of elocution are not his; he often hesitates and pauses for a moment to recall the phrase, either from memory or from his text, but he puts the life of his deepest feeling into the recital, and the hearer drinks in the meaning with unalloyed content. The fervor of his declamation in certain passages of the talk of Pontius Pilate was thrilling; a better reading of tragedy than he gave to the story of the Rajput Nurse could hardly be expected, and perhaps above these would be put the picture of 'Shah Jehan,' when he resists the temptation of the flesh through his faithfulness to Arjuna, for whom he built the Taj-Mahal."

Before returning to New York, Arnold lectured with great success in Cambridgeport, Lowell, Hartford, New Haven, Utica, and Syracuse.

One of the most effective descriptions appeared in a Syracuse daily, where the reporter said:

"The speaker uttered the more powerful passages with his head thrown back, his body erect, and his chest heaving. The book was held in the left hand, the right, and occasionally both, being used for gestures. When he spoke of sorrow, his voice was pathetic almost to tears; of joy, it thrilled with rapture; of power and victory, it rang like a clarion; and in

poetic description, it was as when 'the dewdrop slips into the shining sea.' "

I give these bits of evidence from time to time as proof of Stanley's keenness of judgment, and in support of my own declaration that Sir Edwin Arnold was by far the best of author-readers that England has given for our delight. America has yet to produce his equal.

After returning to New York the Press Club of that city gave Sir Edwin a reception. Mr. Depew, a member of the club, in his spicy introduction, spoke of Sir Edwin as a fellow-journalist whom he was proud to welcome. Sir Edwin's reply was one of the brightest speeches that he made in America, as those privileged to be present will always remember.

We were all much shocked when we learned of the death of W. J. Florence. Sir Edwin sent a wreath for his funeral, with the following words:

"Sans Adieu. Edwin Arnold.
"W. J. Florence, November 23, 1891."

A new deal was made with Sir Edwin under which arrangement he was to continue one hundred nights, for which I was to pay him $20,000. He lectured in Albany, Rochester, Buffalo, Toronto, Detroit (twice), Grand Rapids, Pittsburg, Cleveland, Oberlin, Toledo, Cincinnati (twice), Louisville, St. Louis, and Chicago. Excellent reports came in from all along the line. The day of our arrival in Chicago was an eventful one. Representatives of the press thronged to see Sir Edwin all the morning at the Auditorium Hotel. He was in excellent condition. Although the weather was muddy, nasty, and foggy we visited the new *Herald* building, declared by Chicagoans to be the finest printing-office in the world. Mr. Scott, president of the *Herald* Co., introduced Sir Edwin to the compositors, and he made a little speech to them. Then a sumptuous lunch in Scott's office, where Sir Edwin was introduced to the managing editors of each of the great Chicago daily papers. The party sat down to lunch at twelve. To everybody's surprise it was six o'clock when they separated. In

the evening a reception by the Chicago Press Club, where he made a handsome speech and read "Queen Arjamund and the Dagger."

At his first public reading in Chicago—in Central Music Hall—the house was packed with a fine audience of Chicago's best. President Harper of Chicago University presided. Sir Edwin was in excellent form and scored another success. The newspapers contained columns of favorable notices, and never was a visitor more heartily welcomed.

His whole Western tour was a series of triumphs. Milwaukee, Chicago (again), Evanston, Kansas City, St. Paul, Minneapolis, Janesville (Wis.), Rockford, Cedar Rapids, Des Moines, and Clinton, were all in the Western itinerary.

From Chicago I returned to New York. During the trip I received the following letter:

"Milwaukee, Dec. 17, 1891.

"My Dear Major:

"Thanks, many and sincere, for your flying note, full of kindness, like everything you say and do. I am afraid if I let go my audiences from the fine and subtle spell of poetry, I might lose command of them, like the juggler who leaves off blowing his reed. But I will bear your valuable advice in mind, if again my voice feels at all in need of resting.

"I cannot thank you enough for the repeated kindness of your wish to keep me in America, and even under your own roof. I am touched to the heart by such generous friendship, which I heartily reciprocate; but, after this unwonted and difficult enterprise is concluded, let me fly away and find the repose and change for which I shall long with unspeakable desire. Perhaps after a period of quiet I shall feel even a strong wish to use again the experience acquired, and to do Australia with you, but my present feelings are concentrated upon getting through with this series in the very best manner I can, for your cause and my own, and then resting.

"My very warmest regards to dear Mrs. Pond. I wish I could make millions of dollars for her and you.

"Ever most sincerely yours,

"Edwin Arnold."

I had arranged five matinees for Sir Edwin at Daly's Theatre. He lectured here twice in the morning and in Philadel-

phia in the evenings of the same days. He was to lecture in Trenton on the following evening, but I was obliged to cancel this engagement because of his illness. This was the beginning of the end, as my diary shows. He was booked for Newark, Baltimore, Washington, Middletown, New York (four times), Brooklyn, Portland, Providence, Lakewood, Montclair, Orange, and Worcester. Owing to the superior knowledge of a learned doctor, he was obliged to be ill.

It came about in this way: Sir Edwin was sick with grippe at the Everett House, when his friend Andrew Carnegie called on him. The meeting was a very cordial one, as Sir Edwin declared that he was under everlasting obligations to Mr. Carnegie for the kindness he had shown to his son when on a visit to America. Mr. Carnegie insisted on Sir Edwin's seeing his doctor, a learned young Scotch physician, with titles too numerous to mention. He was the man who could tone him up. Without waiting for Arnold to acquiesce, Carnegie sent him right around. The young physician told Sir Edwin that he was a sick man, that he had better have a nurse, that he must not appear on the platform the next day, and that he must cancel all his engagements. There was nothing for Sir Edwin to do but yield to whatever the physician prescribed, as his friend Mr. Carnegie had sent him. So the next day we were obliged to return about $1,800 at the box office at Daly's Theatre to a disappointed public, telling them that undoubtedly Sir Edwin would be able to keep his next two engagements; but that there was no chance for those particular ticket holders to hear him, as the seats for the remaining readings had been sold out.

A few days later Sir Edwin finally told me that he could not go any further, and I consented to cancel our agreement if he would give me six more readings in New York after the present course. I then arranged for this supplemental course at Daly's Theatre. On the day before the readings were to be resumed, Sir Edwin seemed in good spirits, but his doctor forbade his reading the next day, and I was obliged to cancel all of his new dates. It made a difference of over $3,000 to me.

I could not win over the doctor. He worried Sir Edwin very badly. The latter said to me, "Oh, Major, if I don't get out of this country soon I will never be able to go at all." I know he frightened me too. If I had been in Sir Edwin's place I should have thought myself about to die. He told me that Sir Edwin was in exactly the same condition as a man who was just convalescing from a run of typhoid fever.

When I gave back the money at Daly's to a great crowd of New York's best people, everybody expressed sympathy and regret that Sir Edwin was ill. I never witnessed a more pathetic scene around a box office, and I felt that the poet had a hold on New-Yorkers that would surely last.

A day or two later, while calling on Sir Edwin, Mr. Carnegie came in, and when he congratulated the poet on his good fortune in having sent him a physician who unquestionably saved his life, Sir Edwin gave me a side wink and a smile at Mr. Carnegie's absurdities. He then told Mr. Carnegie that he had decided to go to Japan, and should leave as soon as possible. He did not care to stay longer in America. He thought that an ocean voyage would cure him of the grippe. Mr. Carnegie expostulated with him, but Sir Edwin said his mind was made up. The next day he left the Everett House to visit Mr. Andrew Carnegie, during the remainder of his stay. I called on him there and found him not in the best of spirits. He was lonesome and homesick. He would have been better off to have kept on with his readings, he said.

On February 5th Sir Edwin gave the first of what promised to be a final series of four morning readings at Daly's Theatre. The house was packed. Immediately after the reading the box-office was besieged, and I saw at once that there would be a fine business. The next three readings were already announced, but once more the doctor stepped in, and dates were cancelled. The Saturday before Sir Edwin was to sail, I called on him at Mr. Carnegie's house. He said to me:

"Major Pond, I should like to tell the American people how much I think of them if you will give me a chance, but you

have only from now until next Monday to do it in. Take all the receipts; I want nothing but the audience."

"All right," I said. "Please send me a letter to that effect."

It was only a few minutes after returning to my office that I received a letter authorizing me to go ahead and book the reading for the Monday morning following. The letter was as follows:

"5 West 51st Street, New York, Feb. 8, 1892.

"My Dear Major Pond:

"If it were possible to arrange for one more of my public readings in New York, I should regard the opportunity as a pleasure and a privilege. I am reluctant to quit, even for a time, the land where I have met so many and such generous and enlightened audiences, without some sign of the delight with which I should have continued to meet them—some occasion permitting me to acknowledge their good will toward me, interrupted only by my illness. It may be, moreover, that there are those who would like to hear me for the first time, albeit in a farewell reading, and briefly if it can be compassed—you may count, before I leave New York, on the willing acceptance of

"Yours always most sincerely,

"Edwin Arnold."

I had only Saturday night, Sunday, and Monday morning to advertise. The reading came off in Daly's Theatre, Monday morning, February 15th, at eleven o'clock. It was Sir Edwin's last appearance in New York, and the house was filled to its capacity. The audience was of the best, appreciative of all the poet's efforts, and in touch with every shade of expression. He read the "Discourse of Buddha," and, as a sequel, the conversation between Mary Magdalen and the Magi, from "The Light of the World." "The Egyptian Slippers" was given from the manuscript copy. "The Renegade Lovers" was another of the poems not yet in print. The exquisite ballad of "He and She," one of the favorites, was also given. Before the programme closed he gratified his audience by a brief address, which was not merely eloquent in words, but most effective by the earnestness of his delivery.

"I ask your permission, before I conclude this last of my readings with some verses from the Persian of Saadi, which explains and justifies my books, to offer first to you, and next, through you, to those sixty-five audiences which I have had the honor to address in various cities of the United States, my most respectful and heartfelt thanks for the grace and kindness of the reception which they have given me. I do not presume to praise—what is far above my praise—the large-minded enlightenment, the glad interest in great thought which I have found everywhere existing and active in this country, evidenced to me in many clear and remarkable ways. But I will dare say that here, if anywhere in the world, the poet whose credentials are honest good-will toward his kind and firm faith in their glorious destiny, may fearlessly speak what is in his heart and brain, and be sure of an attention as gentle and as generous as it is cultivated.

"I came to America her friend; I go away her champion, her servant, her lover. I have the deepest conviction that the future history of the human race depends for its happy development upon that firm and eternal friendship of the great Republic and of the British Empire which is at once so necessary and so natural. Resolve on your side of the Atlantic, along with us who know you on the other, to allow no ignorance, no impatience, no foolish transient passion to share that amity. The peace and progress of the earth are founded upon it, and those who would destroy it are guilty of high treason against humanity. Accept, I pray you, and allow me to express to others through this large and representative assemblage, the sincere gratitude I feel for the unbroken goodness, the incomparable patience, the quick appreciation, and the 'sweet reasonableness' which I have met with universally among American audiences."

The reading closed with the lines from Saadi, entitled, "In Many Lands." The enthusiasm was tremendous. People crowded around the stage to say good-by, and Sir Edwin was not able himself to carry away a tithe of the flowers that were heaped upon him.

The receipts were $1,851. I told Sir Edwin that there was $1,000 clear profit from the lecture, and I thought he was entitled to it. "Not a penny, Major Pond. You have been disappointed and obliged to return many hundreds of dollars to a disappointed public. I only wish it were $5,000 for you instead of one."

That evening he spent with us, appearing well and in excellent spirits. The next day he left for San Francisco, by way of New Orleans. He spent several days in California, at the Lick Observatory, in San José and in San Francisco, and then sailed for Japan, where he remained a number of months. He returned homeward in September through the United States, accompanied by Miss Arnold, his daughter, and the Japanese lady who is now his devoted wife.

While in New York on this homeward trip he read in my office to a party of friends, principally connected with the New York newspapers, the greater part of a Japanese tragedy which he had written while in the Island Empire. It was entitled "Adzuma; or, the Japanese Wife." Sir Edwin gave permission to publish but one passage, and that because it had previously been published in a Japanese newspaper. He dined at our house that evening, and the following day sailed for England. Friendly letters have passed between us at short intervals ever since. His letters to me are among my literary treasures.

In 1897 Mrs. Pond and I visited England to attend the Queen's Jubilee. On our arrival in Glasgow, June 9th, I found a telegram from Sir Edwin Arnold, saying:

"Have good places for you and Mrs. Pond to see procession. Let me know when you will be in London."

I wrote him the time we expected to arrive, and when we reached London I found another telegram reading as follows:

"You and Mrs. Pond breakfast with me at 225 Cromwell Road at twelve to-morrow. EDWIN ARNOLD."

My diary contains the following entry:

"London, Saturday, June 19, 1897.

"Breakfasted with Sir Edwin Arnold at 225 Cromwell Road at twelve, and a delightful visit it was. Sir Edwin welcomed us in his characteristic genial manner, which made us feel that the entire establishment was ours. His son, a young physician, with his wife, was there, also the Japanese lady whom we met at his house in 1891, and who is now the head of his household. She has mastered our language and is very refined and intelligent. Her name is Antomesan.

"Sir Edwin presented me with a copy of his new book, 'Wandering Words,' and a guinea cigar. He also gave me two tickets on the first row of the Grand Stand in the tribune of St. Paul's Cathedral, for the grand parade. They were hundred-guinea tickets.

"These seats were within fifty feet of where Her Majesty's carriage stopped during the services. I could look down on the bishops, and after the impressive service I met our Bishop Potter.

" 'How came you in here?' he exclaimed. 'Are you one of the nobility?'

"I think I was the only untitled man in that assemblage of people."

In the light of the intimate and most friendly relations that have existed between us, and my high appreciation of the friendship with which Sir Edwin Arnold honored me, I shall perhaps be pardoned for quoting a few of the letters which I have received from him, some being in reply to my efforts to induce him to return to the United States and others being more purely personal in character. They are of especial value, perhaps, in view of the fact that the poet and editor is now and has been for nearly three years past confined to his residence. Under the dates given he has some pleasant things to say in the following letters:

"225 Cromwell Mansions, Kensington, S.W.,
"July 11, 1894.

"My Ever Dear Major:

"I am ashamed when I compare the date of your last kind letter with that of my reply. But one is borne in such a whirl

of politics and society in this London season that much may be forgiven. I was rejoiced to hear of the well-being of dear Mrs. Pond, the boy, and yourself; and by no means surprised that you had developed as a great success upon the platform. Who, indeed, ought to understand that difficult business better than you, under the shadow of whose skill and kindness we have all graduated? I have no doubt you would succeed over here.

"As for Dean Hole, I have the highest opinion of him; and I believe he will delight his audiences. He is a genial Christian gentleman, whose piety is bright with gay humor and the love of nature—the best judge of roses in the world, and in every way a fine specimen of the English Dean.

"What a state you are in with your strikes and strikers!

"Give very kindest messages to Mrs. Pond and 'Bim,' and ever believe me,

"Yours most sincerely,

"Edwin Arnold."

By his own permission, as with Henry M. Stanley, I was often privileged to ask questions relative to English gentlemen to whom attention was directed as available for our platform service. Here is a letter wherein a valuable suggestion was made, which could not be followed, however, in time:

"Grand Hotel, Paris, Oct. 8, 1895.

"My Ever Dear Major Pond:

"In reply to your very kind letter from Paris—having just started for a little holiday trip to Spain, after a rather fatiguing spell of work in politics and literature. It delights me to hear that you and Mrs. Pond and the little one are all well. I note that you have been having a good time with Mark Twain, for whose misfortunes we have all—on this side—felt most deeply. I should think you could easily get Du Maurier, unless 'Trilby' has made him too rich. As for me, dear Major, it would be glorious to serve under your victorious flag again, but I must not encourage myself or you to expect that. However, I shall be back in England before Christmas and will write to you again. I thank you with all my heart for your friendly thoughts of me. Be sure they are cordially returned, and ever believe me,

"Sincerely and affectionately yours,

"Edwin Arnold."

Again he declines my request for another tour, and in doing so gives a glimpse of his own busy hours:

"225 Cromwell Mansions, Kensington, S.W.,
"April 30, 1896.

"My Dear Major:

"I have just returned from a month's holiday in the Canary Islands. Hence the sad delay in replying to your kind and welcome letter of (alas!!) the 20th of March. It delighted me by its news that Mrs. Pond, and the 'laddie,' and yourself, were all well. So am I, but tremendously busy with politics, and also with preparations for a journey to Russia, whither I go to see the Tsar crowned.

"I am sorry to say that I don't think Mr. Ingersoll would 'catch on' over here. I know and admire his great abilities and eloquence, but our public is religious, orthodox, and conservative—so far as the 'paying' part of it goes. Your own lectures would be far more attractive.

"For my humble self, I wish I could see my way to once more run round with you. At present I dream of being in India all next winter about some temple business and have declined some very honorable presidentships and appointments with that view. All the same, most heartily do I thank you for your kind proof of friendly opinion and confidence.

"Love to your home circle.

"Sincerely your very attached friend,
"Edwin Arnold."

From the office of the *Daily Telegraph*, under date of August 4, 1896, this letter of introduction came to me:

"My Dear Major Pond:

"The bearer is our good and trusted colleague, Mr. Ellerthorpe, who goes to America to observe the social, political, commercial, and intellectual life of your great Republic, and to send letters to the *Daily Telegraph* upon these topics. Be so good as to receive and, if you can, to help him with useful introductions. He is a most worthy gentleman and I know you will do what you can for him for 'Auld Lang Syne.'

"Yours affectionately,
"Edwin Arnold."

Later in April, 1897, comes a note introducing Mr. Edward Le Sage, son of the managing editor of the *Daily Telegraph*,

who visited the United States as a representative of that paper. I am asked "to be as good as ever I can" to the gentleman. Then came a pleasant reminder in the form of wedding cards, with the following very pleasant epistle as a friendly accompaniment:

"31 Bolton Gardens, London, S.W.,
"November 26, 1897.

"My Dear Major:

"The enclosed card will tell you, what you probably have long ago heard, that I have married the gentle and faithful Japan lady whom you saw with us. We have settled down very quietly in this new and pleasant house and only wish that you and dear Mrs. Pond were here to have a chat sometimes.

"I have had lately a nasty bout of rheumatism, or gout, or something, which makes me a prisoner to my room, but am slowly getting better. I trust you are all very well. It is not impossible you may see me again in the States, for my doctor tells me to take rest and travel.

"Yours always affectionately,
"Edwin Arnold."

This later letter I give explains itself, and refers to the pathetic physical condition which now afflicts Sir Edwin.

"31 Bolton Gardens, S. Kensington,
"London, S.W., Jan. 2, 1898.

"My Dear Major:

"Warmest thanks for your kind message, and most cordial returns of the same to you and yours!

"Your charming invitation is of course attractive, but at present I am the victim of some strange weakness of the lower limbs, which the doctors say may prove chronic, and which prevents me standing long or walking much. This will oblige me, I fear, to go into the East for sunshine, just before Lent, and at present I do all my daily work by carriage and driving. But I will write again and give you a later report.

"Kindest regards to Mrs. Pond and Bim, in which Lady Arnold joins.

"Ever yours affectionately,
"Edwin Arnold."

DR. JOHN WATSON ("IAN MACLAREN")

THE REV. DR. JOHN WATSON ("IAN MACLAREN") made his first lecture tour in America between October 1 and December 16, 1896, and I think I saw more happy faces while accompanying him than any other man was ever privileged to see in the same length of time. During this period Dr. Watson had ninety-six as large audiences of men and women as could be crowded into the largest public halls in the principal cities of the United States and Canada. These great multitudes, with bated breath and outstretched necks, sat and listened to him with intermingled laughter and tears, like sunshine making the rain radiant.

Dr. Watson is a tall, straight, square-shouldered, deep-chested man of middle age, with a large, compact, round, and well-balanced head, thinly thatched with brown and grayish hair, well-moulded refined features that bear the impress of kindly shrewdness, intellectual sagacity, and spiritual clearness, tempered, too, with a mingled sense of keen humor and grave dignity. The eyes are open, fine, and clear in expression, and thoughtful and observant to a controlling degree.

He is sometimes called an Englishman, because he happened to be born in the county of Essex; but he himself says: "I am a pure Highlander. My mother was a Maclaren, and came from Loch Tay and spoke the Gaelic tongue. My father was born at Braemar, and Gaelic was the language of my paternal grandfather." His father was a Free Church elder, and his mother a woman of strong religious character and great spirituality. He is himself a typical Scotch Highlander in appearance, with every movement indicating alertness and force.

His voice is excellent, because its tones express the feeling to be conveyed. It is skilfully used, with fine inflections and tonal shadings that give emphasis and delicacy to his delivery. The doctor's mobile mouth easily lends itself to vocal changes. He is not an orator in the usual sense of the word, but he is a

speaker who readily holds an audience to the last moment. No one leaves while he speaks, and that is the finest test.

One day Horace Greeley, Henry Ward Beecher, and I were passing through Bridgeport. Mr. Greeley remarked: "This is Bridgeport. I had a successful lecture here once."

Mr. Beecher said: "Greeley, what do you call a successful lecture?"

"Oh, more people stayed in than went out."

Dr. Watson's ten weeks were filled almost beyond belief. Yet his parting sermon at Plymouth Church was as fresh in matter and manner as when he began at New Haven with his famous Yale lectures on preaching given before the Divinity School.

In physique and in his mental spirit Dr. Watson recalls Mr. Beecher very distinctly. A broad sympathy with their fellows is their common inheritance. The rejoicing love of nature belongs to both lives. Dr. Watson illustrates, as Mr. Beecher did, in book, sermon, lecture, social intercourse, that he sees the best in all men, feels their moods, holds charity with errors, and joys with service, is touched by pathos and becomes tender with suffering. Dr. Watson brought a wholesome manhood as well as a gracious mind to the work he did, and has left a memory that all who heard him will continue to enjoy. America is richer by his visit, and he himself carried away the delight of sympathetic and genial associations.

It is probable that Dr. Watson, or "Ian Maclaren," as he is more commonly called, would still have been nothing more than the pastor of a well to-do congregation in Liverpool if it had not been for one man.

For many years Dr. Watson had been intimately acquainted with Dr. Robertson Nicoll, editor of the *British Weekly* and *The Bookman*, and the latter, who has a keen eye for literary ability, discovered in his conversations with the Scotch minister latent qualities which he determined to bring out. It happened that at this time Dr. Nicoll was on a hunt for genius. It had been through his instrumentality that both J. M. Barrie and S. R. Crockett had been brought before the public, but

this same fickle public, having acknowledged the merit of these two writers, was already clamoring for something new. Dr. Nicoll realized that if he was to sustain his reputation he would be obliged to produce another genius without delay. Is it surprising, when he found in Dr. Watson what he was seeking, that he should pay no heed to either the man's age, his peace of mind, or the wishes of his family, but should determine to launch him, whether he desired it or not, upon the sea of letters?

To this end the editor wrote to his intended victim, telling him of his unknown ability, and asking him to contribute to the *British Weekly* a few short stories, especially dealing with Scotch character. But Dr. Watson at the time was deeply engaged in an analysis of the character of the Jebusites, and Dr. Nicoll's request was unheeded. The latter, however, did not intend to forfeit his reputation for such a trifling cause. The letters and appeals which he sent to Liverpool gradually increased in number until Dr. Watson received one nearly every day. Before long letters were followed by telegrams, and the fate of "The Bonnie Briar Bush" was finally settled by the weary minister at last consenting to attempt a short story. This was forwarded to Dr. Nicoll, and was promptly returned, with the intimation that it was not what was desired, while at the same time more explicit directions were given. Dr. Watson made another attempt, and the next week the first story of "The Bonnie Briar Bush" series appeared in print.

The full significance of the title which Dr. Watson has given to his book is not generally understood. The Jacobites sang, "There grows a bonnie briar bush in our kailyard," and wore the white rose as their emblem. A Highlander with Jacobite traditions, Dr. Watson has always loved the simple, beautiful flower, which is found in many country gardens in Scotland. When a title was needed for his volume, the author chose this because the suggestion of the book is that in every garden, however small and humble, there may be a flower. The whole idea of his writing, Dr. Watson says, "is to show

the rose in places where many people look for cabbages." His mission is to set forth what plain people, who do not analyze their feelings, really do and suffer.

From my very first meeting with him, as he landed at New York from the *Germanic*, I liked him even more than I had expected. He impressed me at once as strong, yet refined and very natural. He was dressed in a plain business garb—rather more like a Scotch merchant than a minister—and appeared a simple, delightful man in every sense the word implies. I liked him then; I love him now.

With Mrs. Watson—a frail, little body, with black hair and eyes, and very quiet—we drove at once to the Everett House, where pleasant rooms were waiting. They lunched with me. I ordered a large double sirloin steak and hashed brown potatoes with cream—just what never fails to catch an Englishman. My guests had never before seen the like. "A monumental steak," said the doctor to his wife. "I've heard of your American beefsteaks. The stories have not been overdrawn."

After luncheon Dr. Watson and I called on Mr. John Sloane, who had invited Dr. and Mrs. Watson to spend the Sunday following with him at his home in Lenox. After a delightful chat for a few minutes and the completion of arrangements for the Lenox visit, we returned to my office, where the reporters from the New York, Brooklyn, Boston, and Philadelphia papers were waiting for an interview. The group was gathered about the same round table where the two Arnolds, Stanley, Max O'Rell, and Conan Doyle had been interviewed. It did not take the reporters long to discover that they had an ideal target for their ingenuity, and for two hours the air was full of sharp and brilliant sayings from the lips of my star. It seemed more like the Stanley epoch than any other, and, next to Stanley and Sir Edwin Arnold, best of all. The symptoms were promising. I thought to myself that if he didn't make a clean sweep, then no man could.

I went up to New Haven to hear him give the first of his course of lectures on "The Ethics of Preaching" before the

Yale theological students. It was a delightful address. His manner and expression were elegant. He was magnetic, brimful of wit and sparkling with humor, and he couldn't help it. I knew he would be a great go on the platform.

Applications were coming in from all parts of the country for "Ian Maclaren." The doctor allowed me three evenings between his Yale lectures for trial readings, so we opened up at Springfield. I rented the theatre there and advertised in the newspapers only—used no posters or circulars and had no local society to back it.

I had not visited Springfield for some years, as nothing but a theatrical attraction seemed to draw there. The night of "Ian Maclaren's" lecture, however, reminded me of the palmy days of Beecher and Gough. The theatre was full. President Gates and a large party of students from Amherst College were there, another party from Smith College, Northampton, besides Springfield's best people. Dr. and Mrs. Watson were both very nervous, but he made a great hit. His entertainment was conversational and delightful. He had plenty of voice of a rich, carrying quality. After the reading the doctor seemed somewhat doubtful as to his success, but I was satisfied.

Next morning the Springfield papers contained elaborate and very enthusiastic notices of "Ian Maclaren's" performance the previous evening. The doctor himself paid very little attention to his press notices, but Mrs. Watson read and enjoyed them, and instructed me to save a copy of each paper for her sons in Liverpool.

The second of the "trial performances" was given in Unity Hall, Hartford, which has only seven hundred seats. Every seat was sold and all the standing room occupied. The doctor gave a lecture here, not a reading, on "Certain Traits of Scotch Character." Both audience and manager were delighted.

We had planned to return to New Haven the same night, but our plan failed through a misadventure that was somewhat amusing, although rather discomforting to me. We had

boarded the New Haven train at about a quarter to eleven, and were very busily engaged in conversation. I was talking. The brakeman called out the name of a station, which I did not hear distinctly, but looking at my watch I saw it was a quarter to twelve—the time we were due at New Haven. I jumped up, saying, "This is New Haven?" and we all hurried out, and the train moved on. The depot did not look familiar to any of us, and we did not see Professor Fisher's carriage, which we were expecting, to take Dr. and Mrs. Watson to his house, as they were his guests while in New Haven. There was no carriage and not a person to be seen. After some running about, I found a policeman and asked him where we were.

"You are in Meriden," said the officer.

"In Meriden!" I exclaimed. "I thought this was New Haven. When does the next train go to New Haven?"

"About six in the morning."

I can't describe my feelings. Dr. and Mrs. Watson overheard the conversation, and I saw them look at each other and smile. I didn't know what to say, but Dr. Watson said:

"Isn't there a public house where we can get a bedroom?"

The policeman pointed out a hotel over the way, a good one, where we secured comfortable rooms. I sent a man out to bring in some oysters and sandwiches, and we all sat down to our late supper. Dr. Watson was never in better humor; he was full of laughter and apparently amused at my embarrassment. We sat and told stories until after one. I told the doctor that his taking the blunder so pleasantly had made me feel worse than if he had pitched into me. He bade me goodnight, saying, "Major, you may have something worse than this to put up with before you are through with me."

The doctor must have told this story to all of his friends in England, for a year later when over there, I was often slyly asked by friends of his if I knew a town in America called Meriden.

After the Yale lectures were completed I arranged to have the doctor give one public lecture in New Haven. The McKinley-Hobart campaign was on. Here and the next night

at Bridgeport we had Tom Reed and his torchlight processions—which took two hours to pass a given point—against us, but it didn't seem to have any effect on our business. What other man could have drawn full houses under such conditions?

Returning to New York, the doctor dined one evening with me and a party of friends at the Lotos Club. There were present Gen. Horace Porter, Seth Low, Frank R. Lawrence, William Winter, John Elderkin, and Hamilton W. Mabie. It was an enjoyable affair. There were bright sayings, good stories, and flashes of wit that only such an occasion could produce. It was one o'clock when Dr. Watson and I reached the Everett House, he declaring, "You Americans are really a wonderful people."

On the day following, Dr. and Mrs. Watson were entertained by Frank H. Dodd, Bleeker Von Wagenen (of the firm of "Ian Maclaren's" publishers), and the Rev. Dr. Lyman Abbott, and their wives, with an excursion up the Hudson to West Point. On their return the doctor came into my office fairly bubbling over with fun. He had been delightfully entertained and had enjoyed the magnificent scenery of "your beautiful Hudson River. It is grand." He sat and chatted with me for an hour and charmed me with his description of the day's outing. He saw the bright side of everything, and the humorous side too. He had brought with him and gave to me, fresh from the press, a copy of "Kate Carnegie," his new book, telling me that this was the second copy out of the bindery; Mrs. Watson had the first copy. In the copy that he gave to me he wrote:

"To Major J. B. Pond:

"The second copy of this book is given by the author after the week of his American tour, during which he has already come to consider the Major his friend.

"New York, October 10, 1896."

One of the proudest days of my life was the following Sunday, when I accompanied Dr. and Mrs. Watson to Plymouth Church. I felt that the whole of that vast congregation must

envy me. My star was the centre of all eyes until the sermon began. Dr. Abbott was at his best, and Dr. Watson enjoyed him. "That's great preaching," he said to me at the close. Friends crowded around us in great numbers, and "Ian Maclaren" must have "shaked hands" with hundreds.

"Ian Maclaren's" American tour really began on the evening of October 12th, in the Academy of Music, Brooklyn, under the auspices of the Consumptives' Home, and under the supervision of Mr. S. V. White. Before Dr. Watson went on the stage Deacon White handed me a check for $1,000—the fee for the lecture. The good old minister who introduced Dr. Watson took advantage of the occasion (it was probably the largest audience he had ever faced) to make a twenty-minute speech. The audience of highly bred ladies and gentlemen endured it heroically. Almost any other audience in any other city would have given vent to their pent-up feelings and called, "Maclaren, Maclaren!" but they patiently waited and suffered. Finally the speaker of the evening was introduced, and for an hour and a half more that audience sat in breathless suspense, listening to a man who gave them as much delightful pleasure as they had ever before enjoyed in that length of time. I saw that there was going to be lively work ahead of us for the next two months. The second lecture in America was in Carnegie Hall, New York, under the auspices of the St. Andrew's Society. Sitting on the platform was a reception committee of over four hundred, including college presidents, clergymen, judges, statesmen, lawyers, and men of letters, besides other prominent men. Chauncey M. Depew introduced the doctor in one of his delightful speeches. Dr. Watson's voice was distinctly heard in all parts of the great hall. He was a success in every way. The gross receipts were $2,455.50.

As the political cauldron was boiling in the States (the McKinley campaign), I chose to fill in the early portion of our tour in Canada, and on our way up there we made one stop, at Burlington, Vt. It was the first ride either Dr or Mrs. Watson had taken in a drawing-room car, and they enjoyed it

the more for having a sumptuous compartment all to themselves. The doctor appeared tired but cheerful. I found him an athletic man with a perfect physique and no fear of being overworked, but Mrs. Watson seemed delicate and hardly fitted for such a rush as we were about entering on.

Before reaching Burlington a committee of citizens came on board the train to welcome the doctor to Vermont. We arrived in the town at just eight o'clock in the evening, and were obliged to hurry from the hotel to the Opera House, where we found an immense jam in waiting. Even the stage was utilized by placing two hundred chairs there, which had been sold for a dollar apiece.

At Burlington it was the initial experience of my friends in a typical American hotel, the Van Ness. Mrs. Watson missed the bread plate and the two knives. She didn't enjoy spreading butter with the same knife that she used to cut her meat. The doctor learned to his surprise that preserves and jam are one and the same, and he inquired if he were expected to spread his preserves on bread. If so, he wanted some bread.

Owing to the necessity of an early start, we got only an hour or two of sleep that night. The Watsons were up on time—2:30—and stood the unseasonable disturbance very gracefully and cheerfully. It seemed rough on the little lady, but she did not complain. All slept well into Montreal, where we enjoyed as good a breakfast at the Windsor Hotel as ever was set before hungry travellers. I noticed a look of pride and an at-home air about the Watsons as soon as they knew that they were in the Queen's dominions, and it seemed to give a relish to their food when I exclaimed, "God save the Queen!"

At Montreal there was a delegation of representative Scotchmen waiting to do honors to "Ian Maclaren." I don't think there was a man in the city that day who hadn't Scotch blood in him, at least I did not see one. The lecture was in the St. James Methodist church, an immense auditorium, with a seating capacity of about 2,300, but with reverberating acoustics that enabled a speaker to hear the echo of his words five times repeated. I don't think very many could understand

the reading, and it was about the stupidest audience I ever saw for one so numerous. The lecture, however, was a great financial success. The local manager who had engaged the doctor for the lecture was an insurance agent. He tried to keep possession of Dr. Watson and worried him all day long.

Dr. Watson was up very early the next morning and knocked at my door, saying:

"Major, are you up?"

"Come in," I said, throwing open my door, ready to go to breakfast.

"Major, not a bad meeting last night. I see the papers are not unfriendly; but oh! that late supper. We will have no more of them."

We went on to Ottawa by the Canadian Pacific Overland Express. The general manager of the road had set aside for Dr. and Mrs. Watson a drawing-room car containing more photographs of scenery along the Canadian Pacific route than I think they could possibly have examined in a month, even had they done nothing else. Dinner in the dining car pleased them. They declared it a most interesting way of enjoying a meal, and such a good meal, too! Where could it possibly be prepared?

There was a novel experience awaiting Dr. Watson in Ottawa. Mr. Knowles, the local manager, turned out to be a clergyman and rector of a church there. The lecture was in the Knox Presbyterian Church. Sir Wilfred Laurier, the Premier of Canada and a Roman Catholic, presided. He is Canada's famous orator, and this was a great occasion for him. When the doctor was told that a Catholic would introduce him in a Presbyterian church, he was greatly surprised; but he was in for it and bore it heroically, and made a very pretty allusion to it in his introductory speech. Later in the evening he said to me:

"Major, isn't this a wonderful country? Think of it; I, a Scotch minister, have given readings for a clergyman of the Church of England, in a John Knox Presbyterian church, introduced by a Roman Catholic!"

There were cheers and handclapping during the entire evening, closing with a motion for a vote of thanks, seconded by a speech, then a vote of thanks to the chairman and another eloquent speech, after which the doctor read "McClure's Last Ride," as an extra. What enthusiasm! I had hardly seen the doctor since our arrival. Friends had taken possession of him and he had done the town between 2:30 and 6.

When we got back to our hotel, the Russell, we met Mr. Isaac Campbell and Hon. John Cameron, two prominent politicians and thoroughbreds of Winnipeg, who had come all the way to see and hear "Ian Maclaren."

In company with Premier Laurier and Mr. Knowles, we went up to their rooms and spent about as interesting an hour as Dr. Watson experienced during the entire tour. It was a revelation to him; but he had been a boy himself once, and he learned one fact, that in the great and new West the boy nature predominates among the men to the end of their lives. These men were leading Canadian politicians, and the affairs of Canada were largely in the control of the set to which they belonged. There was a pretty intense political campaign on in Canada just at this time over the school question, and there was a desire on the part of the different partisans to explain to Dr. Watson why their particular party was right and how the salvation of the country depended upon the election of their man. He enjoyed it.

We were obliged to start very early next morning for Kingston, and were glad to leave the old Russell House. The dull porter directed us wrong, so that we were obliged to change cars twice, when we might have come direct in a parlor car. My travelling companions had a chance to experience the inconvenience of riding in the common day coaches of Canada, and for a short distance we were obliged to ride in the caboose of a freight train. It was not a delightful experience, but I heard not the slightest complaint. The doctor really got fun out of it.

At Kingston we were met by Principal Grant, of Queen's College, who entertained the Watsons over Sunday. There

was a very large audience that evening at the Kingston Opera House, which made the local managers happy. Principal Grant presided at the lecture and afterward asked me if it were not possible to secure Dr. Watson to address the students at the college next morning. I told him the doctor had agreed to lecture twice a day for me if I would release him from preaching, so I could not insist, though I thought he might have been willing to address the college to please a thousand students, many of whom had given up their hard earnings to hear him at the Opera House. But he is Scotch, and having said "no," he did "no," although he worshipped with the students at the college in the morning.

The next day (Monday) we were due at Toronto. I drove a mile in a carriage to Principal Grant's home at the college at about 1 A.M., found Dr. and Mrs. Watson waiting, and we drove out to Kingston Junction to get our train. It was an uncomfortable ride in a rickety old hack, with the thermometer at zero. I know that Mrs. Watson and I didn't enjoy it, but the doctor was as beaming as though he had had a normal night's sleep.

"Jannie," said he, "I guess the boys are not thinking of where we are just now. If we hadn't promised them those bicycles we wouldn't be here." And so he kept the chilly air out by making sunshine at midnight. The fire had gone out in the stove in the station waiting room, and all the coal was locked up in the shed outside. The train was forty minutes late. It seemed the longest forty minutes of my life. A more unendurable position I never knew than waiting in a cold railway station at 2 A.M., in Canada, for a late train. "Ian Maclaren" found enjoyment in it. But when the train came we had a comfortable ride into Toronto, and were none the worse for our rough experience of the middle of the night.

Here the Scotch were out in force again. Badges and insignia of different societies were much in evidence. They all wanted to see "Ian Maclaren," and he was unable to see any of them. He accepted an invitation to lunch with Mr. E. Gurney, a prominent citizen and an old friend of Mr. Beecher's

and mine, and then he and Mrs. Watson were driven about the city all the rest of the day until it was time to lecture. Lord Aberdeen presided, and it is a matter worthy of record that the largest audience that ever attended any one-man entertainment in Massey Hall, Toronto, and paid high prices, was the one drawn to hear "Ian Maclaren's" readings. A more enthusiastic demonstration of welcome one seldom sees, especially in America. It was more like Welsh enthusiasm.

We were booked for Detroit the following day at eleven o'clock, and Grand Rapids at eight in the evening, so I had a lively time hustling the doctor from Massey Hall on board the sleeping car. We reached Detroit at 8 A.M. and breakfasted at the Russell. The doctor gave his reading at eleven to an opera house full of Detroit's most select citizens. Colonel Livingstone, editor of the Detroit *Journal*, had arranged a luncheon party for the doctor at the Detroit Club at 12:30, and we were to leave at 1:20 for Grand Rapids. A carriage was engaged during our stay in Detroit. Dr. Watson hurried from the hall over to the club. The luncheon was a magnificent affair. About two hundred of Detroit's best men were there and made it a pretty lively thirty minutes for the Scotchman. I took a special carriage and hurried to the station and persuaded the conductor to hold the train five minutes for us. Finally the doctor and Colonel Livingstone came. We jumped on the train just as it was starting and went bounding over the country for Grand Rapids.

At Jackson we took on a special train carrying the generals of the army, who had enlisted in the Presidential campaign and were on their way to Grand Rapids for a grand mass meeting. As we entered that city there were brass bands playing, fireworks, and all sorts of demonstrations. I assured Dr. Watson they were not intended in his honor, and he quickly found out that he was a mighty small affair in the minds of that excited populace. It was "McKinley and Hobart" everywhere, and everybody was in some kind of uniform carrying a torch.

In due time my correspondent there appeared with a car-

riage and drove us to the Baptist Church, where a great crowd was waiting to welcome "Ian Maclaren." It surprised the doctor. The lecture over, we went direct to the sleeping car, which we boarded at 11 P.M. for Chicago. We had been on the move at a very lively rate all day, but Dr. Watson's ability to see everything from the brightest side kept us all jolly.

We had a very early breakfast in the Auditorium Hotel, in the first sky dining room the Watsons had ever seen. Unfortunately, Lake Michigan, once to be seen only a short distance away, was completely hidden by the smoke.

"How do you like this, Dr. Watson?" I asked.

"Wait until I get my breakfast and I will tell you, Major," he said.

Reporters came early and kept the doctor under cross-examination for some time, not, however, to his discomfort. He enjoyed them, and they knew it, and helped to make things lively. The Rev. Dr. Gunsaulus was the first minister to call. He drove the doctor out to the Armour Institute, where he addressed the students that morning, and in the afternoon he took him for another drive to see Chicago. On his return his enthusiasm and wonder could hardly be expressed.

"Major, these big stories we read about your Chicago and the West are not big stories at all. I have seen thirty miles of parks to-day, and I am told that not one of them is over twenty-five years old." In the evening he spoke before the Twentieth Century Club.

At noon the next day the doctor lunched at the Union League Club with a party of leading spirits. The round table, with twenty-four men sitting about it, had been placed in the main dining room, where the distinguished party could be viewed from all sides. I noticed that Dr. Watson was disturbed. He was not very sociable, either, under the gaze of so many starers. It was an elaborate lunch, but there were glasses for water only. After we went out, Dr. Watson asked me if gentlemen were in the habit of lunching distinguished parties without wine. A friend of mine who was present assured the doctor that the absence of wine was entirely on

account of the presence of a distinguished minister. Had he (Dr. Watson) been absent it would have been very different. That evening the lecture was in Central Music Hall, which was crammed.

My Minneapolis correspondent, who had bought a single lecture for that city, was one of the doctor's enthusiastic auditors in Chicago. I had originally planned that Dr. Watson should have an open date in Minneapolis for rest, as a neighboring minister in Liverpool had written: "Watson, poor fellow, is not strong. He has had severe hemorrhages." But when I found that he was an athlete, with the power of endurance of a gladiator, and when he offered to keep all dates I made if I would release him from preaching, I decided to fill in three more readings in Minneapolis and St. Paul. I felt all the more warranted in doing so as all the auditoriums in which Dr. Watson had spoken up to this time had been crowded to their full capacity. So I told my Minneapolis man that either he must arrange to fill in two matinées and the open evening, or I must buy him off and go back East, where we were sure of a much larger business. He demurred, but "it was to be," so he finally assented.

Looking up my dates, I found that the day before election was open in Central Music Hall, Chicago, and I decided to place two return readings there for the afternoon and evening of that day. The local manager refused to have anything to do with it, so I did it myself, and enjoyed seeing him quite demoralized because he had not accepted my offer. That afternoon and evening Dr. Watson gave two readings, the gross receipts for which were over $4,000.

What a delightful ride we had the next day on the fast express from Chicago to Milwaukee, where I once worked as a printer on the *Sentinel*. At that time (1857-58) Milwaukee was the metropolis of the State; now it is a suburb of Chicago. I called Dr. Watson's attention to the beautiful brick which is used here, and makes such handsome buildings. He thought them inferior in quality to the Scotch bricks, and I think he was right.

He lectured here in Plymouth Church, where I had been with Mr. Beecher and other stars. The church was crowded, and I was told that there had been no such enthusiasm since the palmy days of John B. Gough. A supper after the lecture was attended by the leading minds of the city and State, among whom was my old friend F. N. Finney, son of the late Charles G. Finney of Oberlin. The Woman's Club, which had secured Dr. Watson for Milwaukee, entertained our entire party the next morning, showing us the sights of the city, including a first-class art gallery and the largest, best-equipped brewery in the world.

We pushed on to Appleton, Wisconsin, where nearly the whole town was in waiting at the depot. The rest of the townspeople met us on the train before reaching the city. At the lecture that evening, the Congregational Church held the biggest crowd it ever had held up to that time. The next day (Sunday) was a proud day for me. "Ian Maclaren" preached for me in my father and mother's old church, in order that my friends might hear him. It was a great sermon and a great crowd, too. People came over two hundred miles to hear him, and filled the church both morning and evening, and all the surrounding streets as well. It was my second great triumph in Appleton. On a former occasion I had introduced Henry Ward Beecher to the same public, and Dr. Watson's reception was just as hearty as Beecher's. In the evening I gave my Beecher lecture. Dr. Watson was a listener and gave me inspiration. I talked Beecher for an hour and a half, and was attentively listened to.

The next day we went to Madison, Wisconsin, where Dr. and Mrs. Watson were the guests of President Adams of the Wisconsin State University. Mrs. Watson was unable to sit up. The doctor addressed the students of the University in the afternoon, and lectured in the First Congregational Church in the evening—the same place where, in 1879, Mr. Beecher had drawn exactly $1,200. The legislature was in session then, but now it was autumn, and no legislature. Dr. Watson drew just $1,000 even money.

We were obliged to take the midnight train from Madison to Minneapolis. When we went on board poor Mrs. Watson was almost broken down, but never a murmur escaped her. Dr. Watson nursed and cared for her all night on the cars as gently as a mother could have done. Still he couldn't help saying funny things. As she lay in agony in her berth, he said: "Jannie, you must not forget; the boys may get their wheels yet. The audience was not hostile."

By the time we reached Minneapolis, Mrs. Watson was so feeble that she could hardly bear to be lifted from the car to a carriage; still she did not complain. At the West Hotel we called in a physician, who declared that she was threatened with pneumonia. Colonel West and his daughters were very kind and attentive and relieved the doctor as much as possible. The Caledonian Society and the St. Andrew's Society were in waiting to show honors to the distinguished visitor, and many other Scotch institutions were out in great force. The lobbies of the hotels were jammed. "Ian Maclaren" was the name on everybody's lips.

He amused the audience at the beginning of one of his lectures by telling of a letter he had received, asking whether the first name of his pseudonym was pronounced Ian, Eean, Yan, Yon, Yane, John, Jan, or Jane. "In answer to this question," said Dr. Watson, "I would say that if you want to pronounce it like an Englishman, you will say I-an; if like a Scotchman, Ee-an; and if like a Highlander, Ee-on."

A luncheon was given him by one society, and after the reading in the evening he had a banquet. I absolutely believed the doctor must be bewildered from so much increasing attention. The smart reporters here got hold of him. His keen discernment enabled him to detect a different atmospherical condition about these and our Eastern newspaper men. There was a freshness and a keen assurance about the Minneapolis reporters that rendered them irresistible. He saw and enjoyed everything. Everybody was in love with him, and everybody wished to do something for him.

Judge Gilfillan, of the United Scotch Societies, introduced

him at the first reading by declaring that it had been left to the lion of the evening "to show us the lights and shadows of Scottish character as they are exhibited in the simple, every-day scenes of life." The doctor stepped forward amid a wave of lasting applause. "It is my duty," he said, "to notice with a glow of heart the Scottish tone of this introduction, for, as I sat listening, I could scarcely realize that I was in the far Northwest and not in my own country." Wherever he went he met Scotch people—some by descent, some by marriage, and one by virtue of the fact that her sister had been tended by a Scotch nurse.

We gave three readings in Minneapolis, instead of one, as originally planned, and two in St. Paul. The afternoon in St. Paul was marked by almost as terrific a rain-storm as I ever remember witnessing. The water absolutely piled up in the streets for two or three hours. Through the invitation of Mr. I. W. Whitney of the Great Northern R.R. Co., Dr. Watson visited the residence of Mr. James Hill, president of the railroad, who has the finest collection of pictures west of New York. Dr. Watson, who is an art critic and has seen all the famous collections of Europe, declared this the best-selected and choicest private collection of paintings that he knew of.

We found Mrs. Watson more comfortable on our return, but the physicians said that she had a slight touch of pneumonia and must not be moved for a week, so we were obliged to leave her behind and go on to Des Moines without her. I feared that the tour was about finished. I didn't see how the doctor could give his readings under such conditions, but he insisted that "Jannie" was a woman of wonderful will power and he was sure she would come through all right. To leave her among strangers, in a strange land, nearly five thousand miles from home, was not a cheering prospect, but Colonel West, owner of the West Hotel, and his daughters were very kind to her, and she was heroic and brave as well. "Good-by, Jannie. The boys will get their wheels," were the doctor's last cheering words as he came from her room and we took a carriage for the depot to go to Des Moines.

We left Minneapolis at about seven o'clock, having a Pullman sleeping car all to ourselves. The weather was the most disagreeable possible—a cold, sleety rain, which later changed to a gale so severe as to impede the progress of the train. We lost time all day. When the conductor told the doctor that we were losing time on account of the wind, he exclaimed: "How absurd! Do you mean to tell me that any wind can retard the speed of a heavy locomotive and train like this?" The conductor assured him that nothing else had caused the lateness of the train. He insisted that it was ridiculous, and wouldn't listen to it; but I have known a gale to lift a locomotive and whole train off the track. Little he knows of the Iowa and Kansas zephyrs.

When I saw that we were bound to be late, I telegraphed my correspondent in Des Moines that the train was losing time. All day we travelled over the boundless prairie, thickly dotted with frail frame houses that appeared hardly able to withstand the gale. This was the first real prairie country the doctor had ever seen, and it was a surprise to him.

As there were no eating stations along the line and no food to be had on the train, we were obliged to go without eating all day, which the doctor did not relish, and declared that this was the last time he would be caught on a long journey without food. I told him that we would go right to the hotel as soon as we arrived and get something. He was obliged to dress on the sleeper, and was very much worried, because he was afraid he would have to lecture without his supper. I began to fear that he was right when he told me in Meriden I might sometimes have to put up with some very disagreeable things.

It was after eight when we reached the hotel. The clerk told us that we could get nothing to eat, as the dining-room closed at eight (it is so with all provincial hotels), but the doctor rushed to the dining-room and made a loud noise on the door, which was opened by a man in evening dress. He proved to be the head waiter.

"I want some food immediately," said the doctor. The man stood paralyzed.

"I must have some food right away," the doctor repeated, and rushed by the man to a table where were the remains of the dinner of the latest comer. He attacked it, and the head waiter tried to stop proceedings, but the doctor kept right on. He managed to get part of a meal, and hurried out, the man following him. In the carriage on the way to the Opera House the doctor told me that he hoped he had not permanently injured that man who persisted in trying to prevent him from eating what he could find. I think I never experienced a more amusing incident. It was nearly nine o'clock when Dr. Watson stepped upon the stage. I'll let the Des Moines *Leader* tell the story:

"At five minutes before nine o'clock the lecturer came around the flies. During the long wait the audience was entertained with a violin solo and a piano solo. An impromptu choir on the stage started 'America,' and four verses were sung. Then came 'Annie Laurie,' and it was during the singing of that that Dr. Watson took his seat. 'How appropriate,' every one said to his neighbor, and the tedium of the long delay was forgotten. It was a gathering of which any person might be proud, and evinced extraordinary interest concerning the new star in the literary firmament, unknown except in his clerical capacity two years ago."

The president of the Woman's Club, under whose auspices the lecture was given, introduced the speaker in a very few words of eulogy on the man and his work. She said, "The long-anticipated hour has come," and Dr. Watson stood up before the audience. He said that no one could convey a reproach so delicately as a woman, and that when he heard the words "long-anticipated hour" combined with what was complimentary, it reminded him of his childhood days when medicine was administered in sweets. "Only the other day," he continued, "I was congratulating myself on never being late, either for pulpit or platform, but now the boast has come home to me, as such things usually do."

At 11:30 we were again on board the sleeper bound for Galesburg. Our journey was interrupted by an enforced long

wait at Rock Island—from 8 A.M. to 2:40 P.M.—but it proved a very delightful wait. We took a carriage and drove about the town, visiting the United States Arsenal, where arms and war equipments are manufactured. Through the politeness of the commanding officer, Colonel Buffington, Dr. Watson was most graciously entertained all the forenoon.

At Rock Island, President John Finley of Knox College (then the youngest college president in America) met us with the private car of the superintendent of the road, to convey us to Galesburg. The college students, male and female, had turned out en masse to meet "Ian Maclaren" at the station, and behind a band of music and the students our carriage was escorted to President Finley's house. Here was a telegram from Mrs. Watson telling her husband that she was much improved and would meet us in Chicago the next morning.

"Astonishing," said the doctor, his face fairly beaming. "Can I send a telegram right away?" he asked.

"I'll take it," said I, for I wanted to do something.

He wrote a telegram after the English manner—as few words as possible—and this is the way it read:

"MRS. WATSON, WEST HOTEL, MINNEAPOLIS.
"Much lifted. WATSON."

I made a copy of it, which I handed in at the office, retaining the original. I have never parted with a word of his or Mr. Beecher's manuscript.

After dinner, Dr. Watson visited the rooms of the new "Abraham Lincoln Memorial to Art and Science." About a hundred young ladies were in waiting, dressed in white, with a little green ribbon about their necks and each one wearing a white rose. The doctor christened the new society, "Circle of the Order of the White Rose," and the occasion inspired him to make one of the sweetest addresses I ever heard. I did not know of a man since Mr. Beecher had gone who could rise to such an occasion as Dr. Watson did.

The lecture that evening was to help establish a fund to aid in the objects of the new society. The Knox College students

completely filled the Opera House from floor to ceiling. As the doctor stepped upon the stage he was greeted with a Western college cheer, given with a vigor that could not be excelled for volume. It seemed to inspire him for the evening's work. This was one of the most hearty receptions he had in America. After the lecture we returned to Dr. Finley's home, where flashlight pictures were taken of the party.

By 11:30 we were on the train for Chicago, Dr. Finley with us, arriving at 6:30 Sunday morning. Our entire party were guests of my old friends, Mr. and Mrs. C. H. McConnell, on the South Side. Although it was such an unseasonable hour to disturb friends, Mr. McConnell met us at the door and welcomed Dr. Watson with heart and hand in such a manner as to cause him to say before we fairly got into the house:

"Major, I'm very glad we're here."

At 8:30 A.M., Mrs. Watson arrived from Minneapolis. I met her at the train. She did look feeble, but she insisted on carrying her handbag to the carriage, and was very cheerful and anxious to know how everybody had gotten along without her. I assured her that she had been very much missed, and that from now on we were all right.

That afternoon Dr. Watson preached in the Chicago University for President Harper, and when he returned with Mr. and Mrs. McConnell, found Mr. Lyman Gage (later Secretary of the Treasury) waiting to escort him to his house to dinner. I suppose they went to Mr. Gage's and waited until the Sabbath was over and then had a good time, because the doctor never visits on Sunday excepting on parishional work, and I heard him say on Monday morning at breakfast, "I've already given one reading this morning."

This Monday was our red-letter day in Chicago, when we took in over $4,000, at the matinée and evening reading; this, too, notwithstanding it poured all day and the audience came in carriages and under umbrellas, or dressed in waterproofs, and giving the lobby of Central Music Hall the appearance of a small river.

Mrs. Watson was improving all the time, but we left her

and Mrs. Pond in Chicago with our friends the McConnells, to join us in Niagara Falls the following Saturday night, where we would spend Sunday and see the falls. Dr. Watson and I went on to Oberlin, Pittsburg, and Cleveland.

The strange old Lyceum course in Oberlin is one of the oldest in America, and the Park Hotel is the same old barracks that I have visited year after year with John B. Gough, Beecher, Twain and Cable, Gilmore's band, Clara Louise Kellogg, and many others. The people of Oberlin gave "Ian Maclaren" a grand ovation. It was the evening of election day, and some of the early election returns were announced at the lecture. It is a time-honored custom in Oberlin that lectures begin at 6:30 in the evening, and invariably open with prayer.

"I never before met a people who would pay an admission fee to hear a long prayer," said the doctor to me after the lecture.

Dr. Watson was the guest of the college dean. I would not attempt to describe the impressions made on him while in Oberlin. It is an absolutely teetotal town and all dinners are dry. The election returns had brought the news of a McKinley landslide, and the students' enthusiasm knew no bounds. They surrounded the dean's house, where Dr. Watson was stopping, built a number of bonfires, and remained there most of the night, shouting, "What's the matter with McKinley? *He's all right!*" Dr. Watson never got over that.

The day after the election, when we reached Cleveland, which is only seven miles from McKinley's home, I doubt if there could be found a person there that day who was not hoarse. I never saw such a litter of débris before or since. The streets were covered with papers, old box and barrel hoop irons, ashes, and embers of bonfires, and hardly a soul was to be seen at ten o'clock in the morning. They were used up. It did look like the break up of a hard winter or the ruins of a burned district. In registering, Dr. Watson asked the clerk of the hotel, "What's the matter with McKinley?" and he got it good and strong: "*He's all right!*" Everybody in the room and vicinity shouted. He certainly had entered into the

spirit of that contest. Notwithstanding all this excitement, the people had roused up in the evening, and we had about $1,100 in cash in the big Music Hall there.

There was no lack of excitement on this tour. The next day the doctor was down for two entertainments in Pittsburg, besides a luncheon and a dinner. We took an early morning train, reaching Pittsburg at noon, where we were met by a delegation of ministers and business men, with Andrew Carnegie at the head. They had planned a luncheon for Dr. Watson, which was waiting, and then to lecture at two o'clock! I looked after the business while the doctor was entertained by his friends. We were getting nearly all we wanted of luncheons. One gentleman had assured Dr. Watson that Major Pond had made a great mistake in placing a matinée lecture, for the new Carnegie Hall could accommodate all the people, and as there was not a soul to be seen when the doctor and Mr. Carnegie drove up to the Opera House, the doctor said to me:

"Major, you have made a great mistake here. One reading is enough. You have the obstinacy of a Scot."

"Have I?" I replied. "Well, all you will have to do is to give your 'small audience' a better lecture this afternoon."

When he got around on the stage and faced the crowd, he found the most select audience Pittsburg could possibly muster. There was not a vacant seat, and "Standing Room Only" was on the signs in the lobby. We took in $1,800 that afternoon. He went to dinner with Mr. Carnegie, who introduced him to another audience that evening of over three thousand people

At the eating station in Oil City, the next day, while on our way to Jamestown, the doctor left his hat. I had to go into the baggage car and get his hat box, and he went all the way into Jamestown and Buffalo wearing his silk hat. We had one lecture at Jamestown, with no particular incident except that the President of the Y. M. C. A. kept the audience in agony fifteen minutes with his introductory speech.

The next day, in Buffalo, there were two lectures, a club luncheon, and a supper, after which we went by trolley to

Niagara Falls, where our wives were soundly sleeping at 1:30 A.M. Sunday. I don't believe Dr. Watson had had ten spare minutes during the two weeks previous to that time.

We saw the falls through disagreeable mist and cold drizzly rain. A more uncomfortable day out of doors could not be, but Mr. Isaacs's cosy Prospect House was unalloyed comfort. Once Mr. Beecher wrote me from this hotel: "Good room, good bed, good table, and good host. What a cluster of blessings! Next to being at home is the blessedness of being away from home in a good hotel."

Two performances were given in Rochester, and here I succumbed. I could stand it no longer, but went to bed and sent for a physician. The ladies went directly to New York from the Falls, and the doctor "managed" for me, which kept him pretty busy. He came to my room after the evening performance and wished to nurse me during the night. My physician declared me in a serious condition and ordered me to take the first train home. Dr. Watson insisted that under such conditions I was too feeble to move, and ruled against the physician; so I stayed in bed and left for New York the next morning, leaving the doctor in Syracuse to fill two engagements there.

He spoke to two unusually large crowds in Syracuse; at Ithaca the following noon, at Elmira in the evening, and then back to New York. Twice a day he had been keeping up his readings while I dragged and pushed him along, and a better-natured, more delightful spirit never was known. My business was to make the work as easy for him as possible, no matter what fatigue it caused the "manager." What else is a "manager" for?

I was side-tracked at home two days. I had planned for several readings in Philadelphia, New York, and Boston. The biggest business was yet to come. The Watsons were our guests for a couple of days while I was laid up. One must entertain and house Dr. Watson under one's roof to know what a buoyant, soul-reviving, happy spirit he possesses. He was in excellent humor and entertained us all day long with

whimsical descriptions of cranks who visit him—crank preachers from foreign lands who get their living by appeals in all directions for collections and opportunities to preach. It was certainly the most remarkable, inimitable, and side-splitting facial display of serio-comic genius I ever saw or heard. What an actor he would have made!

Our next stand was Philadelphia, November 14th, where Mr. Harold Pierce, the gentleman who had the doctor in charge for that Saturday afternoon and Sunday, prior to the doctor's lecture the Monday following, met us and took absolute charge of the doctor and his party. Pierce is a hero-worshipper, but a splendid fellow.

Mr. John Russell Young gave the doctor a luncheon at the Union League Club at one o'clock, at which were a number of Philadelphia's most distinguished men as guests. At the right of Mr. Young at the table was Dr. Watson; at his left, Archbishop Ryan. Next to Dr. Watson was John Wanamaker. I don't think that any party has ever been privileged to listen to a more delightful theological discussion than that which took place between the Catholic archbishop and the Presbyterian Scotch minister. It was quite a display of wit and historical knowledge, which made the occasion intensely interesting. It was a protracted luncheon. We did not get up from the table until half-past three. Then the doctor went to the New Century Club for a reception. At least Pierce called it a reception. There was a large auditorium, every seat of which was occupied. The doctor was led out upon the stage and introduced to the audience. He gave there one of the brightest and most interesting lectures of his whole tour, not finishing until five o'clock. He was unprepared for a speech and was obliged to work out his salvation by thinking on his feet. He was equal to the occasion, and made his best speech in America there. He took a carriage direct to the station and went out to Pottstown, where he gave a lecture under the auspices of the Hill School, returning at midnight to Philadelphia. The following Sunday he preached in Germantown, Philadelphia, in the morning. In the after-

noon, with John Wanamaker, he was introduced to many Sunday schools and saw the working of John Wanamaker's famous system for the Sunday religious instruction of the young. In addition to these duties the doctor had been interviewed by all the reporters in Philadelphia, and his face and his name were the prominent features in all the daily papers.

At one of his interviews, speaking of the manner in which his short stories were written, Dr. Watson said:

"Each one was turned over in my mind for months before I put pen to paper. It took a prodigious amount of mental labor before I even had a story formed in my head. Then I blocked it out at one sitting. Then the thing was put aside, while I went over and over in my mind each detail,—each line of dialogue, each touch of description,—determining on the proper place, attitude, share, color, and quality of each bit, so that the whole might in the end be a unit, not a bundle of parts. By and by came the actual writing, with the revision and the correction which accompanies and follows. The actual composition of 'The Bonnie Briar Bush' stories occupied fifteen months. They were the more difficult, because in every case the character is revealed in dialogue exclusively. It is different where the writer has a plot—a murder, for instance—because then there is something definite to hold the attention, and one can dash ahead compared with the slow progress I was forced to make."

The lecture in Philadelphia, in the Academy of Music, on Monday, was attended by the largest and best-paying audience up to date, the gross receipts being $3,009.50 for a single night.

Next came our visit to Washington, on which I had counted much, being well acquainted with nearly all the heads of departments, as well as with President Cleveland and every member of his cabinet. The Doctor was the guest of the Rev. Dr. McKaye Smith, a clergyman of much distinction and social influence, who is a relative of the Vanderbilts, and whose home in Washington is in keeping with the wealth at his command. I had suggested to Dr. and Mrs. Watson that I hoped

to show them the Capitol that morning, and get some good snap-shots, as they had engaged to lunch early with the President. There were to be two lectures, afternoon and evening. He informed me that he had accepted an invitation from another—a gentleman who knew everything and who had come from Philadelphia on purpose to show them the sights of Washington. I was disappointed, for I knew the *gentleman* to be one of the small class of hero followers that pursue celebrities and in many instances succeed in hypnotizing them to that extent that they can believe no one else, not even their well-known friends. This man turned out to be exactly what I tried to intimate to my friends, in as delicate a way as possible and not offend them, what he really was. He has since fled the country, and I doubt if there is a pleasant recollection of him anywhere.

Dr. and Mrs. Watson lunched at the Executive Mansion with President and Mrs. Cleveland, Secretary of State Olney and Mrs. Olney, Mr. H. T. Thurber, private secretary to the President, and Mrs. Thurber. In order to show further his admiration for the great Scotch writer, the President engaged seats for himself and his family, and the entire party attended Dr. Watson's lecture that evening.

From Washington we went to Baltimore, where the doctor lectured under the auspices of the Peabody Institute and was the guest of President Gilman of Johns Hopkins University. As we had spent the day sight-seeing in Washington, we did not arrive in Baltimore until a quarter after eight, and the doctor proceeded at once to the great hall. We found a man at the door waiting to admit "Ian Maclaren" to the platform. He insisted that it was impossible for me to get inside the door, as there was not a place for me to stand; and it proved absolutely true that every inch of available room was occupied by people standing as thick as they could be crowded in the aisles, around the platform, and against the door. The jam was so solid that it was all Dr. Watson could do to squeeze himself in and get to the rostrum. I did not see the audience or hear him that night. While standing outside, two well-

dressed young ladies came up to me and asked if I were not Major Pond.

"Yes," I said.

"We must see and hear Dr. Watson. Is it not possible?"

"I cannot possibly get in myself," I said. "There is no earthly use for you to try."

"Can't you crowd that door open so we can get inside?"

I said, "I'll try."

I made an effort, and managed to squeeze them inside, and the door was pressed against me. I never saw them afterward and never knew whether they were able to see and hear the doctor, but such was the intense interest to hear him. He did not see his host until after the lecture, and it was past midnight when he arrived at President Gilman's house to have a late supper and a chat, and then to be called at 6:30 the following morning in order to lecture in Philadelphia at noon.

The doctor stood the crowds and endured the high pressure very heroically, occasionally intimating to Mrs. Watson that "the boys' bicycles are pretty safe," and remarking to me from time to time, as we left one city for another, "The people are not unfriendly, Major."

We still had ahead of us Boston and New England, which I believed would surpass everything else. At Providence we had two great crowds, afternoon and evening. The people were simply in love with "Ian Maclaren"; somehow he takes hold of all hearts.

Crowds followed him to the station, and the interest grew more intense as he neared Boston.

In Boston, Dr. Watson was the guest of Mrs. James T. Field.

The crush at the box office had been unbroken for a week. The advance sales were nearly $10,000. It was in Tremont Temple, Wednesday afternoon, November 25th, at two o'clock, that he made his first bow to a Boston audience, and the great house was overflowing with people who came to see and to hear—who remained to laugh and cry; and, when the lecture was at an end, to stand in their places for many

minutes with eyes and opera glasses levelled upon the tall and kindly visaged Scotchman. He bore well the scrutiny of those thousands, for there were thousands present, as he shook hands with his brethren of the ministry who occupied the platform seats. For three-quarters of an hour before two o'clock two solid masses of humanity wrestled for admission. Men and women, but mostly women, crowded up the two stairways, an eager, expectant throng. Presently all the seats on the floor and in the balconies were filled, and the Rev. George A. Gordon of the New Old South, the Rev. Dr. Cuckson, the Rev. Alvah Hovey of Newton, and many other ministers of Boston and vicinity took seats on the platform. "Ian Maclaren" was among them, but was not immediately recognized, as he kept well in the background. The Rev. Dr. Gordon stepped forward, and in his strong, sonorous voice, which reverberated to the farthest portion of the great Temple, introduced the lecturer with these words:

"*The hour—the expected moment—is come—and now is*—when we are to listen to him whose coming we have awaited expectantly—*Ee-on Maclaren!* John Watson!"

Applause and cheers, waving of handkerchiefs and pealing of the organ were kept up, with now and then a fresh augmentation from some seemingly impossible source, until the full limit and capacity of the audience was exhausted. Then the doctor began:

"You will understand me when I say no English-reading man can approach your city without pleased expectancy. Since our fathers taught us to read, we have known this city of Boston, and we have become familiar with many of the scenes and places of which your people have written During the few days of my stay here I shall try to identify all the places the Autocrat has told us about, only sorrowing because I cannot see his well-beloved face."

Then he referred to his intention to say something of the traits of his countrymen, of "an almost inarticulate nation," and the audience laughed, knowing now that it had come to hear a man of genial nature say things genially.

"A recent writer, whom I cannot identify and whose name I do not want to know, denies that there is anything in our humor that is light in touch, delicate, and graceful. He asserts instead that there is much that is austere and awkward, tiresome and unpleasant. Now each nation takes its humor in its own way, and, as might be expected, the Scotchman, on the surface, does take his seriously, severely, and austerely. None take humor so carefully and conscientiously as the Scotchman.

"Whenever a humorous situation presents itself to the Southern mind it is embraced on the instant, and it is taken home for the enjoyment of the family, and perhaps the neighbors hear it through the doors. Then for days afterward the man who captured it shares it with his fellow-passengers in conveyances, possibly impressing it forcibly upon them.

"In the Scotch mind, when a jest presents itself, the question arises, 'Is it a jest at all?' and it is given a careful and analytical examination; and if, after twenty-four hours, it continues to appear to be a jest, it is accepted and done much honor."

His final lectures in Boston were Saturday afternoon and evening, November 28th. Not even standing room was to be had at either of them.

When the readings were over and Dr. Watson had taken his seat, the audience would not release him without a personal word. In response to the Chautauqua salute he made a pleasant little speech. He had dreaded to come to Boston—he had heard so much of the city, its high standards, its severe judgment. But having come here he could say that nowhere that he had lectured had he been more cordially and sympathetically received, and he would return to his home across the sea with brightest memories of Boston and its neighborhood.

From Boston we returned to New York, where, on the 30th of November, I opened the first of a course of five readings at the Waldorf-Astoria, at eleven o'clock in the morning. At two in the afternoon Dr. Watson delivered the lecture on "Robert Burns" in the Empire Theatre before an immense

crowd. The evening of the same day he was the guest of the St. Andrew's Society, at their dinner at Delmonico's, where he made a great speech.

We were in Troy and Albany on the 1st of December; had two immense audiences and a private luncheon with the Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Hall, the former an old classmate of Dr. Watson's in Scotland. That evening at Albany the lecture was in Odd Fellows' Hall, a new magnificent lecture hall after the style of the former lyceum halls in New England. It was refreshing and delightful to hear the speaker in this immense room, with its perfect acoustics and a large audience all apparently clustered around him. That evening the St. Andrew's Society gave him a decoration; then, in company with a party of friends, we visited the Orange Club, where we had supper and stories until after midnight.

Then on to Schenectady, where, at one o'clock the next day, the doctor was introduced to a Union College audience by President W. V. Raymond. He lectured in Utica in the evening. Everywhere the crowds were limited by the capacity of the auditoriums. We returned to New York, where on the following morning Dr. Watson lectured at the Waldorf and in the evening at Flushing, L. I. On Saturday, the 5th, he lectured at the Waldorf at eleven, and at Jamaica, L. I., at 2:30. That evening occurred the Lotos Club dinner, which is still regarded as one of the greatest events in the history of the club. When introduced by President Frank R. Lawrence, Dr. Watson said:

"Mr. President, and Gentlemen of the Lotos Club:—"Your president has referred to Bohemia and has indicated that he thinks there will be struck up an alliance between Scotland and Bohemia—on first sight, one of the most unlikely alliances that ever could be consummated. (Laughter.) The president no doubt has many things in his eye, and when we remember the careless garb of a Bohemian and the kilt of Scotland; when we remember a Bohemian's tendency to live, if he can, in a good-natured way upon his neighbors, and the tendency of my respected ancestors to take any cattle that they

could see; and when also we remember that a Bohemian's sins are all atoned for by his love of letters, and that all the hardness and uncouthness of Scotland may well deserve to be passed over because no country has ever loved knowledge or scholarship more than Scotland—I declare the president is predicting a most harmonious marriage. (Applause.)

"Your kindness, gentlemen, is only crowning the great kindness which I have received during the past months—a kindness which I never expected, and a kindness which I am fully conscious I have never merited. Were I a lad of twenty-five, I declare it would be dangerous, for after the audiences that have been good enough to listen to me, and the favor I have received, also, at the hands of the distinguished men of letters, I declare, if I were twenty-five I might be confused about my position. But, gentlemen, when one receives as much kindness as one has in America, it doesn't—if you will excuse in this most cultured club an expression not quite within the range of literature—it doesn't swell one's head. (Laughter.) But, gentlemen, it does something better; it swells one's heart. (Applause.)

"Any man who has only entered the republic of letters within a few years, and who is fully conscious of his imperfections and has never counted on attaining to any great standard of art, through his slowness in beginning and through the exigencies of his position, can yet obtain the favorable ear of the public simply because he deals with humanity. Humanity will add what is not possible to men richly endowed with the spirit of letters alone; it will add to such an accomplishment a grace that no recent recruit, no amateur writer, ever can. (Applause.)

"I am convinced, Mr. President, that if those men whom we look up to and who sit in high places, whose witchery of style and magnificent genius we all respect, could withdraw themselves from the study of certain mottoes which they believe are fantastic, and certain sides of humanity confined only to literary coteries and to great cities, the triumph they have won in the world of letters would be as nothing compared to

the triumph they would win if, with all their genius, they laid their hand upon the heart of the common people. (Loud applause.)

"During these months it is impossible that one should travel to and fro without having formed impressions; and it is pleasant to go back with such entirely friendly and kindly impressions of the nation whose best thought and feeling are represented in this room. One thing that profoundly impressed me—I am speaking in perfect seriousness—was the courtesy of your people. (Hear! Hear!) Without any question—and I am not saying this for the saying's sake—your people are the most courteous people one could meet, whether he be travelling on the road or engaged in ordinary intercourse. Courtesy may be tried by various standards, and possibly the highest form of courtesy is respect to women. I have never seen anywhere, and certainly not among continental nations, who rather boast of their courtesy in this direction—I have never seen such genuine, unaffected, and practical courtesy paid to the weaker and gentler sex as I have seen in America. (Applause.)

"Courtesy also can be tried by general agreeableness. During my tour—and owing to the arduous exercise of my friend, Major Pond, I have never stayed long in one place—I have travelled far and wide and haven't always been able to ride in parlor cars. I have, consequently, seen a great deal of people; but with the exception of one single person, and she was an immigrant, and, I have no doubt, a delightful woman, although somewhat indifferent as to her personal appearance, with the exception of that single individual, I have met no woman and no man in the cars with whom I would not be willing to sit in the same compartment or the same seat of the car during a day's journey. That seems to me a remarkable thing, but it may seem to you nothing. To us, from an European standpoint, it means a great deal. It means the comfort of your people; it means the self-respect of your people; it means the manners of your people; it means many things on which I congratulate you as a nation. (Applause.)

"And, sir, what has interested me deeply is that while you are contending with the difficulties which fall to the lot, not only of a new and growing people, but of a nation into which is flowing the very refuse of Europe, there is throughout your people a great love of letters and of art. I have seen again and again in the houses of men who are, as they say in Europe, self-made, great evidence that their love is not set merely on the things that a man holds in his hand, but on the means of culture through which we see into the unseen and the beautiful. Some of the most lovely pictures which can possibly be obtained now are contained in the houses of those men. They do not have their pictures, gentlemen, merely as pieces of furniture, which they have bought for so much money, but the men who have them, as I can bear testimony, are men who can appreciate the beauty of those pictures and who are in no mean degree art critics. On the other side I have been assured that if a bookseller has a rare book, one of those lovely books that we all like to have, with a creamy and beautiful binding like that of the past, and marked, perhaps, with a king's or a pope's arms, it is not in England that he finds a purchaser, but in America. And, Mr. President, I would congratulate you on the fact that to your high spirit and great enterprise you are also adding a love of the past, and especially that love of letters and art which are surely the height of perfection. (Applause.)

"I would only add, Mr. President, one other thing, and it is this, that while the good will between the old country and yours can be maintained and is going to be maintained by honorable international agreement, we are encouraged to cherish the hope that the two nations will be bound more and more closely together, until at last the day comes when from Washington to London may go forth a voice on the great international question of righteousness that no nation will dare to pass by. (Applause.) While that can only be secured, and is being secured by the agreement of eminent statesmen, yet surely, gentlemen, the coming and going of individuals treated kindly and hospitably after a most friendly fashion on this

side, and I trust also treated after the same fashion on the other side, will weave together many bonds that will not only unite men of letters and men of grammars, but will also unite our two great nations with silken cords that can never be broken. (Applause.)"

The speech by William Winter which followed Dr. Watson's on this occasion is also well worth being recorded here nearly in full. He said:

"You, my hearers, fortunate children of the lotos flower, have had the singular happiness to come into personal communion with some of the foremost men of your time, whether in action or in thought; with Froude, who depicted so royally the pageantry and pathos of the past; with Grant, who led so superbly the warrior legions of the present; with Mark Twain, the best of modern humorists; with Irving, the prince of actors, and with many more. I need not name them. You will recall them, you will remember them all with deep affection; and I am sure you will agree with me that in every case when the generous heart has paid its homage to a great man, the impulse is not that of adulation, but that of gratitude. (Applause.)

"Such is the feeling of this hour when now you are assembled to pay honor to the finest literary artist in the art of mingled humor and pathos that has come into literature since Sir Walter Scott. (Applause.)

"There are two canons of criticism to which I have fixed my allegiance—that it is always better to show mankind the things which are to be imitated, rather than the things which are to be avoided; and since the moral quality is present in everything, whether as morality or immorality, penetrating all subjects and everything that can be imagined, no work of art should have any avowed and fixed moral. Those principles are imitated in the writings of Dr. Watson. He has himself told you that it is impossible to analyze a spiritual fact. We all know that his race are noble in their influence, that they have exerted a noble influence upon society. We do not not know the secret of his charm. I cannot tell it to you; I

wish I could. I think perhaps it is that same inaccessible magic which I find in 'King Lear,' which I find in the death speech of Brutus:

> "'Night hangs upon mine eyes; my bones would rest,
> That have labor'd to attain this hour.'
> . . . . . .
> "'This day breathed first; time is come round,
> And where I did begin there shall I end.'

"I find it in Robert Burns when he sang of the cavalier who 'turned his charger as he stepped upon the Irish shore, and gave his bridle rein a shake with adieu forevermore, my love, adieu forevermore.' (Applause.) I have felt it in many of the stories, the matchless American stories of Bret Harte. I feel it in that talk of poor old Bowes, the fiddler, when standing on the bridge in the evening; I feel it in the Colonel's response when the chapel bell rings in the old Charterhouse, and I say that there is but one step from the death-bed of William Lucian to the death-bed of William Maclure. All through literature runs that plaintive note, 'So from hand to hand the divine torch of genius has passed along.' When Robert Burns died, in 1796, it might have been thought that the voice of poetry was done, but at that time Byron was playing along the banks of the Dee. Any one might have thought that all was ended; but then others were ripening for the work of generations to come. So when we look about us and see what has been done; when we see Dr. Watson, and Barrie, and Hardy, we feel that the time of mourning for Dickens, and Thackeray, and George Eliot has come to an end.

"I am not surprised to find that this voice comes from Scotland. When I have stood on the old Calton hill under a blue and black sky, and seen the drifting smoke from a thousand chimneys fall over Edinburgh; when from the height of the necropolis I have looked down upon old Glasgow and the grim figure of Drumtochty; when from the slopes of Ben Cruachan I have seen the sunsets fade and darken in the valleys; when just before the dawn I have looked down upon the town slumbering in darkness; when I have been in the old broken cathe-

dral of Iona and have heard there the swashes of the murmuring sea, I have not wondered that Scotland has all the poetry, and that deep in the heart of every Scotchman there is a note which thrills to the melodies of Burns, of Hogg, Ramsay, and to the eternal memories of Scott. (Great applause.) Scotland, its beauties, its glories, and its loves! I will read a few verses of mine, unknown, I think, to you, descriptive of my feelings when I parted from the most sacred of its shrines:

"FAREWELL TO IONA.

I.

"Shrined among their crystal seas—
Thus I saw the Hebrides:

All the land with verdure dight;
All the heavens flushed with light;

Purple jewels 'neath the tide;
Hill and meadow glorified;

Beasts at ease and birds in air;
Life and beauty everywhere!

Shrined among their crystal seas—
Thus I saw the Hebrides.

II.

"Fading in the sunset smile—
Thus I left the Holy Isle;

Saw it slowly fade away,
Through the mist of parting day;

Saw its ruins, grim and old,
And its bastions, bathed in gold,

Rifted crag and snowy beach,
Where the sea-gulls swoop and screech,

Vanish, and the shadows fall,
To the lonely curlew's call.

Fading in the sunset smile—
Thus left the Holy Isle.

III.

"As Columba, old and ill,
Mounted on the sacred hill,

Raising hands of faith and prayer,
Breathed his benediction there—

Stricken with its solemn grace—
Thus my spirit blessed the place:

O'er it while the ages range,
Time be blind and work no change!

On its plenty be increase!
On its homes perpetual peace!

While around its lonely shore
Wild winds rave and breakers roar,

Round its blazing hearths be blent
Virtue, comfort, and content!

On its beauty, passing all,
Ne'er may blight nor shadow fall!

Ne'er may vandal foot intrude
On its sacred solitude!

May its ancient fame remain
Glorious, and without a stain;

And the hope that ne'er departs,
Live within its loving hearts!

IV.

"Slowly fades the sunset light,
Slowly round me falls the night.

Gone the Isle, and distant far
All its loves and glories are:

Yet forever, in my mind,
Still will sigh the wandering wind,

And the music of the seas,
'Mid the lonely Hebrides."

(Very great applause.)

Later in the evening Dr. Watson declared that Mr. Winter's speech was the most beautiful he had ever heard.

I offered Dr. Watson $24,000 if he would give me twelve more weeks. I never could understand why he did not go on,

excepting that he had promised his people he would come back, and he considered a promise worth more than $24,000 —this, too, at the close of the nineteenth century, although many of his parishioners told me afterward that they would have been glad to have had him remain longer if he wished.

The doctor had such confidence in human nature that he would believe the very first man he met, a rather amusing instance of which occurred during our visit to Poughkeepsie.

We arrived there shortly after noon on the 9th of December, and were met at the station by the editor and owner of a prominent Poughkeepsie paper, with whom Dr. Watson and I were to dine at one o'clock. As we were being driven from the station to his house, our host began entertaining his guest by regretting that he was to have a small audience, because the lecture had not been properly advertised. This reminded me that when I had first announced that Dr. Watson was going to Poughkeepsie, this gentleman had written me asking if I had not better devote some extra space to advertising in his paper, to which I replied that the manager of the Opera House attended to that matter for me, and that whatever he did went.

I said to the gentleman, Is there no interest here?"

He said, "None whatever. No advertising has been done."

The doctor seemed chopfallen and showed me a rather unkind look, as he had been hurried around in a lively manner that day. I didn't discuss the matter very extensively with our host, but on our way to his house I noticed that my three sheet posters announcing Dr. Watson were on all the bulletin boards, and that lithographs appeared in many of the windows along the streets through which we were driving. I called his attention to this, but he remarked that that kind of advertising had no effect in Poughkeepsie. We arrived at his house, where a number of local ministers and private friends were assembled to meet Dr. Watson at dinner. It was not the kind of meeting that would naturally inspire a man who had been speaking three times a day and travelling between times. I begged to be excused, and asked our host, inasmuch as he was

to preside and introduce Dr. Watson, if he would see to getting him to the Opera House at two o'clock, saying that if he would do so, I would go and look after the business. On my arrival at the Opera House at 1:30 I found it packed with people. I hurried to the box office, and the manager told me that he was in trouble, as he had sold every seat in the house, and some of his best patrons, supposing, of course, there would be no difficulty in securing seats, were bitterly disappointed; that he was trying to arrange some chairs for them on the stage, but that they had some hesitancy in going there.

"Your house is sold out?" said I.

"Yes, everything, Major. It is the greatest rush we have had for a long time."

By two o'clock the house was entirely seated. There were many on the stage, and all the standing room in the galleries was occupied. The manager, against my wishes, made the prices 50 cents, 75 cents, and $1, which precluded there being a very large money house. It was a cold December day, and the disappointed ones hurried away from the theatre, so that when Dr. Watson and his host drove up there was not a soul in sight. When they entered the lobby I said to the editor:

"Will you please step right through the lobby to the stage? There are no more people expected, and you might as well begin at once."

He looked around to Dr. Watson, as much as to say: "You see, Doctor, it is as I told you; you have not been advertised." Then the Doctor gave me a very rebukeful look, and I said:

"Please go on, Doctor. I remember what Mr. Beecher once said to me when I told him there was a very small audience in front. He replied: 'That is not my part of it; but I will try to give them a little better lecture.'"

The gentleman led the Doctor through the alley to the stage door and on to the stage, and as they stepped into view the sight must have astonished him.

The presence of "Ian Maclaren" of course brought a demonstration from that eager audience such as no man but he has ever heard in Poughkeepsie. He was unprepared for the ova-

tion, and I thought that he was rather at his wits' end to collect himself in order to begin as he wished. But he never was in a more delightful atmosphere. Poughkeepsie's best, and all of the Vassar girls, were there. There is an intelligent public in that Hudson River town, a fact that is known nowhere better than among themselves. After the performance many rushed to the stage and congratulated the Doctor.

"How is this?" I asked the gentleman who had been so doubtful as to the size of the audience that would turn out to hear Dr. Watson.

His reply was: "Major Pond, where in the world did these people come from?"

"Why," I said, "somebody has told them about it. We don't have to advertise 'Ian Maclaren.' You just tell somebody he is coming, and he tells somebody else, and so it spreads around. I have just paid a bill of $60 for advertising this lecture, so you see even newspaper men are sometimes mistaken."

"How many people are there in here?" he asked, and I said:

"I don't know exactly how many, but there is over $1,000 in the house, at $0.50, $0.75, and $1."

"Well, Major," he replied, "this is the greatest thing I have ever known in this city. Now, we want to take the Doctor out to Vassar."

"Oh, my dear sir, do let the Doctor have one hour's rest before he takes the train for Kingston to-night. He has been on the move every moment, night and day, for the last two weeks. Won't you be merciful and let him rest quietly here in the green room?"

No, he could not do that; he had promised President Taylor to take him out to Vassar, and had a carriage in waiting. The Doctor finally yielded. We got into an old, cold, rickety carriage, with a pair of poor horses, and in that chilly afternoon drove four miles, not even having a lap robe. When we were in the carriage and started for Vassar College the Doctor said:

"Well, Major, it might have been worse."

"Yes," I said, "Doctor, it might have been worse. We have got over $750 out of that $3 telegram which I sent some time ago, you will remember—and from utilizing the hours your New York friend wanted for a breakfast." Dr. Watson showed an expression of genuine satisfaction.

Arrived at the college, there was just time to be introduced to President Taylor, see the pretty chapel of which they are so proud, a dormitory, and one or two classrooms. We drove back to the station, urging the driver and the poor horses to the extent of their capabilities, arriving there just in time to catch the train to Rhinecliff, which connected with the steamer to Rondout and the trolley cars to Kingston, arriving at 7:30 P.M. We had dinner, and at eight o'clock "Ian Maclaren" was addressing another great crowd.

No better description of a lively week's work can be given than to copy verbatim from my diary the entries for the last week Dr. Watson spent in this country:

"THURSDAY, Dec. 10, 1896.

"Three lectures to-day. Waldorf at eleven, gross receipts were $1,498.50. It was the social event of the season. Had luncheon there with Dr. and Mrs. Watson, Professor Fisher of Yale, and Mrs. Pond. Then we rode in Andrew Carnegie's carriage to Brooklyn, where Oscar Murray had a $2,200 house waiting for us in the Academy of Music. Mrs. Howard, eighty-four years old—the only surviving charter member of Plymouth Church—came back on the stage to congratulate and thank Dr. Watson. Refreshments at the Hamilton Club, then Doctor and I went to Jersey City, where we all dined previous to the lecture, with the Rev. Dr. Brett, in whose church the lecture was given. The gross receipts were $560. Everybody was very much pleased, and the Doctor never spoke better. Gross business to-day, $4,269.50.

"To-day we have travelled on the trolley from Kingston to Rondout, by boat to Rhinecliff, cars to New York, cab to the Waldorf, carriage to Brooklyn, hack to the Annex Ferry, An-

nex boat to Jersey City, trolley to lecture hall, and the Doctor back by trolley, ferry, and elevated road to his hotel in New York. *I am tired*, but Dr. Watson is apparently as fresh as a morning lark. 'Major, the people are not unfriendly,' he remarked. 'I think the boys will get their bicycles.'"

"FRIDAY, Dec. 11th.

"Three more speeches to-day! Up at seven, at the office at half-past eight, and at the Waldorf by ten. Lecture on Burns attracted a full house. Dr. Watson and I donated the net proceeds to the poor fund of St. Andrew's Society. After lunch at the Waldorf, we drove to the Amphion Theatre, Brooklyn, where he gave 'Annals of Drumtochty.' Then back to New York, and to Stamford, in the evening, where he gave a reading. The house was packed.

"Through the kindness of George L. Connor, the Boston express stopped at Stamford at 10:09 and took us back to New York. The Doctor in good form. Got home at 12:30 A.M. As he returned he said to me: 'People are not unfriendly, Major; those bicycles are pretty certain.'"

"SATURDAY, Dec. 12th.

"Another three-timer, and the last day of the pleasantest, most vigorous, and most satisfactory short lecture tour I ever had the honor to manage. Dr. Watson addressed the students of the Union Theological Seminary in New York at ten, luncheon at 12:30, lectured in Paterson at three, and Englewood at eight. He is happy and jolly, and gives no sign of being tired in body or voice. Hundreds of thousands of people have been made happier and benefited by coming in contact with him. He has been the centre of loving hearts wherever he went. I love him, and almost envy him the abundance of love people show him, and am thankful that I have been so favored. I have worked hard; he has worked hard, too. It has paid us both, and him a thousandfold more than the thousands of dollars he has cleared in the two short

months. It is hard to part with him. How I shall miss him!"

"SUNDAY, Dec. 13th.

"Went to Plymouth Church. Dr. Watson was the preacher —his last public utterance in America. It was a great sermon. Thousands thronged the neighboring thoroughfares leading to the church, and long before the doors were thrown open to the public the line of anxious people extended from the church to Fulton Street on one side and past Hicks Street on the other. Never did I see such a crowd excepting when the body of Mr. Beecher was lying in state."

"MONDAY, Dec. 14th.

"Dr. Watson spent an hour with me in the office signing books and photographs, and telling us about his receptions and entertainments. He christened a Scotch child in Gaelic at eleven, signed a lot of books at Dodd, Mead & Co.'s, signed fifty more books and lithographs for me, attended a big lunch in his honor at the Union League Club, at four went to a reception given by Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Carnegie, and to evening dinner at the house of John Sloane. Everybody seems to want him, and the pressure is very great. His time is all filled between sunrise and midnight."

"WEDNESDAY, Dec. 16th.

"It is very stormy. Snow-ploughs are at work in every street. Dr. and Mrs. Watson sailed at twelve on the *Majestic*. The Doctor made me a handsome present and wrote me a letter which is one of my most precious treasures. Here it is:

"'5 WEST 51st STREET, NEW YORK,
"'Dec. 16, 1896.

"'DEAR MAJOR POND:

"'The day has come when we leave America and return home, and as I look back on our campaign I am much impressed by the ability with which you conducted the operations from beginning to end, and your unfailing courage, good temper, and kindness.

"'You will forgive me if at times I was depressed or irritable. It is a Celt's infirmity; but I have never failed to note your care for our comfort and your sacrifices on our behalf.

"'Accept with this note a little case for your expeditions, and as often as you use it—out with some greater star—give a thought to Drumtochty and its story-teller.

"'Accept for Mrs. Pond and yourself this sincere assurance of our regard, and believe me ever,

"'Yours faithfully,

"'JOHN WATSON.'

"Dr. Watson's copy of 'The Bonnie Briar Bush' from which he read on the tour he inscribed to me as follows:

"'With grateful thoughts for his best-natured friend, from a fiery Celt.—IAN MACLAREN.'

"He is a noble man. My heart is too full for utterance. Our tour has been a great success. In ten weeks we have cleared $35,795.91. This beats all records except Stanley's, and I think I have seen more smiling and happy faces during the last ten weeks than any man has ever before seen in that length of time."

On his return to Liverpool he wrote me the following letter:

"SEFTON PARK CHURCH, LIVERPOOL.
"REV. JOHN WATSON, 18 SEFTON DRIVE.
"Jan. 1, 1897.

"MY DEAR MAJOR:

"First of all let me wish you both a very Happy New Year, in which wish Mrs. Watson desires to join. May the 'Stars' all be bright and shining this year! We had rather a rough passage home, but after the first two days suffered nothing, and arrived home at 3 A.M. on the Thursday morning in good health, to get a warm welcome here.

"A reception was held in the church that day, and an address was presented, with a bouquet of flowers to Mrs. Watson. Letters from all kinds of people poured in to welcome us. I send two papers.

"We have suffered nothing from our journeys; in fact people declare that we never looked better—so there is a feather

in your cap, Major; you did send us home as well as we came.

"My heart is warm to America, and I hope some day to see her good people again under your care; but I fear the day is far off. With kindest regards,

"Yours faithfully,

"JOHN WATSON."

HALL CAINE is one of the most remarkable of personalities. A man of not over forty years, of slender frame, middle height, and having a slight stoop, he carries in all his movements the evidence of the intense nervous organization with which he is endowed. He is refined and gentle in speech and manner, low-voiced, with simple ways, giving at every turn evidences of kindliness of feeling and sensitiveness to all emotion. He is never fretful, though of so remarkable a nervous temperament. He dresses very quietly.

As a speaker he would be very effective if he left his manuscript alone entirely. His voice is low but clear, with a vibrant note of personal appeal in it. Toward the close of a reading or lecture it would grow a little husky, and under the strain of feeling at times a trifle indistinct. Occasionally he would put his notes or manuscript aside and appeal directly to the audience, pouring out for a few minutes an electric, eloquent flood of sentences which would bring enthusiastic response. He is original, though not sensational, in manner. As an author-reader he followed Sir Edwin Arnold in originality by having specially prepared for reading an unpublished story—in substance a condensed novel. His handwriting is an index of his temperament, small, fine, and nervous in style.

The play of "The Christian" was entirely written on fine

white note paper not over six by four inches in size. The writing is so small as almost to require a magnifying glass to read it, and it did not occupy more than two-thirds of the page, with the names of the characters, etc., set on separate lines and running to the farther edge of the paper.

I had been in correspondence with him for a number of years with the view of making him a star lyceum attraction. I never could get his consent, although I had very encouraging symptoms. We became great friends. While in Europe, Mrs. Pond and I visited him at Greba Castle on the Isle of Man, and declared it the most interesting part of our English journey that summer. I came home, however, with very little encouragement. He had just finished "The Christian," and the last page of copy had gone to the printer's. He was cleaning out his library and workshop, and there were thousands of manuscript pages that he had rewritten and cross-written which he was throwing away. I asked the privilege of saving a few, and am now sorry that I didn't take the whole barrel. I disliked to see them swept out.

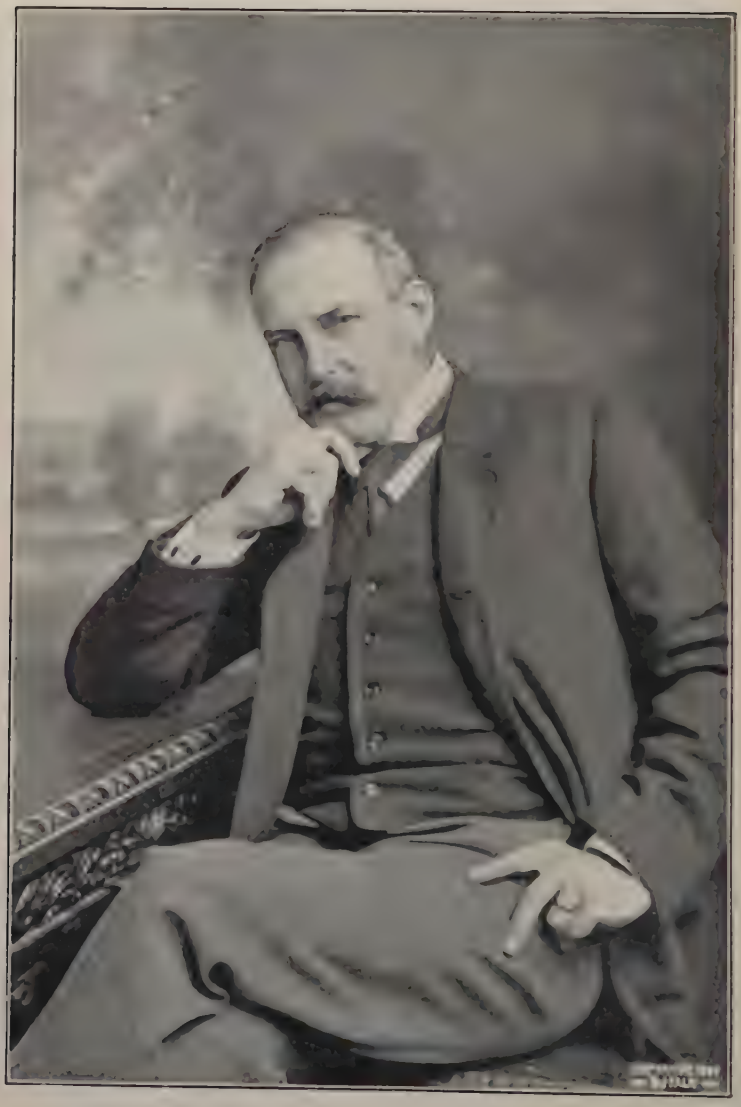
A year later Mr. Caine came to this country to produce the play "The Christian." While that was being rehearsed there was hardly a day that he did not come to my office, as many of his letters were addressed there and he stayed at the Everett House. He advised with me a good deal concerning many things, which I considered a very high honor. After the play had got thoroughly established, I persuaded him to consent to give a few readings in Boston, Albany, Rochester, Buffalo, Toronto, Detroit, Chicago, Cincinnati, Baltimore, and Washington.

The overwhelming success of the play of "The Christian" had in some way led Mr. Caine to believe that there would be the same sort of rush of people to hear the author of "The Christian." While there were good-paying audiences and of the most select people, of course there were not galleries and big crowds such as Mr. Caine had been accustomed to see at performances of the play. The disappointment affected him very much. I had all I could do to keep him cheered up.

At Albany and Troy the houses were very small. The play of "The Christian" had its first production in Albany, turning people away, and with thirty curtain calls. There Mr. Caine had banked upon a great reception. The receipts were small, but he was making $500 a day on "The Christian," then running in New York. Why, I said, should he let a little thing like that worry him. I tried to convince him that so far as money was concerned he did not need it, and that it just happened to be an inopportune time that we visited Albany; in other cities it would be all right. We had fair business in Rochester, a large house in Toronto, an overflowing house in Cleveland, and a matinée in Detroit before a crowded house.

Wherever Mr. Caine went, there were invitations for all sorts of social affairs, which he accepted and enjoyed very much. I learned, while on this trip, that to have him at his best was at a dinner or social club after his performance. There could not be a more delightful, brilliant, entertaining man in conversation.

In Chicago he reserved an evening for the Manxmen residents of that city, who gave him a dinner. They were all from the Isle of Man, his native land. They talked Manx, ate Manx, and drank Manx (principally water). It was a strange crowd, and Mr. Hall Caine towered above everybody else in it. His was the only speech, as no one else there could talk. It was an interesting occasion.



F. MARION CRAWFORD

F. MARION CRAWFORD is a man I love very much. I have the honor to call him friend. Had this popular author adopted a career of politics rather than the vocation of letters, he would have secured for himself a position in the councils of the republic almost equal in influence to that which he occupies as a writer of healthy and invigorating novels.

Fortunate in possessing a commanding presence, he has added to this an uninterrupted flow of choice and vivid language, and natural gestures which emphasize his magnificent word-pictures and carry conviction to those who listen to his appeals to manliness and universal tolerance.

He is a man who at all times has spoken his mind on religious subjects, with pride of strong conviction unmixed with defiance; a lecturer who handles his subject in a manner that is at once captivating, judicious, and wisely moderate. He breathes the very spirit of his novels—the spirit of human brotherhood, with hatred for all things petty and mean.

F. Marion Crawford carries his own stationery and pen and ink, and never writes with any other. He uses a "Falcon" pen, and has written every word of every novel with the same penholder. He was always writing. His "Ave Roma Immortalis" was written during this lecture tour. In a copy that he signed and presented to me he wrote.

"To the Major:

"From his friend and old lecturer,
"F. Marion Crawford.

"The chapter on Julius Cæsar in this book was written chiefly on the train while we were travelling together in the West in 1898."

The first thing upon entering his room at a hotel, Mr. Crawford arranges his writing materials, always in the same manner. The table is placed so that the light will fall from his left. He sits with his side to the table, his right arm rest-

ing on it, and the paper parallel with its length. He writes a very fine hand, and very rapidly, punctuating as he goes along. When a page is finished it *is* finished, and a work of art.

He arranges his bath and toilet articles, also, in a uniform way invariably. He never patronizes a local laundry. He has two leather trunks, made to order, that hold two dozen shirts; when one trunkful of shirts has been used he sends them to New York to be laundered, and the other trunk of fresh shirts arrives by express in time for his need.

The novelist carries a hand valise that he had made to order, with very long handles, so that it barely clears the pavement when carried. This enables him to get through a crowd without annoying others with his valise, for it is never in the way. His silver monogram is on every article of his toilet and writing equipment and his travelling-bags.

He wants his room at a temperature of sixty degrees, and so has it. He is very kind and polite to servants, and sees to it that each one who serves him is justly rewarded, not only pecuniarily, but with kind words.

Mr. Crawford asks the name of every servant or waiter who attends him, and addresses him by his name; and if he has occasion to refer to any hotel where he has been, he can recall the name of the one who served him.

He always has a drawing-room in the sleeping-car, and I know of only one instance, in a journey of seven thousand miles, where he failed to secure one. He arranges his drawing-room in exactly the same methodical way as his hotel room. He has a hanging alarm clock that is always in sight.

He sees the bright side of everything, and never says an ill-natured word. He is not fond of company, and receptions are especially irksome to him; but under such conditions he is always the perfect gentleman.

It was a long time before I could persuade him to prepare a lecture and devote a season to the platform. In the spring of 1898 he called at my office and asked me what my proposition was. I told him that I would do the same with him that I did with Stanley and others: make it a partnership arrange-

ment, he taking two-thirds of the profit and I one-third, and I personally conducting the tour.

So we began early in October of that season. He had prepared four lectures: "The Early Italian Artists," "Italian Home Life in the Middle Ages," "The Italy of Horace," and "Leo XIII. in the Vatican," and returned to Italy for the summer to fit himself for his platform tour. He began on the 28th of October in Bridgeport, Conn., before one of the most select literary clubs in the country. I received a letter from the committee in Bridgeport which had engaged him, thanking me for the most delightful, scholarly lecture that club had ever offered to its members. I saw that Mr. Crawford was a success. His time was booked six nights a week, from November 1st to the following April It was one of the most extensive and successful tours I have ever made with a star.

He lectured before the Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences, one of the most intelligent audiences in the country. The house was closely packed, and on the platform were a number of the leading citizens of Brooklyn, including St. Clair McKelway, Mayor Schieren, the Rev. Dr. Lyman Abbott, and Dr. Richard S. Storrs. Dr. Abbott said such nice things of the lecture at its close that I asked him if I might have the privilege of publicly quoting his words. In reply, he sent me the following letter:

"Brooklyn, N. Y., Jan. 19, 1898.

"My Dear Major Pond:

"I heard with great interest Mr. Crawford's lecture on 'Leo XIII. and the Vatican,' and am glad to be quoted anywhere as saying what I said at the close of that lecture, that I am sure wherever it is delivered it will help to remove prejudice of Protestants against Romanists and of Romanists against Protestants.

"Mr. Crawford's literary skill needs no indorsement from me, and his ability in analysis of character and in portrait painting is seen to great advantage in his graphic picture of Leo XIII. Yours sincerely,

"Lyman Abbott."

He lectured in the Northern cities until the 30th of January, and then made a tour through the principal cities of the South, and up through Texas and Kansas City, Mo., where I met him on the 12th of March and accompanied him across the continent to San Francisco and Southern California, back up the coast to Seattle, Victoria, B. C., Portland, Ore., Helena, Mont., and several other towns in Montana, closing in Fargo, N. Dak., on the 27th of April.

In our travel across the plains from Kansas City to Denver, I pointed out to Mr. Crawford where I had shot my first buffalo and many scenes of Indian fights and adventure, all of which he seemed to enjoy just as much as I did. In all, we spent twenty-two weeks and travelled twenty-six thousand miles. Our journey across the continent, through California, and up the coast was a succession of pleasurable events. With the exception of Mr. Beecher, I never had been associated with a man who interested himself so much in everything in which I was interested. We were inseparable, and there were many incidents of our journey which were really memorable in the cities where we visited.

In the Brigham Young Normal College, Provo, Utah, where over six hundred young men and women were being taught as missionaries to go all over the world and make converts to the Mormon faith, Mr. Crawford gave his lecture on "Leo XIII. in the Vatican" to as attentive an audience as I have ever known, and what was remarkable to Mr. Crawford and me were the characteristic interruptions of the audience. These people are accustomed to being addressed constantly, as all Mormons are preachers or speakers. Mr. Crawford said that he had some of the keenest questions put to him in regard to characters in his book and religious arguments that he had ever encountered. He was so pleased that he gave the college library a complete set of his books, which he signed and forwarded to that institution on his return from the journey.

Mr. Crawford's lecture in Salt City was largely attended by a most remarkable audience. The Roman Catholic bishop, four Mormon bishops, and clergymen of all the differ-

ent denominations residing there, were present. In the Methodist Church the lecturer was introduced by the Methodist pastor, and sixty per cent of the audience were Mormons, among whom were several of Brigham Young's daughters, sons, and daughters-in-law.

The reception to the lecturer by the Ladies' Press Club was held in the historic Bee-hive House, the former home of Brigham Young, where Mary Ann Angel, his first, and, as he claimed in his will, his legitimate wife, and a number of other wives had lived. Mormons and Gentiles were about equally represented. Among those present were some of the prophet's daughters and many of his grandchildren and other former polygamous wives. There were army officers from Fort Douglas, with their wives, the Presbyterian and Episcopalian ministers and their wives, all mingling with one another without prejudice. From all appearances they were mutually enjoying the occasion. To me it seemed strange.

The Mormon religion is as firmly founded and progressive as any. The Mormon people, trained in industry and fealty, are as sincere as ever. Many "Gentiles" of former days have married Mormon women and joined the church. They had to do it if they got the wives, for one of their religious tenets is to marry young and increase the church, and the women have never known any other religion. There are now over three thousand missionaries in various parts of the world preaching the Mormon faith and sending converts by thousands every year to Utah. All the valleys and mountain cañons are becoming closely settled with homes made for these immigrant converts. They are spreading all over Nevada, Arizona, Idaho, Montana, Colorado, Northern Mexico, and Manitoba. Industrious, honest, frugal, patiently toiling, they are enriching the great mountain country, and doing it quietly while they work unceasingly. What is to be the result? The Mormon religion is surely growing.

The attendance was very great in Southern California, where Mr. Crawford met a large number of his readers and friends. What was particularly interesting on the tour was the great in-

terest taken in him by all the Catholic priests. Invariably the leading priest called on him wherever he visited. Whenever we arrived at a city where there was a bishop, he would secure a carriage and his first call was on the bishop. He claimed that that was his duty. I had an opportunity to observe that among the best-educated men in the land are the Catholic priests. At Riverside, Cal., Father Sherman, the son of Gen. William T. Sherman, took great pains to entertain us in that interesting city. I would not have missed the opportunity of meeting Father Sherman for a good deal, as his father had been one of my dearest friends.

One night in San Francisco, after having returned from Oakland, we were seated in the grill-room of the Palace Hotel, our supper partly finished, engaged in conversation, when I suddenly said:

"Mr. Crawford, are we in the dining-car? See how these dishes are dancing."

Mr. Crawford pulled out his watch and said:

"It's an earthquake, Major. Don't be frightened. I've been in fifty of them. It will only last twenty seconds."

Then I saw chandeliers swinging, heard glass falling, and saw sober people staggering; meanwhile we were being shaken with vibrations like a milk shake, beginning slowly for, say ten seconds, then coming to the hardest part of the shock. Our table and chairs, and we in them, were being carried along the floor. Suddenly there was a great noise like a tremendous explosion, and then an atmospheric depression indescribable. All who could had rushed out into the streets. Had it not been for Mr. Crawford's apparent indifference there's no knowing where the writer would have been. It lasted only forty seconds, so all records agree, but, ah, it seemed a lifetime to most of those who got the benefit of it; for there never could have been a more remarkably exciting scene than the court and corridors of the Palace Hotel presented from the time of the earthquake until daylight. In the grill room were a number of men gathered in groups, with expressions on their faces that showed they were prepared for the worst. None of them

smiled or attempted to show unconcern except Mr. Crawford, who kept continually assuring everybody that the whole thing was over—that if a return shock did not come within three minutes there would be none. Every man and woman that I saw was yawning. Whether it was because yawning is catching, or an atmospheric condition caused by the disturbance, it is not easy to tell, but such opening of mouths and such sallow, yellow and green countenances I never witnessed. The elevators began bringing guests to the ground floor, men, women, and children scrambling for the open—in all kinds of costumes that people sleep in, and some badly mixed up; one lady was barefooted, in a man's overcoat; there were men in pajamas, trousers, and slippers, in overcoats. One man in a simple undershirt tried to jump from the first balcony. He was a short, fat man, weighing, I should say, 350. I thought I recognized him as one of the staff of a certain New York magazine, and called Mr. Crawford's attention to the fact. He said: "Yes, that is poor W——." We hurried to him, only to learn that it was some other person. He was greatly frightened, and embarrassed, too, after coming to his senses; for the undershirt could no more protect his shaking body than the tinfoil on the neck of a champagne bottle could conceal all the champagne. We were glad it was not our friend, but we could not smile for gladness. A smile and an earthquake never appear simultaneously.

Two men fresh from their rooms, in sleeping garb, were supporting a young lady in angel clothes by both arms. They carried her bodily, as she had collapsed. It was pitiable, but not laughable, until next morning. Such calls as this: "Is there a doctor in the house? My wife is dying!" "Oh, can't you get a doctor quick? I know my husband is dead or dying. Do try. Oh, what will become of us?" "Is there any train leaving right away?" A woman caught hold of a man's arm, screaming, "Save me! save me!" He tried in his rush and fright to shake her off, but she again cried out: "Save, oh, save me! What shall I do?" Just then he loosened her grasp, saying, "Go to hell!" and she fell prostrate.

Returning to our rooms, I found my bed in the middle of the floor and the centre-table very near the wall; both had moved about four feet. Water was running in the bathroom. On the floor in the hallway lay a young man. I asked him if he felt badly or was in pain. He said: "No, I am in no pain, neither am I frightened. I simply cannot get up. My legs refuse to carry me." We helped him to a sofa in the corridor, and there left him, at his request, with "Thank you."

We were to leave for Southern California the following morning. I noticed that Mr. Crawford had some severe spells of coughing on the cars at night, and I thought that the earthquake had affected him more severely than he had cared to tell me. Before retiring he told me that he was going to take me into his confidence, as we were partners and friends, and mentioned the fact that he had been having a good deal of trouble coughing, and that he had had two hemorrhages since I had joined him; that his left lung was very sore, and he might be obliged to return home, but that he intended to finish the tour no matter what the sacrifice, if it were possible. In San Francisco he had been in consultation with a physician who had been recommended to him by his New York physician, and he had been advised to close the tour then and there and return home; but he was in hopes that Southern California might help him. This put a damper on further pleasure for me. I cared nothing whatever as to the business part of it—that never entered my mind; but I assured Mr. Crawford that I would not be the means of his breaking down for a dozen fortunes. He assured me that it was not my fault at all, and that he was going through. He had contracted a cold in New Orleans, and at Pueblo, on a very windy day, he had visited a smelting-works and had inhaled so much of the gas that it had nearly killed him. He received the best of care. We visited Southern California with no serious mishap, went back up to San Francisco for two more lectures, and then to Portland, Ore. At Portland he was seriously ill, and I persuaded him to call in a local physician, who examined him thoroughly, and who told

me afterward that only a man of his perfect physique and iron constitution could possibly have continued lecturing. But Mr. Crawford was incorrigible, and insisted that he must be doctored up in order to finish his tour. This physician assured me that the case was very serious, and gave me some medicine and some directions about how to act in case there should be further attacks.

We continued on to Victoria, B. C., and back to Helena, Mont., a town that we had been advised to skip owing to its high altitude. The San Francisco doctor had insisted that it would not do for Mr. Crawford to venture twelve thousand feet above sea-level in Helena. It did no good. We went to Helena. Mr. Crawford gave two lectures there to the two largest audiences we had between the Pacific Ocean and the Missouri River. Then we went on to Winnipeg, and home. I was satisfied that Mr. Crawford's days were numbered. I had promised to say nothing to any one about it, and I never did mention it, and would not do so now, were it not for the fact that Mr. Crawford has written me that he has fully recovered. During all the time Mr. Crawford kept up his writing, and was always cheerful. It was his wonderful power of abstraction and courage that carried him through this ordeal.

We parted in Chicago. He was so anxious to hurry home that he took the fastest train, while I made $16 by arriving twelve hours later by another route. We exchanged several telegrams on our different routes. I put it down as one of the most enjoyable and delightful companionships that I have ever had.

At the close of this six months' tour Mr. Crawford sailed for his home in Italy, still in poor health. I hardly expected ever to see him again. I was lonesome without him, and busied myself at odd times with writing him letters, which he never answered. I feared he was ill, or that I had hurt his feelings in some way, but, to my delight, in due time the following letter came, which brought great joy to the Pond household:

"Sant' Agnello di Sorrento, Italy
"Dec. 16, 1898.

"Dear Old Major:

"A Merry Christmas to you, and to Mrs. Pond, and Bim, and Miss Glass, and all the very best wishes of the season! I am not dead and buried, and as you may have supposed from a rude way I have of never answering a man's letters till he has written about six times. But I have been very busy with my work, and between times with enjoying a long spell of home with my wife and children. Knowing how you hate Mrs. Pond and Bim, you will probably find this most extraordinary! You must try and get used to the idea. (This letter does not contain a request for a loan for five dollars at the end of it, so you may read it quite calmly—I just thought of that.)

I look over my old note books of last year, and it hardly seems possible that I could ever have been the talking-piece of baggage that was sent flying over the country for six months to be wound up every day at the same hour. This is a good deal more comfortable, my friend, and there is less wear and tear on one's throat and good clothes—not to mention one's temper and digestion. All the same, I am glad I did it once, and saw the country from end to end and from top to bottom, and with a man who knows the West as you do. But if we ever do it again, I shall take a patent reversible india-rubber coffin which can be used as a bath, overcoat, or pulpit, and can be hermetically sealed so as to bring the lecturer home on ice from the point at which he dies!

"Well—I am all right again, thank goodness! Whatever you do, my friend, *never let* let your lecturer go and visit the smelting furnaces in Colorado. That was the beginning of my trouble, and you were not there on that day to prevent me from going.

"We had a little earthquake here not long ago—a sort of little kitten earthquake—but it made me think of that evening in San Francisco, when the house rocked and the boy dropped the cheese into the ice box and ran! That was a good supper, well shaken down—we shall probably never digest another so quickly.

"I have discovered that the wicked Emperor Tiberius was left-handed—you and I are in good company.

"This is just a Christmas greeting—a little less than a lecture, a little more than an autograph, from

"Your friend and old lecturer,
"F. Marion Crawford."

GEN. LEW WALLACE has made three distinct and creditable reputations, as a soldier in the war for the Union, as a lawyer and orator, and as an author. As a State lawyer and political speaker, he is confessedly one of the most distinguished at the bar and on the stump of Indiana. As a novelist, he has made one of the most brilliant successes of late years. His "Ben Hur" had only one rival in popularity in America—"Uncle Tom's Cabin." As a lecturer, he has proved one of the best attractions in the lyceum, and his popularity is increasing.

After the success of "Ben Hur" he was called for from all parts of the land, especially by the Young Men's Christian Associations. I don't know that anybody has been in so much demand since Gough's time for these societies as General Wallace. After two or three years of earnest effort I succeeded in getting him to make a tour of one hundred lectures. The General was a pessimist in regard to lecturing. He did not think the people cared to hear him, and to some extent he was right.

He surprised me by making the suggestion that instead of the regular fifteen per cent commission for booking time, I should take twenty-five per cent; he thought that was little enough. That enabled me to put a good deal of extra spirit into my work. He kept the engagements, a hundred in number. The tour proved very profitable. From a business

standpoint it was delightfully satisfactory. I could ask nothing pleasanter in my life than to be constantly associated with Gen. Lew Wallace and to be his daily companion while he was travelling about the country delivering lectures. He had kind words for every person he met. They were genuine, too, and did not smack of the demagogue.

During his engagements with me, Mr. Klaw of Messrs. Klaw & Erlanger called on me several times and proposed that I should get General Wallace to consent to the dramatization of "Ben Hur," saying that they would pay any amount of money I wanted. I made this suggestion to General Wallace several times, and tried to point out to him the good it would do, and the profit that was to be realized from it, as these managers would spare no money in making the production a success. I pointed out to him that there was an opportunity in the chariot race for an unsurpassed scene and dramatic effect. The General would not listen to it, although I approached him from every standpoint possible. That success was not for me. Two years later I found that these same managers had obtained General Wallace's consent to dramatize "Ben Hur" and to bring it out in New York. I never got over it; I entertained so high an opinion of the General's fairness, and felt so satisfied that our business relations had been the pleasantest in the world, and that he would not under any circumstances do me a wrong. I have never seen him or heard from him on the subject and I have never seen the play. If the General happens to read this he will know why I have never seen it. That was another of my escapes.

Apropos of this, there is one other escape I had while in Boston. Mr. Alexander Graham Bell came to me wanting to interest me in a new invention that he had by which he could hear in Lowell, or in any other town, a lecture delivered in Boston. I went out and heard a test of it with Mr. Bell. I suggested to him that it would be just the thing for communication between business offices and factories, livery stables and hotels. He wanted me to go into the business with him and urged me to do so. He spent an hour sitting by my desk talking about it.

I spoke about it to my partner, but he reminded me that our business contract would not admit of speculation of any kind. I felt pretty certain that there was a fortune in the business, and came very near telling him that I would leave the lyceum and take the risk and go into the telephone business. As Mr. Bell was leaving my office a gentleman from Providence, who ran a lecture course in that town, came in, and I said to Mr. Bell: "Here is the man you want for that business."

Turning to the other gentleman, I said: "Gower, here's something that there's a fortune in. Now you go into this thing."

Mr. Gower did his errand in a moment, and walked out of the office with Mr. Alexander Graham Bell. I never saw him afterward. Gower went up in a balloon in Paris and was never heard from. It was said that he was worth over a million dollars when he disappeared—all from the telephone business. At that time he was the husband of Lilian Norton—our Nordica. That was another narrow escape which I had.

ISRAEL ZANGWILL

ISRAEL ZANGWILL, author of "The Children of the Ghetto," is another of the unique characters that I have introduced to American audiences, and one who interested me deeply. Many inquiries about him had come from all over the country, especially from Jewish societies. I called on Mr. Zangwill at his home in London, in 1897, and was very cordially received. He had never lectured, but thought he could make a go of it, and after an hour's conversation with him I came to the conclusion that he could not fail to interest all who met him. It was a peculiar fascination, largely due, I think, to his indomitable assurance. He looked me right square in the eye when he talked, and whatever he said was so because he said so, although I knew better at the time.

He showed me over his two rooms—one of them a library with book shelves on all sides filled with books that bore the marks of wear and tear, and arranged on these shelves *ad libitum*, or perhaps I should say disarranged. I asked him if he had saved press notices of his various books. He took me into the adjoining room and lifted the lid of a trunk which was stuffed full of press cuttings, with the Romeike attachments. (There must have been $500 worth.) He had been in the habit of throwing them promiscuously into the trunk and pressing them down or stamping on them, until it looked like a trunk packed full of old waste paper or refuse packing material.

Zangwill had just got back from Jerusalem, and showed me another trunkful of unmounted photographs of the great paintings and architecture of all parts of Europe. There were thousands of them,—most of them very beautiful too,—but they were almost ruined by the rough way in which they had been carelessly thrown into the trunk. One very peculiar photograph was of the mummy of Pharaoh. I asked him to let me take a snapshot of it, and got him to hold the photograph up against the window-sill.

It seemed almost impossible to come to any kind of understanding with Zangwill. He thought that there was a great public waiting for him over here, and I also thought so to a considerable extent. But he couldn't understand why he should come over to America and draw great crowds and I get a third of the profits from his earnings; so nothing was definitely settled at that interview. I came away knowing well enough that he intended to visit the United States, and to get all that there was in it if he did come. Weeks went by, and nothing was satisfactorily arranged between us. He kept me informed of his movements. He was to sail in August in the steamship *Lucania* in company with his friend Judge Sulzburger of Philadelphia, whose guest he was to be while over here.

He arrived on the morning of September 27th, and I met him at the steamer. We had made no arrangement, and he was not under my direction or under any obligation to me in any way. Still, I knew he had made no other arrangements. Several Jewish friends met him and took possession of him. I asked him if he would see reporters, and he said that he would be glad to meet them at any hour I might name. He went with me to the Everett House, leaving his other friends to call for him to go to Long Branch at five in the afternoon.

He met the press representatives in my office, all gathered around the same table where many other English men of letters had been on the stand. There was great interest in him. The reporters recognized a brilliant subject, and succeeded in getting about as rich material for "space" as they had encountered for some time. Zangwill answered questions of every conceivable sort, and returned the fire from his assailants with vigor. The reports in all the papers the next day were excellent, and the interest in the great Jewish novelist was manifest everywhere.

Lecture committees called and letters of inquiry came pouring in, but as yet I could give no answer. In the interviews the day before he evaded all questions as to his plans, and so it went on until October. Many excellent applications had to

be rejected because no definite answer could be given. The result was that when an understanding was finally reached, nearly all the lyceum courses in the country were made up, and the only way to book Zangwill was to hire halls and speculate or accept certainties wherever they came from.

After our contract was duly signed, I at once engaged the Lyceum Theatre in New York for his initial performance in America. It took place on the afternoon of October 11th, 1898. The pretty theatre was crowded with as intelligent and fashionable an audience as New York could turn out to welcome a stranger. "The Drama as a Fine Art" was the subject chosen by Mr. Zangwill. He told me that he would speak without notes, as he had been assured that to attempt to read a lecture to a New York audience was fatal. There was no use of arguing this with him. It was with some difficulty that he got under way, but the lecture itself was a shower of epigrams interspersed with sparkles of wit that carried his audience with him from the beginning to the very last word. Not until the close of the lecture did a single person leave the house. The speaker was recalled and cheered vociferously for a long time.

The lecture was a severe criticism of the dramatic critics, and most of our New York critics were there. The only one of whom Zangwill had spoken kindly was William Winter, on whom the compliment was lost because the latter had ceased long ago to take interest in such affairs.

Many of New York's best people rushed upon the stage to congratulate Zangwill on his real success. Some of the most prominent Jewish citizens were there—among them Mr. Seligman and Mr. Isidor Straus. The latter, who sat by me, declared that I had certainly found a winner. I don't think I ever knew an audience to be more delighted.

Yet the papers the next morning, much to my surprise, were not very complimentary of Mr. Zangwill's criticism, and when Zangwill and I met to join Hall Caine and Judge Sulzburger, with whom we were to lunch that day at the Waldorf, he wore about as dejected an expression as I have ever seen. Mr. Caine's play "The Christian" was receiving very vigorous

treatment at the hands of the New York papers about this time, and when he and Mr. Zangwill met at the lunch table, I think Judge Sulzburger must have noticed that the two men were in so chopfallen and dejected a state of mind that they might have put pepper in their coffee instead of sugar without ever having known the difference.

If the reporters could have heard that little interchange of opinions of the American press from two such brilliant minds, their story would have delighted the general public if not the journalists themselves.

I had little difficulty in booking Zangwill. After New York, Boston, and Philadelphia, he went to Buffalo, Cincinnati, Cleveland, Chicago, St. Louis, and Memphis; from there to Birmingham, Ala., Atlanta, and back to New York, making a succession of the longest rides that ever a lecturer attempted in this country. Everywhere Zangwill met big crowds, and his audiences were delighted.

On his return in November he gave a series of three lectures in the Waldorf-Astoria; but the newspapers had succeeded in creating a prejudice against the speaker, and these lectures were very poorly attended.

I booked him for a Sunday night in Boston, and there was a large advance sale up to the Friday evening before the lecture. Then came a blizzard, and not another ticket was sold until the night of the lecture, when only $2 was taken in at the box office. It was one of the historic blizzards of Boston. The advance sale had been $480 up to Friday, and Sunday night it was swelled to $482, but very few of the people who had purchased tickets in advance were able to get to the theatre.

Arrangements were made for another Sunday night in Boston three weeks later, but the public proposed to wait until the night came before buying their tickets, as many of them had been disappointed on the last occasion. On the Saturday before this Sunday another blizzard set in. Mr. Zangwill was on hand and filled the bill, but the house was empty. Nobody could get there. Mr. Zangwill and I had rented the

theatre and were speculating. Our loss was about $80, but Mr. Zangwill wrote me a letter declaring he thought he must have been the Jonah on this occasion, and insisted on paying all the loss out of his own pocket.

The two leading Jewish clubs in New York, the Harmony Social and the Freundschaft, each paid him $500 for a lecture on Sunday evening, and I don't believe Mr. Zangwill or anybody else ever faced a more cultivated or appreciative audience than on these occasions.

Many offers were made to Mr. Zangwill for his literary work, and he accepted a dazzling proposition from Harpers to write a novel, and withdrew *forever* from the platform, as he said.

I tried very hard to secure Mr. Zangwill for another season, as his lectures had given great satisfaction in the large cities which he visited and they had been extensively reported. He was about the best-advertised man in the country, and the public had learned that he had something to give for the money which the American public has always been willing to pay under such conditions. But it was no use. Theatrical managers were after him to dramatize "The Children of the Ghetto." Mr. Zangwill was a great dramatic critic, and he believed he could write a great play, and managers had the same belief, which they were ready to back up with large sums of money.

He came over again in 1899 and produced the play in Washington in October of that year. There were fine criticisms and every prospect of a fortune in sight; but it was not what New York wanted, and so, after a long and fair trial, it was withdrawn from the boards of the Herald Square Theatre.

Zangwill is a good lecturer, because his subject-matter is educational to a great degree, and his copious flow of English and epigrammatic sentences render it as entertaining and novel as it is instructive. There is good money for him in America whenever he wishes to set aside the time for it; but he will not do it. He cannot jump on a steamer and come over here, give a few lectures and run back again, without notifying the people in advance that he is coming.

WILLIAM WEBSTER ELLSWORTH is a man whose fame as a lecturer was not acquired through *The Century Magazine*, but who has helped to make *The Century* what it is at this time. He has been secretary of the great corporation which publishes *The Century* since its establishment by Roswell Smith.

Mr. Ellsworth is of Puritan stock, a great-grandson of Chief Justice Ellsworth and of Noah Webster, and he was reared in Connecticut, a stamping-ground of Revolutionary heroes. A few years ago he found himself a recognized authority on Revolutionary subjects. It came about, I believe, through a publisher's suggestion to an author. Mr. Ellsworth asked Elbridge S. Brooks to write a book for boys and girls on the Revolution, proposing that it should take the form of a trip to the battlefields, and he offered to go with Mr. Brooks. They made the trip together, and the photographs taken by Mr. Ellsworth were used as illustrations for "The Century Book of the American Revolution," and were afterward made the basis of a lecture by Mr. Ellsworth which many of the societies of Sons and Daughters of the American Revolution promptly asked to hear. His position gave him access to private and public collections of manuscripts and printing, and with his heart in the subject Mr. Ellsworth has brought to light more interesting documents and pictures than

were ever supposed to exist. Scores of lyceum, patriotic, and historical societies have had his two lectures, one on the Revolutionary War, and the other on "Arnold and Andre: the Story of the Treason," which he prepared two years ago.

During the last two years he has made discoveries and brought to light much interesting new material relating to the early history of George Washington. A new lecture has been prepared by Mr. Ellsworth on the subject, which I was invited to hear at his home, Esperanza Farm, near New Hartford, Conn., in August, 1900. This has certainly proved the most interesting and charming of all. Gifted with a descriptive voice that is strong, resonant, and absolutely faultless in delivery, with the personal magnetism that is so essential to a lecturer's success, Mr. Ellsworth is unquestionably one of the best-equipped men for an instructive and entertaining lecture that the lyceum has yet produced. From one of Mr. Ellsworth's lectures the rising generation can obtain more knowledge of the early history of our nation than from a whole winter of hard study. School boards and teachers are beginning to find out that one of the simplest and most thorough means of instruction nowadays is the lecture platform. In the city of New York there is hardly a public school that does not have a large hall set aside for lectures. Last year over three thousand free lectures were given in the public schools in Greater New York on nearly every possible educational topic, generally illustrated with stereopticon pictures which greatly enhanced their value. In this special line great advances are being made, and they are due to the fact that such men as Mr. Ellsworth, who have something to give in return for what they receive, are available for the work.

ANTHONY HOPE HAWKINS

ANTHONY HOPE HAWKINS was discovered by Robert Barr, who first went to London in the interests of the Detroit *Free Press*. One night Barr, then editing *The Idler* with Jerome K. Jerome, met a thin, pale, bald young barrister who talked so charmingly about books that Barr, who is big, burly, bouncing, and straightforward, asked him:

"Do you do anything of the sort?"

Mr. Hawkins confessed, with a blush, that he did when not painfully busy.

"I'll come and read some of 'em to-morrow," said Barr. And he did. After he had read the last sheet he said:

"Say, Hawkins, how much have you got like this?"

"Considerable."

"Want to sell it?"

"Why—why, yes, I'd like to."

"How much do you want a thousand words?"

Hawkins was amazed. "Oh, I don't know," he said. "Would a pound be too much?"

Barr laughed. "You don't know much about this business, do you?" he asked.

"Absolutely nothing."

"Well," drawled Barr, "I'll give you several pounds a thousand, and we'll start publishing right away."

Beneath the title of each sketch Mr. Hawkins had written: "By Anthony Hope."

"Ought I to put my last name there?" he asked.

"It doesn't make any difference about the name," answered Barr; "it's the stuff that counts."

And count it did.

Anthony Hope Hawkins is an English gentleman in every sense that the words implies. I cannot say that I ever associated with a man whom I held in higher esteem. He sees everything from the most agreeable point of view. He has one of the most delightful laughs in conversation that ever I

heard, and I made it my business to excite as often as possible the vein in his nature that brought it out.

He has the better qualities of the English voice, its softer tones and accents. Owing to its richness, he can be heard distinctly by every auditor. Although monotonous in his delivery, because of his distinct enunciation and the sweetness of his voice, the monotony is not objectionable.

He charms invariably his audiences, because he feels his characters and is able to exploit them.

I shall never forget Mr. Hawkins' first appearance in America. It was really his first regular platform appearance anywhere. We had spent the previous night at the Parker House, Boston, and some of the members of the Woman's Club of Lowell, Mass., under whose auspices he was to read next day, telephoned me to know if we would not come early, that they might give him a little reception before the reading. Mr. Hawkins declined. He said he preferred to be by himself until he was introduced to the public. On our arrival at Lowell we went directly to the hall. He met the committee of ladies, who escorted him to the platform, and as he went on he shook hands with me, saying: "Good by, Major. I may never see you again." I felt so nervous for him that I really didn't know whether he had made a hit or not; but as soon as his voice was heard there was the closest attention, and an expression of satisfaction appeared on every face in front of him. He could not possibly have escaped the infection. I saw his beautiful face light up with a gleam of real satisfaction. His voice rolled out in resonant tones, and the hearty response from his hearers gave him what I believe was the most satisfactory hour of his life. His reading of the "Dolly Dialogues" on that occasion was one of the finest efforts that I remember.

He enjoyed his audiences very much when the benches were full in front of him, but a small audience and a row of empty benches disheartened him. On two occasions he urged me to return the money to the auditors; but he filled every date, and on those two occasions I think he was as well pleased after the

performance as where he had had more and less enthusiastic hearers.

Just after our train drew out of Boston on our way to Hartford, I ordered luncheon in the buffet car, for we were both desperately hungry. The composite cook, waiter, and porter promised us some royal chicken, which he was able to furnish, he said, as good as we could get anywhere. We came near getting it. We saw it as it was set before us just as we arrived at Williamantic, where we were obliged to change cars.

I leave it to an anonymous journalist, who happened to be on the car, to describe the incident as he wrote it up for the New York *Evening Sun:*

"Persons who met Mr. Hope on his way to Boston last Wednesday remarked how fine and hearty he was looking. And yet at the same hour a day later, when Hope boarded the New York train to go to Hartford, his next stand, he looked almost an old man. His color was gone and there were circles round his eyes. Whether the two receptions he had to attend or twelve hours of Major Pond's consecutive conversation had brought Hope to this condition, none can say. But comparatively speaking he looked a wreck, and no sooner was he on board the train than he and the Major waylaid the waiter of a buffet car and ordered an elaborate breakfast. Broiled Philadelphia chicken was the star attraction of the bill of fare, and the Major, in his loudest tones, ordered that two broiled Philadelphians should be sacrificed at once.

"Having had nothing to eat since the night before, the author and the manager awaited their meal expectantly. At the end of the first hour Mr. Hope looked up and inquired good-naturedly:

"'Don't you think it's about time for that chicken?' For answer the Major hurried to the kitchen, and there was the making of a first-rate dialect story in the sounds which emerged from that vicinity within the next few minutes. Presently the Major came back looking so pleased with himself that Hope lay back in his chair and hoped once more. Another half-hour passed. Again the Major repaired to the kitchen

This time Hope made notes of the conversation on the back of his cuff.

"Ten minutes later came the waiter bearing a three-foot tray. Hope's eyes were dancing, the Major smacked his lips as he grabbed the carving knife. Just then from the end of the car the conductor cried, 'Willimantic!' Surely the parting between the Princess Flavia and Rassendell was a mere farce comedy to Hope's adieu to that chicken. His first impulse was to seize a drumstick and run, but the Major restrained him.

"The manager's practised eye had noticed a crowd of Willimantic belles on the platform intent upon catching a glimpse of Hope gratis. It would never do for his star to make his début in Willimantic drumstick in hand. So gently, but firmly, he persuaded Hope to renounce the chicken's leg in favor of his satchel. Hope, however, as he left the car, had the good taste to do his swearing under his breath.

"On the platform the Major met the waiter, who thrust the bill into his hand. The Major stamped on it and said he'd see him in Philadelphia first. Neither of them had one mouthful, and he was going to report the matter to Chauncey Depew.

"It may interest Mr. Hope to know, however, that as soon as the train started, two drummers bought his chicken at an advance on regular rates, and one of them, with a gallantry worthy of the Dolly Dialogues hero himself, had the wish-bone of Mr. Hope's chicken polished, and presented it to his sweetheart as a souvenir."

Mr. Hawkins and I made the tour together, visiting Montreal, Ottawa, Toronto, Detroit, Chicago, Milwaukee, St. Paul, Minneapolis, and Philadelphia, and everywhere he was the recipient of the choicest honors that I have ever known a man of letters to receive. His readers were of the most select literary class we have. His audiences varied in different cities more than did those of some others, but where he had been secured in a regular lyceum course and in clubs, they were invariably large.

To him were tendered many of the most delightful banquets that I have known any foreigner to get. The leading clubs in Toronto, Montreal, and Ottawa entertained him. He was the guest of the Governor-General of Canada—Lord Aberdeen. In Chicago the Lawyers' Club gave him a breakfast, attended by the leading members of the bar of that city, a distinction that no other literary man has had that I remember.

At Detroit, after the reading, the Fellowcraft Club gave Mr. Hawkins a supper, with an elaborate menu. It was Robert Barr's home, and Mr. Barr had undoubtedly warned his fellow-citizens of the character of the expected visitor, and they were prepared to meet him and do him honor, which they did. I don't believe the good fellows of Detroit ever had a better time. The speeches and stories of that occasion would make a rare book, and I should like to own the copyright. It will never be printed. Colonel Livingstone, editor of the Detroit *Journal* and president of the Fellowcraft Club, is "equalled by few and excelled by none" as a club president.

Mr. Hawkins is not superstitious. A few years ago he moved from his lucky chambers in the quiet Middle Temple, London, where he practised law without clients, and has working offices on Buckingham Street, near the Strand—much as one might say West Tenth Street, near Broadway. The house is old and dark and dingy. It overlooks the London lodgings of Benjamin Franklin and the rooms of Peter the Great of Russia when they were in the city. It is on the site of the famous York House, home of Bacon. Hope's lodgings are full of books; on the mantel there are original drawings by Charles Dana Gibson, and there are many pipes, and other convivial equipments.

In Washington Mr. Hawkins was met on his arrival by the Hon. John Russell Young, librarian of Congress, who entertained and showed him through that magnificent library and about the Capitol, introducing him to many of the judges of the Supreme Court, and then going to the White House, presented him to President McKinley, who entertained him

about an hour in social chat, while politicians in waiting fairly congested the waiting-room outside. After the evening reading, Mr. Thomas Nelson Page gave him a supper at his beautiful Washington home, where were present Mr. Lyman Gage, Secretary of the Treasury, Mr. Theodore Roosevelt, Assistant Secretary of the Navy, Mr. James Lane Allen, and Mr. John Fox, Jr., the two most prominent Southern novelists, and several other gentlemen whose names I cannot now recall. I am unable to describe this occasion, although one of the honored guests. One can imagine the charming intellectual atmosphere of such an event. It seemed that there must have been some fault in the reckoning of time, for it was four o'clock when the party reluctantly dissolved.

Everywhere we went Mr. Hawkins was the honored guest of the choicest of our American men of letters. In Indianapolis two social events in one day: the afternoon was a reception at the Woman's Club, where Mrs. Harrison, wife of the ex-President, received; and in the evening the largest audience of the beauty and fashion of the Hoosier capital packed the hall, being welcomed by James Whitcomb Riley, the Hoosier poet. In Boston, among the first callers besides the press representatives were Col. T. W. Higginson, Thomas Bailey Aldrich, Edward Everett Hale, and Judge Holmes, son of Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, and many of the Harvard faculty. I copy from my diary the following notes:

"Mr. Hawkins and I visited the Academy of Fine Arts, Trinity Church (formerly Phillips Brooks'), the Boston Public Library, where we were shown over all parts of the library and introduced to all the modern systems of its wonderful operations; the new court house, where Judge Holmes personally conducted us through the different courts, and we sat half an hour listening to a judge charge a jury. Missed our lunch. Hurried to depot, just caught train for Hartford, and missed lunch on buffet car, owing to the incapacity of the composite cook and porter. Reached Hartford, the Hublein, 6:30. Reading at 8:30 finished in an hour. Joe Jefferson against us at Perkins' Opera House, but we had $360 in Unity

Hall. Joe Jefferson had reserved a box for us, and we saw nearly all of 'Lend Me Five Shillings.' Then we all had supper together, Joe Jefferson, his three sons, and the wife of young Jefferson. Joe was at his best, as he is a lover of Anthony Hope's writings, and they had never met before, and it seemed as though they never meant to part; for it was far beyond midnight when the weary waiters were relieved, and a tired but happy crowd went to bed."

"Good-night, Maior," said Anthony Hope; "you Americans are too much for us Englishmen."

I think the last speech that Mr. Hawkins made in New York was at a public dinner given him by the Lotos Club, which is the most famous of all our American clubs for its receptions and dinners to men of letters. On this occasion he said:

"Mr. President and Gentlemen:—"I am too well aware of the history of your club and of the distinction of the guests whom you have entertained before, not to rise on this occasion with perhaps more than usual—shall I say trepidation or discomfort?—which possesses an after-dinner speaker. I have received here to-night an appreciation which would have been wholly delightful if I were not persistently haunted with the idea that it is too excessively indulgent.

"As I crossed the Atlantic Ocean, feeling less at ease than I usually do on land, an intelligent sailor came up to me and told me that we were in the Gulf Stream. The consolation was slight, because the Gulf Stream seemed to me as turbulent as any other part of the ocean. But it has occurred to me since, that he spoke, as it were, in a metaphor, and that what he really referred to was the gulf stream that flows between here and England; of the gulf stream of sympathy which unites the two countries, and which, unlike the merely physical and uncomfortable stream, flows both ways, from us to you and from you to us. (Applause.)

"It is indeed, in a way, strange for an Englishman to make his first visit to this country. I was asked by a cynical friend before I started why I was going, and he referred not ob-

scurely to the hopes I entertained of paying my expenses. (Laughter.)

"Well, gentlemen, the ancient epigram forbids us to say that it is necessary to live; but I am still among those who consider that it is desirable. (Laughter.) I agree with a clergyman in my own country who said that the Scriptures teach that the laborer is worthy of his hire, but that, for his part, he thought it ought to be paid free of income tax. (Laughter.)

"But that was not the sort, not exclusively the sort, of American gold which was in my mind; and if it had been when I started, I should before now have found out my mistake. Better than that, gentlemen, is the gold of your cordial reception, which still sits on my heart as too much undeserved.

"But to come here is indeed, in the old phrase, the experience of a lifetime. It has been my fate—I don't know whether you will be surprised about it—to be asked quite three or four times already what were my impressions of America. (Laughter.) When in Quarantine I was asked first; and my only impression then was that I should never get here. I was asked again at the landing, when my sole feeling was that I was very glad to get here. (Laughter and applause.)

"The question I have not yet answered. It is difficult to answer. One comes to a country that is unfamiliar, and yet not strange; that is new, and yet recalls every moment the things that are old; that is foreign, and yet is distinct with a separate, individual, and proud nationality. (Applause.)

"And as with your nationality, so, if I may say so, it seems to me, with your literature. It has its roots where our literature has; but patriotic as I am, I must admit that a brighter sun has shone upon it, copious rain has nourished it, it has its own fruit and its own flavor; and thus it enhances and glorifies the English language, in which both itself and our literature on the other side of the Atlantic are expressed. (Applause.)

"It is far from my desire to speak to you long to-night, but it is impossible for me to sit down, without at least trying to say to you how very deeply I feel the generosity and the kindness of this greeting, and to say also how I have felt for years back the kindness and the readiness with which the public of America greets us English writers. (Applause.)

"We come here with no credentials save that our country has played in the past a part which our country would not repeat in the future. (Applause.) But if you do not forget that—and perhaps you do not forget it—you are at least willing to forgive it; and as members of the same family, we remember, not the occasions on which every now and then, perhaps from living too close together, we fell out, but rather the time when we made friends again and celebrated the event by a cordial dinner. (Applause.)

"Gentlemen, I thank you." (Loud and continued applause.)

From October 17, 1897, to January 15th following, Mr. Hawkins and I travelled together, visiting sixty different cities, and he gave seventy-six readings. He saw the face of America's book-loving public. He spent Christmas at my home, making it a memorable day in our household. On New Year's day, in company with his publisher, Mr. Fred. A. Stokes, John S. Wise, and his son, of Virginia, Mr. William Carey of the *Century Magazine*, and Mr. George F. Foster of Stokes & Co., and *me too*, Mr. Hawkins was given a Chinese dinner in Mott Street, the Chinese quarters of New York. The menu was in Chinese hieroglyphics, and as far as any of us could tell the dinner was as much hieroglyphic as the menu. The host, Mr. Stokes, had anticipated the inability of the party to make out or digest the Oriental spread, and took with him a satchel filled with sandwiches, cigars, and a canteen or two of *pure* water, and this, with the stories, supplied the necessaries of the day and occasion, both of which are not easy to forget, for the delight they gave.

Since Mr. Hawkins' return to England we have frequently corresponded, and many of the letters that I have received from

him illustrate so well the genial spirit of the man that I take the liberty of reproducing a few of them by his kind permission.

"25th Jan., '98,
"16 Buckingham Street.

"My Dear Major:

"A peaceful, prosperous voyage! The old ship rolled a bit, but my colors were not lowered. We got in at two on Saturday—since when I have been overwhelmed with work which had accumulated here. Your album delights my father and family—not least your inscription at the end—which delights me too. I feel myself a very much travelled man, although you made light of my wanderings. I wish you well through yours in the West and look forward to yours here in the East.

I hope all does go well—and I think of you and drink to your health.

"Your ever,
"A. H. H."

"17th May, '98,
"16 Buckingham Street, Strand.

"My Dear Major:

"You have found out by now what a bad correspondent I am—for your cable from San Francisco came and was appreciated and yet not answered—but your letter reaches me today and I must congratulate you on your safe achievement of your big journey and your return home. Our little trip together sinks quite into insignificance, doesn't it? I'm afraid you'd have found me a very lazy and trying companion for so long a jaunt. If you weren't devoted to moving, I would wish you a good long rest at home now, but, since you're the man you are, I'll wish a good and speedy voyage *to England*, with Mrs. Pond and your boy this time. We have a good many of your folks here—among them Cable, who is being well treated, I think; he's giving some public readings and I'm going to hear him in about a fortnight in one of them. Our thoughts have been much with you all in the war. I feel it even as I should an English war, and I'm sure the great—the vast—majority over here are of the same way of thinking. But I think *you've* done enough fighting for your country and may fairly let the boys have a look in this time—or are you pining to be in Cuba with your scouts? I am living my usual quiet life, writing and reading proofs—and, I must add, dining out—when I talk quite learnedly about America on the

strength of my journey with you. *The Critic* printed my letter all right—in fact I was very well treated, smoothed down, and complimented, and called a real gentleman, and everything that was nice. So that's all over and all is well. And, to prove I think so, I've been advising more than one eminent gentleman to go out and do a trip with you.

"You must read 'Rupert of Hentzau' when it comes—we consider it rather a good yarn.

"Give Mrs. Pond all my remembrances—just as cordial as you know how to make them. So, my dear Major,

"Ever yours,

"ANTHONY H. HAWKINS."

"22d Sept., '98,

16 BUCKINGHAM STREET, STRAND.

"MY DEAR MAJOR:

"I was very glad to get your letter—but why haven't you been over? I've been expecting, or at least hoping, to hear of your coming all the summer. Thanks for your news of 'Ursula'—it seems to have made a good beginning—here we are busy rehearsing it and hope to do as well in London. I'm back from my holiday for this purpose—also to have teeth out—for the holiday was spoilt by a violent attack of toothache. I had a face like a turnip—thankful am I that this didn't happen while I was with you, or we should have had to ring the curtain down for a fortnight at least. But I got a run in France and another in Scotland, so I mustn't complain. Only just now I'm a wreck from that dentist's nefarious deeds!

"I think you ought to have a success with Zangwill—he's an interesting personality. For me—well, I hope indeed to come over again, but I doubt whether the reading desk will see me any more—they like my books better than they like me, and I am very content to have it so. But I wouldn't have missed the tour we did together and the experience of it. Just now I'm doing nothing—except the aforesaid rehearsals. All inspiration for new work tarries. It'll come some day perhaps. Congratulations that you are well and prosperously through the war! The feeling here has surprised me by its warmth and generality. So there's one good result, anyhow.

"My best remembrances to Mrs. Pond. No, I didn't solve the riddle and had to look! I suppose it's no good hoping for you here before next summer now, but then you must come at all risks. "Yours ever, my dear Major,

"ANTHONY H. HAWKINS."

"30th Dec., '98,
"16 Buckingham Street, Strand, W.C.

"My Dear Major:

"Most cordial thanks to you for your greetings—and the best of good wishes to you and yours for the New Year. On Christmas day I did not fail to remember our cheery banquet under your roof a year ago, and I drank your health and Mrs. Pond's—hoping you were drinking mine out of a certain mug! [A loving cup which Mr. H. presented me, and which I found on my desk after he had sailed, inscribed, "Here's Your Good Health, Major."] I hope all goes well with you in health. For success, your letter seems to tell of a good season—you'll have made more than I could make for you—though upon my word I don't believe that would prevent you from having me over again. I am glad to hear that Caine and Zangwill both did so well—they are both very interesting people, so it's small wonder. I have been rather ill this 'fall' (you see I don't forget the language). . . . That little play I brought over to New York in my portmanteau has come to the rescue and I come out at the right end. It's capital news that you hope to come over in the summer. I am sure to be here, I think, and we'll fight our battles over again. We are all Americans here now—a development of feeling that gives me the heartiest pleasure. But whether the nations go on loving one another or not, your welcome here is safe whenever you come.

"Kindest remembrances to Mrs. Pond and your son—and I am, my dear Major, with friendliest thoughts,

"Ever yours,
"Anthony H. Hawkins."

"26th July, '99,
"16 Buckingham Street, Strand, W.C.

"My Dear Major:

"I am the basest of men in that I never answered your very pleasant letter. The only excuse is that I have been *buried* in a new story and came up to the surface only yesterday! Moreover—yes, here's another—I've a vivid recollection that you were coming over this summer and have hoped to hear your knock on my door. You haven't come—and I suppose won't now?

"For me? Well, I was nearly tempted over to New York—just for fun—but prudence stepped in and I stuck to work. That's done, and I've a series of little holidays before me,

broken by the task of rehearsing a play in the end of August. I am well, but tired—amiable but irritable (as you may remember!)—and shall be very much better for a month of the country. Except geographically, I *have* been living in America—so many pleasant friends from your side of the water have been here and so much dissipation have they led me into. People keep turning up whom we met on our journeyings together. They asked me if *you* worked *me* very hard, and I have to confess that I gave you a much worse time than you succeeded in inflicting on me.

"What a splendidly successful season you seem to have had! You will hear with complete resignation that I don't think I shall ever face the footlights again, although I do by all means intend to find myself in America again, and that before very long. But I've read here once or twice—oh, so badly! I believe I need the stimulus of your kindly but critical eye on the back benches of the hall!

"My best remembrances and regards to Mrs. Pond, and to yourself always good wishes and most friendly memories.

"Yours,

"ANTHONY HOPE HAWKINS."

I quote from my diary of January 15, 1898:

"Saw my dear friend Anthony Hope Hawkins on board the *Umbria*, bound for England. Sorry to part with him; never had a better time in any man's company for three months. He is an honor to his profession, his country, and his race. This evening I join F. Marion Crawford for a three-months' tour to the Pacific coast."

GEORGE W. CABLE, with his "Old Creole Days" and his Southern stories, and George Kennan, with his "Travels and Explorations Among the Convict Colonies in Siberia," are the only public favorites as readers and lecturers that have been brought into prominence through magazine articles almost exclusively. Both of these gentlemen were introduced to me by Roswell Smith, President of the *Century Magazine* Company.

One morning Mr. Smith called at my office to ask me if I had read George W. Cable's Creole stories, which were appearing in the *Century*. I told him that I had not, but that I had heard Mr. Beecher speak of Mr. Cable, and was very anxious to meet him. Mr. Beecher had mentioned him to me as having "developed great literary ability," and advised me to go and hear him read "just for the sake of the enjoyment." Mr. Smith said he would bring him in and introduce him, which he did a day or two later. I found him a charming gentleman, and I know that he made a very fine impression on me at the time. He told me that he had been reading in Boston and had met with great success; that he had given five readings in Chickering Hall which, to his surprise, had netted him about $1,000 profit. This certainly was an excellent report for an author reader. I asked him if he would give a public reading for me before he returned South. He said he would. I at once arranged for an

appearance in the Long Island Historical Society Hall in Brooklyn, and asked Mr. Beecher if he would preside; but a lecture engagement in Boston prevented his being able to introduce Mr. Cable, much as he would have liked to present him to the Brooklyn public. He said, however, that he would make an announcement of the reading from his pulpit on Sunday, which he did in the following words, taken down at my request by Mr. Ellingwood (Mr. Beecher's stenographer):

"Mr. George W. Cable will give a reading from his own works to-morrow evening in the Hall of the Historical Society, at eight o'clock. Admission, including reserved seat, one dollar. I give notice of this, not because it is for any charitable purpose, but because I am very glad to mark, and to asked you to observe, the fact that our literary treasures are not confined to the North, nor to the Middle States, nor are they all of Yankee blood. Next Friday and Saturday evenings are to be given to the New England Societies of Brooklyn and New York, when we shall prove that there is nothing good on the face of the earth that did not come from New England blood. But until that is proved, it is worth your while to believe that God has made some smart men somewhere else besides in New England and the Middle States. After the period of separation between the North and the South, now happily passed, it ought to be a pleasure to every generous man to greet every returning sign of amity and friendship. When a man, born and bred in the South, has, under the providence of God, developed great literary talent, especially given to America an entirely new vein of dramatic interest, and brought it out with delicacy and richness, and with very great power, as Mr. Cable has—all of whose works I believe I have read, and read with the utmost relish and delight—when such a man appears among us, our hospitality ought to be so marked that there shall be one man, at any rate, from the South who will admit that Yankees have got hearts, and that they are not cold. Besides all this, if you want to know what an enjoyable evening is, go, just for the sake of the enjoyment."

I told Mr. Cable of the pleasant things Mr. Beecher had said to me about him, of his regret at not being able to introduce him in Brooklyn, and of the cordial announcement made from his pulpit. Mr. Cable made no response whatever—was absolutely silent—and I was rather surprised, as the indorsement of Mr. Beecher assured success in Brooklyn.

The night of Mr. Cable's appearance, Historical Hall was crowded. He walked on to the platform alone. There was no introductory speech, but, instead, a round of applause—I think about as hearty as Mr. Cable ever had. He began his programme, and then everybody listened attentively to the simple readings and delineations of the characters that he had created, and the quaint singing of the Creole-African songs. I am bound to say that never in my life have I witnessed an audience more absolutely charmed than this one, by these simple natural readings. It was a revelation to them.

Mr. Cable was obliged to return to New Orleans the next day, to be absent three weeks. Meanwhile I made arrangements for a course of five readings in New York, Philadelphia, and neighboring cities, I to accompany him on the tour.

Somehow I never could get a response from him when Mr. Beecher's name was mentioned, and yet he must have realized Mr. Beecher's part in the hearty reception that he had received in Brooklyn.

On the day after Mr. Cable returned from New Orleans to begin his course of New York readings in Chickering Hall, he said to me:

"Major Pond, you must have noticed that whenever you have mentioned Mr. Beecher to me I have never said very much. As you know, Southern public opinion is very hostile to him, and I am well aware that all accounts I have had of him, or virtually all, were colored by hostile prejudice; but it is already known of me, as far as I am known at all, that I am not always guided by Southern opinion. I have never allowed myself to form a fixed opinion of Mr. Beecher. I have read writings, sermons, and speeches of his, but I have never heard him preach, and I should like to do so to-morrow.

If you can secure me entertainment for to-night (it was Saturday) and to-morrow, I will go and hear him. I would not go from New York on Sunday, as I never travel in public conveyances on the Sabbath."

This delighted me, and I at once telegraphed a common friend of Mr. Beecher's and mine, in Brooklyn (a lady who had a fine home on Columbia Heights and who was a prominent member of Plymouth Church), asking if she would entertain Mr. George W. Cable over Sunday, as he wished to hear Mr. Beecher preach. A very hearty invitation came at once, and a carriage was sent to the Everett House for Mr. Cable to take him to Brooklyn.

The next day he and I sat in Mr. Beecher's pew, and he listened to the first sermon he ever heard the Plymouth pastor preach. It seemed to please him greatly. After the sermon he very cordially approached Mr. Beecher and told him how delighted he was with the sermon, and told him then and there that he had never before felt entitled to form a fixed opinion of him. Mr. Beecher said to me:

"Pond, will you please escort Mr. Cable to my house? I want you both to remain and take dinner with us. I have a committee meeting which will occupy about ten minutes, and I will join you."

Turning to Mr. Cable, he said, "My family are all anxious to meet you, Mr. Cable."

All of Mr. Beecher's family were at home to dinner and they had all read Mr. Cable's stories, and his characters were brought into discussion and comment in a way that only the Beecher family could do it. It must have been very satisfactory to the author. Mr. Beecher left the table about two o'clock for his accustomed afternoon sleep, and the party dissolved, Mr. Cable and I returning to the home of his Brooklyn hostess.

I felt much gratification at seeing Mr. Cable's silent neutrality change to outspoken friendship. After that, Mr. Cable and Mr. Beecher were very fast friends, and when Mr. Cable brought his family North and settled in Northampton, Mass., I arranged for Mr. Beecher to lecture in that city with the

view that Mr. Cable and his family should hear him. It was quite an occasion in Northampton. Mr. Cable invited some friends to meet Mr. Beecher at his house, and the afternoon before the lecture Mr. Beecher planted an elm, which is now a handsome tree on Mr. Cable's beautiful place in Northampton, and is known as "The Beecher Elm."

Among the first letters that I received at the time of Mr. Beecher's death were the two following from Mr. Cable:

"NORTHAMPTON, MASS.,
"March 7, 1887.

"DEAR MAJOR:

"Can the sad rumor be true—that Mr. Beecher is stricken with apoplexy? It is dreadful as a mere possibility. How shall one express the feeling of loss that comes to every hearer of such tidings? How shall we send words of sympathy to the family when as to him we are all in a greater degree than of any other one man, his children? He is—I trust we need not yet say was—the fatherliest man to the whole people our land has given us. You will know whether to show this to Mrs. Beecher or not. Yours truly,

"G. W. CABLE."

"P. S.—I have just read the sad, sad news.—G. W. C."

"NORTHAMPTON, MASS.,
"March 8, 1887.

"DEAR MAJOR POND:

"Your letter of March 6th, written at Mr. Beecher's desk, touches me deeply. I know you are losing in his death the best friend you ever had; a man who had the art of being a friend as few have it. May God turn this great loss to your spirit's gain, as only He can. I wish you had written me more; but I hope to hear from you again very soon.

"The blow seems to strike everywhere. No one fails to feel that the world is losing one of its greatest lights.

"This evening I go to read in Meriden. To-morrow I shall be back here. I hope you will find opportunity to come up soon and let me help you in the work—more a labor of love to you now than ever before—which you had projected.

"Four of my children are confined with scarlet fever, but the cases are light, and I can assist you, though not in my own house. Yours truly,

"G. W. CABLE."

When Mr. Cable first began to give public readings he had so little voice that he could not comfortably make himself heard by an audience of two hundred and fifty. He decided that the first thing to do was to secure a training of his voice, which all his life he had been using so injuriously, because so faultily. Many of his friends advised him not to take elocution lessons, but he persisted, with the end in view just mentioned.

Mr. Cable's singing of Louisiana folk-songs was a charming, quaint, and fascinating feature of his entertainment, and was so commented on by the newspapers everywhere. It never failed to awaken applause from his audiences, who would have had him sing the songs over and over again had he been willing to humor his appreciative listeners. Yet he rarely sang more than one in an evening and almost never more than two. For a long time he omitted them entirely from his programmes, because, as he said, "he felt jealous for the readings when reporters spent their praises on the songs." One season he thought of preparing a lecture on these Creole songs, to be illustrated by singing a number of them interspersed through the lecture; but when Mr. Gilder told him "it seemed hardly to comport with his dignity as an author," he took the same view, and never prepared the lecture.

Of late Mr. Cable has gotten back to his original usage, giving to the public what they ask—the Creole songs and stories as he originally sang and told them. Two years ago he gave them in Great Britain with all the attractive naturalness of his maiden efforts.

As a reader of his own stories, George W. Cable is among the greatest of lyceum favorites. These creations are unique, and he alone gives them full value. But he is also highly esteemed as a lecturer. In that field he makes his own road also, just as he has done in realistic and character-making literature.

The essentials for a platform entertainment were so aptly and ably suggested in one of Mr. Cable's letters that, for the benefit of committees, associations, and managers they are submitted:

"New York, Feb. 10, 1886.

"My Dear Major Pond:

"To make an end of all misconceptions, let us write a list of things we have to have and of things we would be happy without. For instance, among the essentials it is probably not unreasonable to demand a platform, brightly lighted and furnished with a table, which is all the better if it is decidedly heavy, so that one can freely lean against it without its starting away on its castors. Also, one chair, light enough to be freely lifted about by the speaker with one hand. A comfortable retiring room one need hardly mention; it is nearly always supplied. Foot-lights, if practicable. These are really about all that one need say are important to have.

"But there are other things that gladden one by their absence. One doesn't want any lights behind the speaker, unless they are high overhead; nor any light on the table; nor any reading desk. Much less any sort of railing in front of the speaker; and still less a water pitcher and glass. Even less than these, any orchestra or band of music; and least of all, any species of *performance*, amateur or professional, long or short, musical or unmusical. And one thing which can be dispensed with even joyfully is sitters on the platform—except in the event of a crowded house; when everybody is welcome everywhere.

"Once more: Often there are those who would like to make certain non-essential yet pleasant additions to the appointments of the stage if they only knew what would be acceptable. We owe it to such kind friends to say what luxuries of the platform are to our taste. It is pleasant, for instance, but not imperative to have a space on the platform of about fifteen feet square or its equivalent. A carpet is always far pleasanter than a bare floor. An introduction to the audience is acceptable, yet of no importance. Where practicable, it is very pleasant to have an enclosed scene set, say a drawing-room, library, or study. A few books in modest bindings, inkstand, pen-rack, etc., decorate the table agreeably. Floral decorations had better be scanty than too abundant. A tasteful programme free from advertisements and printed on cardboard is a comfort. These trifles are real helps, and add to the pleasures of the evening both on the platform and beyond it. Yet there is almost nothing that cannot be dispensed with if not procurable. Yours truly,

"G. W. Cable."

WALT WHITMAN gave a few readings under my management during his life. They were mostly testimonials from friends, and benefits given in the theatres of New York City. On one occasion Mr. Carnegie took a box for $500. I think the receipts were $1,800. It was a performance well worth attending, and attracted a strange audience, consisting mostly of poets, literary lights, and rich people who admired the writings of the "Good Gray Poet."

It was indeed a picturesque spectacle at Walt's last appearance in the Madison Square Theatre, on Lincoln's birthday. Just as he was about to recite "My Captain," a little girl, the granddaughter of Edmund Clarence Stedman, walked out upon the stage and presented him with a beautiful bouquet of roses.

Walt Whitman's Camden home seemed to be a Mecca for the litterateurs of Europe who visited this country. Both Matthew Arnold and Sir Edwin Arnold visited him there, and a number of other distinguished men as well. It was during Sir Edwin Arnold's last visit to New York that he suggested he would like to call on Walt Whitman again. He and I went to Philadelphia together, and, with John Russell Young, took a carriage at the Lafayette Hotel about noon and drove to his Camden home. Whitman, who of course knew of Sir Edwin

Arnold, and he seemed cheered and pleased by the attention. I had planned the visit the night before by telegraph to Mr. Young, saying that we would surprise Walt. He had no intimation of our coming until we arrived.

The aged poet sat in his bedroom. He was wrapped in a big blanket, upon which his gray beard, that of a typical sage, flowed. The floor was littered with books and papers, almost blocking our approach. Sir Edwin Arnold managed to wade through the literary débris, and stood in the full light of the window before his host.

An inexpressible flood of delight passed over the face of the American poet as he beheld his great English confrère. Sir Edwin rushed toward him and exclaimed, "My dear friend, I am delighted to see you."

"Arnold, I did not expect you; how kind and considerate!" was the surprised exclamation of the aged poet as he held out his hand. But there was more than the usual handshaking. The greeting was a literal embrace, for the two poets loved each other in the strictest literary sense. Sir Edwin had always been infatuated with Walt Whitman's poetry, and the American bard found equal delight in the productions of the former. It was the second time that the two had met. Sir Edwin Arnold's visit to this country in 1892 was made expressly to see Walt Whitman.

After the two poets had embraced, Walt Whitman received John Russell Young and me with an effusive greeting.

For the next hour and a half the talk ran fast and without intermission. Walt had much to tell, and so had Sir Edwin; it was a shower of literary epigrams. Sir Edwin was very sorry that his friend was not in the best of health.

"If I had hold of you," said Sir Edwin, pointing his finger affectionately, "I'd soon get you well. You are not sick; why, if I could only have you, I wager that I could make you young again. Seventy-three years—that's not much. You're certainly good for fifteen years more, and during that time you can keep me delighted with books of new verse."

"Oh, what beautiful things you say of me," responded

Walt; "and Arnold, how can I repay you for that splendid little tribute to me at the Lotos Club? You don't know how it pleased me. It stirs the cockles of my blood to read the nice things you say of me."

The two sat alongside of each other and began talking about American and English poetry.

"Arnold, we're a lively, hustling people," said the American bard, "and we're too practical yet to appreciate the full sentiment of our verse. What a wealth has been written! Yes, we have not the high poetical spirit of the Japanese in this country. Over there in Japan there is so much sentiment —so much that is ideal."

Sir Edwin said he hoped that the day would not be far distant when the people of America would have a very soft poetical glow to their temperament. "Americans," said he, "are a great people, of remarkable intellect. What a future they have!"

Sir Edwin and his host next fell to musing over the great men of the country. They talked about Washington, Lincoln, and Grant, whose characters and deeds Sir Edwin avowed he was always fond of reading about. Then the pair had a literary treat by talking of Emerson, Longfellow, and other American poets. Each quoted many selections. Sir Edwin then asked Whitman if he should not recite from memory some of the latter's gems.

"Have you some of my poetry in your memory?" exclaimed the aged poet.

"Well, I will guarantee to be able to recite at least half of what you have written," replied Sir Edwin playfully.

"Now let me try you."

Sir Edwin then stood up when he was asked to recite a portion of Walt Whitman's verse on the death of Lincoln. The famous English bard's eyes twinkled, and he began:

"Come early and soothing Death.
Undulate round the world, severely arriving, arriving,
In the day, in the night, to all, to each,
Sooner or later, delicate death."

Sir Edwin kept on reciting until tears filled the eyes of the American poet and he reached forth his hand thankfully. Sir Edwin recited several more selections, and then his host repeated many lines from Sir Edwin's works.

Before the party arose to take their departure, Walt Whitman had three volumes brought to him by a servant. Each volume was very large, and contained all of his productions in verse and prose. He jotted down his autograph on each, and as he handed them to his guests he spoke like a playmate to his companions: "I won't say that I will write to you fellows; it's all inside the book."

"God bless you and keep you safe and well!" responded Sir Edwin, and the visit came to an end.

Sir Edwin spoke thus of Walt Whitman: "Great, good poet that he is, he stands next to Emerson."

WALT WHITMAN.

Gone has the savor from the salt
With Walt.
An untamed stallion, strong and sure,
He galloped through our literature;
No critic trainer had the grit
To tame him to the bridle bit,
No rein his headlong speed could halt,
Unharnessed Walt.

A man of many a flaw and fault
Was Walt.
He never tried to train his thought
To blossom in a flower pot;
With careless hand he flung his seeds,
And some grew roses, some grew weeds,
And some rich flowers of purple blood
Sprung from the mud.

O'er custom's fence, with easy vault,
Leaped Walt.
The pedant's gown he would not don,
Nor hold his pen with handcuffs on.
His rhythm, like a fetterless sea,
Broke in mad music and débris
Against the bowlders of his age
With giant rage.

We shall not find 'neath heaven's vault
Another Walt.
He gave a gift beyond all pelf,
Man's greatest gift—he gave himself.
Then bear, with dead hands on his breast,
This shaggy old man to his rest.
A strong, audacious soul has fled,
Now Walt is dead.

—Sam Walter Foss.

A. CONAN DOYLE

DR. A. CONAN DOYLE came to this country in October, 1894, and gave forty public readings. Had it not been for his invalid wife, with whom he had promised to spend Christmas, he could have continued during the season and returned home with a small fortune in American dollars.

There was something about his personality that attracted people, and still he was not what I would say the most satisfactory reader of his writings. There was something about him that fairly charmed his audiences, and many of his great admirers were seriously disappointed when they found that as soon as the lecture was over the Doctor had made his escape from the stage door, so that those friends who had rushed to meet him and congratulate him could not do so.

I remember that I made a promise to a group of very prominent New York ladies, who had made a special request to meet the Doctor after his reading, that they could have the privilege of being introduced to him. While in the wings as he was stepping on the stage I told the Doctor what I had done and asked him to please wait and meet them. He replied: "Oh, Major, I cannot, I cannot. What do they want of me? Let me get away. I haven't the courage to look anybody in the face." He was a pessimist in regard to the satisfactoriness of his entertainment.

He is a gentleman with very hot blood. He seldom wears an overcoat, even in the coldest weather. He seemed to like everybody he met and everything he saw in America excepting our heated hotel lobbies, public halls, and railway cars. When he had a matinée lecture he removed his vest and buttoned his Prince Albert coat close to his body. This he could not very well do in his evening dress.

Dr. Doyle comes of a family of artists and literary men, his grandfather having been a famous caricaturist, and one of his uncles the famous Richard Doyle of the early days of London *Punch*, and another, James Doyle, the historian. He studied

medicine, and at nineteen went to the Arctic regions as medical officer to a whaler. On his return to Edinburgh he continued his medical studies and there met Dr. James Bell, the eminent surgeon, the man who suggested "Sherlock Holmes," his most famous character.

Like most literary men, he makes few close friends. He is a golf fiend, and will spend all the time possible, cold, wet, rain or shine, on the links. He is an ideal travelling companion.

I think that Dr. Doyle was tendered more honors from clubs and societies generally than any other Englishman I have known, hundreds of which he was obliged to decline. He was one of the most appreciative Englishmen that ever came to this country. American institutions and American customs did not seem to cause unkind remark or to surprise him as they have many others. He was a great favorite with the newspaper men, and they were always ready and willing to say nice things of him.

As for his impression of America generally, I don't know that I can do better than to give his own story as he told it at a dinner given in his honor by the Lotos Club, New York, on the 17th of November, just before his return home.

Two hundred members and guests of the Lotos Club gathered to greet him. President Lawrence made a highly flattering address of welcome, and, when he presented Dr. Doyle, the latter was blushing at the kind things said of him. He began by saying:

"There was a time in my life which I divided among my patients and literature. It is hard to say which suffered most. But during that time I longed to travel as only a man to whom travel is impossible does long for it, and most of all I longed to travel in the United States. Since this was impossible, I contented myself with reading a good deal about them, and building up an ideal United States in my own imagination. This is notoriously a dangerous thing to do. I have come to the United States, I have travelled from five to six thousand miles through them, and I find that my ideal picture is not to be whittled down, but to be enlarged on every side.

I have heard even Americans say that life is too prosaic over here. That romance is wanting. I do not know what they mean. Romance is the very air they breathe. You are hedged in with romance on every side. I can take a morning train in this city of New York, I can pass up the historic and beautiful Hudson, I can dine at Schenectady where the Huron and the Canadian did such bloody work, and before evening I have found myself in the Adirondack forests, where the bear and the panther are still to be shot, and where within four generations the Indian and the frontiersman still fought for the mastery. With a rifle and a canoe you can glide into one of the back eddies which has been left by the stream of civilization. I feel keenly the romance of Europe. I love the memories of the shattered castle and the crumbling abbey; of the steel-clad knight and the archer; but to me the romance of the red-skin and the trapper is more vivid, as being more recent. It is so piquant also to stay in a comfortable inn, where you can have your hair dressed by a barber, at the same place where a century ago you might have been left with no hair to dress.

"Then there is the romance of this very city. On the first day of my arrival, I inquired for the highest building and I ascended it in an elevator—at least they assured me it was an elevator. I thought at first that I had wandered into the dynamite gun. If a man can look down from that point, upon the noble bridge, upon the two rivers crowded with shipping, and upon the magnificent city with its thousand evidences of energy and prosperity, and can afterward find nothing better than a sneer to carry back with him across the ocean, he ought to consult a doctor. His heart must be too hard or his head too soft. And no less wonderful to me are those Western cities, which, without any period of development, seem to spring straight into a full growth of every modern convenience, but where, even among the rush of cable cars and the ringing of telephone bells, one seems still to catch the echoes of the woodsman's axe and of the scout's rifle. These things are the romance of America, the romance of change, of contrast, of

danger met and difficulty overcome; and let me say that we, your kinsmen upon the other side, exult in your success and in your prosperity, and it is those who know British feeling, true British feeling best, who will best understand how true are my words. I hope you don't think I say this, or that I express my admiration for your country, merely because I am addressing an American audience. Those who know me better on the other side will exonerate me from so unworthy a motive. It is a subject upon which I feel deeply. I am aware that the division of opinion among us at the time of your civil troubles has been taken to mean lack of sympathy with you. Far from being so, it was exactly the contrary. Our sympathies are so close and vital that when you are rent in two we are rent in two, and with a bitterness and completeness which was the counterpart of your own. So it would be to-morrow, and when it ceases to be, it will be a proof that we have finally lost touch with you. It is only when a great American or an Englishman dies, when a mighty voice is hushed forever, a Tennyson, a Lowell, or a Holmes, that a thrill through both countries tells of that deep-lying race feeling in the development of which lies, I believe, the future history of the world. Little waves and eddies may disturb the surface, but there is an unseen current there a thousand fathoms deep, which sweeps us onward to the same goal. And the proudest thought of a literary man is that he, too, in his infinitesimal way, is one of the forces which make for unity of feeling amongst the English-speaking races, and for that 'peace and good will to all men' which such a unity of feeling would entail.

"Gentlemen, I thank you once more for your great kindness to me."

President Seth Low of Columbia University, Hon. Abram S. Hewitt, W. Bourke Cockran, David Christie Murray, Bartow S. Weeks, and William H. McElroy also spoke.

The menu had in its upper right-hand corner a portrait of Dr. Doyle, and on its border characters and scenes from his novels.

The night before Dr. Doyle sailed for England, Friday, December 6, 1894, the Aldine Club gave him a farewell dinner. Hamilton W. Mabie presided and introduced the guest of the evening, who had just arrived from Boston. It was a literary crowd of our choicest men of letters. Dr. Doyle seemed to have no set speech, but prefaced his reply to Mabie with an account of his arrival in Boston:

"I arrived in Boston and alighted from the train almost into the arms of a dozen cabbies. One of them had a dog-eared book peeping out of his pocket, and I instinctively called him, saying as I got in: 'You may drive me to Young's, or Parker's—perhaps.'

"'Pardon me,' said the cabbie, 'I think you'll find Major Pond waiting for you at Parker's, sir.'

"What could I do but stare and acquiesce by taking my seat speechlessly? We arrived, and the observant cabman was at the door. I started to pay my fare when he said, quite respectfully:

"'If it is not too great an intrusion, sir, I should greatly prefer a ticket to your lecture. If you have none of the printed ones with you, your agent would doubtless honor one of your visiting-cards, if pencilled by yourself.'

"I had to be gruff or laugh outright, and so said:

"'Come, come, I am not accustomed to be beaten at my own tricks. Tell me how you ascertained who I am, and you shall have tickets for your whole family, and such cigars as you smoke here in America, besides.'

"'Of course we all knew that you were coming on this train—that is, all of the members of the Cabmen's Literary Guild,' was the half-apologetic reply. 'As it happens, I am the only member on duty at this station this morning, and I had that advantage. If you will excuse other personal remarks, your coat lapels are badly twisted downward, where they have been grasped by the pertinacious New York reporters. Your hair has the Quakerish cut of a Philadelphia barber, and your hat, battered at the brim in front, shows where you have tightly grasped it, in the struggle to stand your ground at a Chicago

literary luncheon. Your right overshoe has a large block of Buffalo mud just under the instep, the odor of a Utica cigar hangs about your clothing, and the overcoat itself shows the slovenly brushing of the porters of the through sleepers from Albany. The crumbs of doughnut on the top of your bag—pardon me, your luggage—could only have come there in Springfield, and stencilled upon the very end of the "Wellington," in fairly plain lettering, is the name, "Conan Doyle."'

"Now I know where Sherlock Holmes went when he died. That leaves me free to write any more adventures of his that I wish as long as I locate them in Boston."

Dr. Doyle heard some fine speeches that evening after he had finished. Bill Nye was the first to follow him; then Edward Eggleston, Thomas Nelson Page, Charles Dudley Warner, F. Hopkinson Smith, James Lane Allen, and others; but the intellectual part of the feast was listening to Dr. Doyle's story-telling. He has a brilliant capacity for telling a true story with absolute correctness of historical detail and with anything but historical dulness.

After Dr. Doyle returned to his home he was, of course, obliged to say something of the impressions left by his visit. Among other things that he said, he made a remark to the effect that an English author should come here with the primary purpose of seeing the country and not of making money. This was immediately seized upon as a hint that his own tour had not paid. The following letter put that idea at rest:

"To the Editors of "The Critic," New York:

"I notice that you allude to my recent lecturing tour in America as though it had been unsuccessful. In justice to my most able manager, Major J. B. Pond, will you allow me to say that it was successful beyond all possible expectation, that I had crowded houses nearly everywhere, and that I could have easily doubled the list of my engagements? My remarks about American lecturing were impersonal, and I repeat that an English author should go there with the primary idea of seeing the country and the people, and that the making of money should be a secondary one. A. Conan Doyle.

"Maloja, Switzerland, Sept. 2, 1895."

The warm feeling of friendship he felt toward America and the American people is well illustrated by the following letter which he wrote me some time after his American tour:

"UNDERSHAW, HINDHEAD, HASLEMERE.

"MY DEAR MAJOR:

"It was quite a pleasure to me to see your handwriting again. I shall always regret that I did not see you when you came to London. Pray give my kindest remembrances to Mrs. Pond and the little man. You will, I am sure, be glad to hear that my wife's health has much improved.

"Has not the Anglo-American *entente cordiale* which I preached when I was in the States grown since 1894? It is the best and healthiest sign in the waning century. But we have much still to do. Yours always,

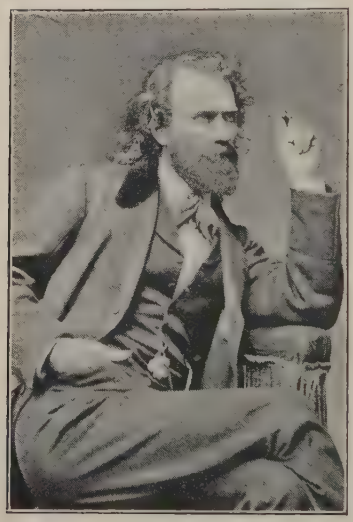
"A. CONAN DOYLE."

I would give him more money to-day than any Englishman I know of if he would return for a hundred nights.

He must be a great disappointment to his old teacher. When he had finished school the teacher called the boy up before him and said solemnly:

"Doyle, I have known you now for seven years, and I know you thoroughly. I am going to say something which you will remember in after-life. Doyle, you will never come to any good."

JOAQUIN MILLER, the poet of the Sierras, when he first appeared made a great sensation, and it was believed that a second Byron had been added to the list of our poets. He was born in Indiana, but was taken to Oregon when a mere infant. He spent part of his boyhood with a tribe of Indians, and there took the name of a well-known highwayman or "road agent." It was a mere caprice on the boy's part, but the name stuck to him and he stuck to the name. After leaving the Indians he went to the mines, and his life there is described in his novel "The Danites," which furnished the plot and character for his play of the same name. He soon tired of digging for gold, and established an express, which consisted of a few teams that took and brought parcels from the mining camp to the nearest town. Then he took to law, practised before the territorial courts, and subsequently was elected a judge. Of course he contributed to the territorial newspapers—everybody did who had any talent for writing; but unlike most frontier writers his contributions soon attracted notice outside of the Territory, and he soon found himself famous. That made it certain in those days that he would be invited to lecture. He did lecture a few times in California, and then came East, but proceeded to London before attempting to lecture in New England. He found himself unknown in London, and adopted a very original scheme for becoming



known. He issued an edition of his poems of the Sierras—just enough to send to the leading newspapers. He instantly became famous, and was courted by "society." He accepted numerous invitations to parties in high life, and went to splendid aristocratic residences clad in red shirt, slouch hat, and with his trousers tucked into his boots. He wore his hair long and exaggerated the manners of the far West. The result was to make him the lion of the season. He reaped a rich harvest from fabulous fees for readings from his Western poems, and relating incidents of his adventures in the Rocky Mountains. When he returned to the United States he lectured a little, but did not make a hit, and he soon returned to the coast, and has since depended almost solely on his pen for a living.

Later he went to the Klondike, and after his return lectured in the States on his experiences there; but his former friends were not around, and the present public did not know him, so his venture was a failure.

ALEXANDER BLACK is guilty of a new invention for drawing audiences. He wrote the story of "Miss Jerry," and not being in a position to engage a company to produce it throughout the country, induced a number of excellent actors to give the play in costume, and while it was being acted photographed every scene and incident. Then he developed the pictures, put them on lantern slides, and with the stereopticon reproduces the play in every respect but the speaking, which Mr. Black does himself. This stroke of genius is making Mr. Black rich, as well as surprising the public with an absolute novelty.

He has since produced two other picture plays. In "The Capital Courtship" the scene is laid in Washington, and the characters in the play call on the President in his office and in his parlors at the White House. They also visit many of the cabinet ministers, all of whom must have consented to pose specially for these illustrations. So great has been Mr. Black's success with the Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences that the manager of that institution, Mr. Franklin W. Hooper, paid him $300 for his initial performance of "The Capital Courtship," and wrote me that this picture play of Mr. Black's had brought many thousands of dollars to the institute.

The third year Mr. Black produced another play, "Miss America," which has met with equal success. There is hardly an established lyceum in the United States where he has not appeared, and what is particularly interesting in these times is

that Mr. Black is recalled more than any other stereopticon entertainer.

He was originally a journalist, and retired from that calling to become a showman. He spends his summers in preparing some new scheme for the edification and instruction of his myriads of friends throughout the length and breadth of the land. As I am not Mr. Black's manager, it can be seen that I pay him this tribute disinterestedly.

ERNEST SETON-THOMPSON

ERNEST SETON-THOMPSON is a practical demonstration of what I have ever declared: that there always has been and always will be some one coming to the front whom the general public wants to see and hear. That somebody must do something good enough to attract general attention and render an equivalent return for what the patrons will give.

The name of Seton-Thompson had been on my list for a season. He frequently called at my office and gave me newspaper notices, and told me of the pleasant things that had been said to him where he had given lectures for small lyceums at a moderate fee. He presented me with a copy of his book, "Wild Animals I have Known," which interested me immensely, and I was satisfied that he was not lecturing or reading for revenue only, but that he had a cause, was fond of animals, that his life had been associated with them, and that he showed clearly that every living creature had paternal and family instincts the same as human beings.

I asked him if he would give a lecture in Jersey City, near my home, so that I could hear it, which he consented to do. I then discovered that he was certainly a big attraction. I had booked him with a kindergarten society of New York for a lecture at Carnegie Lyceum, which I attended. Although I went early, I found the box office crowded with women and children trying to secure admission; but the man in the office had no more tickets to sell. The young lady who had charge of the affair came to me in great tribulation; there were a lot of people who wished to get in, and all the tickets she had put out among her friends had been sold and she didn't know what to do. I hurried to the box office and asked the ticket agent to sell the people something that would admit them to the place, charging a dollar each, and I told the young lady to let everybody in and secure all the money she could. The

result was about $160 more than the original sale of tickets that had been counted upon.

Then I suggested to Ernest Seton-Thompson that he and I give lectures in partnership in that hall as often as we could. I secured a number of dates,—I think eight in all,—the first one being one week from the afternoon just mentioned. I went to Carnegie Lyceum that afternoon and found every seat had been sold. The profits of the lecture were over $500. I asked Mr. Thompson if that wasn't the largest day's work he had ever done. He seemed very much flattered, and acknowledged that it was. We went from there to Boston, Philadelphia, Washington, and Baltimore, giving afternoon and evening entertainments.

The matinées were arranged so as to take place after school hours, generally from 4:30 to 5. These were invariably the largest attended. It was surprising to find the number of children who had read Mr. Seton-Thompson's book and how familiar they all were with the names of Lobo, Wahb, Mollie Cottontail, Blanca, Silver Spot, Vixen and Tip, The Wild Mustang, and especially Little Johnny. The appearance of any one of them on the screen was the signal for shouts of laughter from the children. Lobo and Little Johnny seemed to please them the most.

No man has risen more rapidly in public favor than Mr. Seton-Thompson, as regards both his writings and his lecturing. At the present time there are more engagements booked for him at high prices than for any other platform attraction in the country.

Mr. Seton-Thompson demonstrated that the hunting of wild animals with a camera, instead of with a rifle to destroy their lives, is fully as enjoyable, and possesses much more satisfactory final results. He has also taught us that the animals instinctively avoid man because they are being hunted for their lives; but in communities where the shooting of animals is prohibited, the creatures become tame and almost sociable. In the Yellowstone Park, where no firing is allowed or has been for years, the bears and the wolves, the cattle and the

horses, and the children, mingle together undisturbed, and children, colts, wolves, and lambs are as safe as though in their natural homes.

Mr. Seton-Thompson is a delightful man personally. Children have no hesitancy in approaching him or writing to him. He has received thousands of letters from children in all parts of the land telling him how they have enjoyed his books, and of the animals they have known that he must have heard of, or he could not have given their characters so graphically. The most interesting reading that I have found for a long time is among Mr. Seton Thompson's letters from children. Here is one:

"August 6, 1899, San Francisco, Cal.

"My Dear Mr. ——

"'Wild Animals I have Known' is the best and truest book I know. I have read it twice, each time feeling its trueness more and more. In the simple way the book is written it helps you to understand the delicate and finer parts of animal and bird life.

"The book appeals to you because it is true and just in all it says. I think it keen in detail, liberal and fair to every creature in it, beautiful in its style. The style that fascinates you yet not a novelist's fascination. Original in every way and no quoting or phrases of other men, but just the Author's own original and simple words, and on the whole it is a fine book that couldent be matched in beauty and style. The Author must lead a beautiful life in the woods and on the plains and in animals resting places, feeling at home with them and learning their ways, and I guess we all thank him for his toil and labor to compleat such a fine book. I like the Pacing Mustang and his glorious gate, as everlasting as steel. Bingo and lots of other stories. The Don Valley Partridge in which Mr. Thompson speaks of the cruel hunter who hunted Redruff. I had a simeler experience but not a brutal one for it turned out all right. My, Uncle, a boy friend of mine, and myself with our rifels and a pistol, (we were with a party of others going for a ducking in Eel River) we three were ahead, and just as we turned a curve we saw a Father quail with six or seven young ones, we were all seized with an impulse to shoot him although it was out of season. I shot between his toes, then my uncle shot and it kept it hot. I shot twice again but

all the time my friend was shooting and the dust was flying, there the quails stood untouched, and unmoved he waited till all the young were hid and then he hid himself. It was about five minutes that we had been shooting. I stopped and thought of Mr. Thompson's book. I tried to stop the others, and I did. When we left the spot there was one boy ashamed of his shooting, a man glad he dident kill the quaile, but ashamed of his shooting, and last of all I with a wreath of happiness round my head and glad I didn't kill the biped. Mr. Thompson saved his life (The quail's) by writing that fine book of his, and he made me happy the rest of the day, and put the cruel hunting spirite out of my head.

"Hoping Mr. Thompson will write many more books,

"I am yours sincerely,

"A—— W——."

(Twelve years old.)

It is surprising to learn, within two or three months after Mr. Seton-Thompson's success, how many people have been interested in the same way, and are ready to make sacrifices by writing books and lecturing on wild animals.

He is a benefactor and has a cause. Fame and fortune are assured to him, which he justly deserves.

At present writing Mr. Seton-Thompson is speaking twice a day in order to comply with the demand for his services. Everywhere crowded houses welcome him, and always on afternoon occasions the greater portion of the audience is composed of children. The whole human family is his public, because every human being loves wild animals; the rich and the poor, the learned and the unlearned, are alike interested and enthusiastic auditors.

All of Mr. Seton-Thompson's writings and drawings descriptive of the personality of wild animals are enhanced many fold by his inimitable description of them from his own lips. It is seldom that an author-artist is gifted with the ability to entertain upon the lecture platform, but Mr. Ernest Seton-Thompson is as clever with his voice as with his pen and pencil.

WILLIAM HENRY DRUMMOND, D.D., author of "De Habitant" and other French-Canadian poems, has lived virtually all his life with the French-Canadian people, and while most of the English-speaking public know the French-Canadians of the cities, they have had little opportunity of knowing the habitant as does the doctor. He knows them, and they know and love him so well that he allows them to tell their tales in their own way as they would relate them to English-speaking auditors not conversant with the French tongue.

As James Whitcomb Riley's Hoosier dialect poems have charmed the American people, so have Dr. Drummond's won the hearts of the Canadians. He reads as charmingly as he writes.

For the sake of those who are not familiar with his work, I quote (by permission of G. P. Putnam's Sons) a few verses from his poem, "De Habitant."

"De place I get born me, is up on de reever
Near foot of de rapide dat's call Cheval Blanc,
Beeg mountain behin' it, so high you can't climb it,
An' whole place she's mebbe two honder arpent.

"De fader of me, he was habitant farmer,
Ma gran'fader too, an' hees fader also,
Dey don't mak' no monee, but dat isn't fonny,
For it's not easy get ev'ryt'ing, you mus' know—

"All de sam' dere is somet'ing dey got ev'rybody,
Dat's plaintee good healt', wat de monee can't geev,
So I'm workin' away dere, an' happy for stay dere
On farm by de reever, so long I was leev."

"O! dat was de place w'en de spring tam she's comin',
W'en snow go away an' de sky is all blue—
W'en ice lef' de water, an' sun is get hotter,
An' back on de medder is sing de gon-glou—

"W'en small sheep is firs' comin' out on de pasture,
Deir nice leetle tail stickin' up on deir back,
Dey roune wit' deir moder, an' play wit' each oder,
An' jomp all de tam jus' de sam' dey was crack."

Very faithfully
Yours, Thos Nelson Page

THOMAS NELSON PAGE has been the most successful of the Southern authors who have read from their own writings. He has done more to preserve the traditions of the old South, the old negro character, and the interior home life before the war, than any one else. I wish that I were able to write well enough to say what I would like to of this Southern gentleman of letters. He seems to convey all that is best in a character, whether master or slave, and in such a way that every one who reads his charming descriptive novels is made familiar with life in the South as it actually was before the war.

Shortly after "Marse Chan" made its appearance, I received letters from all parts of the country asking if Thomas Nelson Page, the author of that story, could be secured to give readings. It was some time before I obtained a favorable reply to my many invitations for him to let himself be seen as well as read. He was very shy and quite averse to making an exhibition of himself, claiming that he was not gifted with voice or histrionic ability. He did consent to give joint readings with F. Hopkinson Smith for a short tour, beginning in Boston, January 12, 1892, in cosy little Chickering Hall. I had hoped for a big success financially, but the fame of the two Southern authors had not preceded them at the Hub. They opened with a small audience; but the newspapers gave excellent reports the following day, which assured success for the balance of the season. A Boston success means a success in New England, but I had struck high for large cities. We went to Chicago, Baltimore, Philadelphia, and Washington. The readings were attended by the choicest literary public in each city. Return engagements were made invariably, which were very remunerative, and there was a good deal of money in sight. Mr. Page was paving the way for a magnificent success another season, as was evident from the number of applications that came from every city where he had appeared.

Unfortunately, that season I made one engagement too many

in Chicago, for from there I received notice from Mr. Page that he would not give another season to the platform under any conditions. Very shortly afterward I learned that in Chicago he had made the acquaintance of one of the most charming ladies in that city, who seemed to have more influence over him than the alluring promises of lyceum readings. To make a long story short, Mr. Page changed his manager.

He is now living in Washington, and I am happy to say that I can count him as one of my best friends.

Three years ago I was a guest at a dinner at his house given to Anthony Hope, where were present the Hon. Lyman Gage, Secretary of the Treasury, Theodore Roosevelt, Assistant Secretary of the Navy, and James Lane Allen and Mr. John Fox, Jr., the two famous Southern novelists of the time. One can imagine the charming intellectual atmosphere of an occasion like this; none present but that felt there must have been some fault in the reckoning of time, for it was 4 A.M. when the party reluctantly dissolved.

Mr. Page has a beautiful home in Washington, and I know of no one better fitted for such charming surroundings. He is as delightful as a host and in his every-day conversation as he is as a reader of his fascinating Southern stories. One can spend a day with Mr. Page in ordinary travel and conversation and attend his readings at night, and find that he has been as delightfully entertained in the ordinary speech as by the public reading. He has the sweetest-speaking voice that I ever heard. There is no music more delightful to listen to.

For one reason I am glad that I was deprived of his services as a star. Had he continued on the platform he never would have written "Red Rock," a book which has met with an enormous sale and which gives the most graphic picture of the trials that the Southerners endured during and after the war. It is probably because I had been a soldier four years and had known nearly every character exactly as Mr. Page has presented it to the present generation and preserved it for posterity that I enjoyed it so much. Thomas Nelson Page certainly has not lived in vain.

MR. JOHN FOX, JR., is a young friend of Mr. Page's of whom I like to write. He is a Kentuckian, a Harvard man, lawyer, New York newspaper man, all-around athlete, and author of "The Cumberland Vendetta," "Hell for Sartain," and "The Kentuckians," which have won him a position among the best writers of America and Europe.

In Thomas Nelson Page's letter introducing Mr. Fox to me, he writes:

"Get John Fox some engagements. He is going to be a success, and some one else will secure him. Mr. Theodore Roosevelt was praising him to me the other night in a way to warm my heart."

Mr. Fox is surely one of the most popular Southern authors of the time, and is very much appreciated in the South on account of his nativity as well as because of the high character of his literary work; but he has appeared before the most cultivated literary circles in all of the larger cities of the North, giving his dialect readings from his own sketches of life in the Cumberland Mountains. He discovered a dialect and lots of good in the humble people who inhabit that mountainous region, and who are the least known of any of the inhabitants of our country.

For the class he presents he is as thoroughly sympathetic as Thomas Nelson Page is for the old-time Virginia negro "uncles" and "aunties" he so charmingly describes. I do not know a more natural and, in a refined sense, unconventional man on the platform and before his audience than this handsome, well-

bred, easy youngish gentleman from Bourbon County, Kentucky.

The Cumberland tableland, which is the scene of his stories, divides the Blue Ridge or Cumberland Mountains in East Tennessee from the "basin," or central and western sections of that State, and runs, a rugged formation, into Southeast Kentucky. "Charles Egbert Craddock," as Miss Murfree signs herself, has preceded John Fox in the same field, but the latter brought to his later task of dialect and character portraiture the physical sense of companionship from his ability to actualize in his own life the Cumberland mountaineer's rugged out-of-door existence.

In my own wanderings as printer, soldier, and later lecture manager, I have often felt the variant charm of the many-sided life of our land. Often, too, have I wondered at men going abroad to find romance and striking character, when so much of it is to be readily seen at home. The Cumberland mountaineers, generally of non-slave-holding stock, hunters even more than farmers, strong Union men in days of need, as a rule, but intensely Southern, nevertheless, afford a field for the story-teller's art which seems to me of the most interesting and unique character.

John Fox has won its secret and knows how to make others understand. He has a capital presence, a magnetic force and manner, and a most telling voice at his command. On the platform he is pretty much what he is off it, except that he is sensitively watchful of doing his work well. William Dean Howells declares that Fox brings a "fresh vision" and a "novel touch" in the seeing and presenting of his scenes and characters. If that is true of his books, it is more eminently so of his readings and lecture descriptions. He has no mannerisms and gives no evidence of effort. He simply tells and lives in the telling. What he gives is truly his own work. His dialect is perfect, but it is human and actual, not a mere caricature. The figures he gives are wholesome and clean, as is the man who presents them.

RUDYARD KIPLING and I have exchanged a number of letters, but up to the day before he was stricken with his late illness we had never met. After several attempts through his friends and publishers, members of the Century Co., to get an introduction to him, a common friend of the editorial staff said to me:

"Major, it's no use; Kipling won't see you."

"What have I done?" I asked.

"Nothing," replied my friend. "He says that he has been told that if he meets you he will go lecturing, and he doesn't purpose to expose himself."

And although his New York house was within a block of mine, he managed to keep out of my sight, much as I tried to meet him.

In 1895, while crossing the continent with Mark Twain on his lecture tour around the world, Mr. Kipling was often mentioned by Mark as the greatest "card" in the world, and I was urged to try to get him. "I am told he is the finest reader and interpreter of his own writings of all of us. Get him," said Mark. So, on my return from Victoria, B. C., after having seen Mark and his wife and daughter sail out on the *Warrimoo* for Australia, I determined to call on Mr. Kipling at his home in Vermont, hoping that, on Mark's suggestion, I might capture him. I received no reply to my various telegrams that I would call on such a day, but I had determined to make the effort. Yet when I started from Montreal to Brattleboro my courage failed. I did not stop, but wrote Mr.

Kipling immediately on my arrival in New York, and received the following reply:

"Brattleboro, Vt., Sept. 30, 1895.

"Dear Mr. Pond:

"I am much obliged to you for your letter, but I can't say that I can see my way to the ententement you propose. There is such a thing as paying one hundred and twenty-five cents for a dollar, and though I suppose there is money in the lecturing business, it seems to me that the bother, the fuss, the being at everybody's beck and call, the night journeys, and so on, make it very dear. I've seen a few men who've lived through the fight, but they did not look happy. I might do it as soon as I had two mortgages on my house, a lien on the horses, and a bill of sale on the furniture, and writer's cramp in both hands; but at present I'm busy and contented to go on with the regular writing business. You forget that I have already wandered over most of the States, and there isn't enough money in sight to hire me to face again some of the hotels and some of the railway systems that I have met with. America is a great country, but she is not made for lecturing in. With renewed thanks for your very kind letter, believe me,

"Yours sincerely,

"Rudyard Kipling."

Later I sent a complete set of his books, with a request that he favor me with his autograph in each volume (about twenty books). He unpacked, signed, and repacked them, and here is what he wrote:

"Dear Major Pond:

"Your order of the 22d instant has been filled, we trust to your satisfaction, and the stuff is returned herewith.

"We did not know that there would be such a mass of lumber to put through the mill; and we note also that your order covers at least two supplementary orders—(*a*) in the case of a young lady aged nineteen (not in original contract) and (*b*) an autograph work for which we have supplied one original hardwood case.

"Our mills are running full time at present, in spite of business depression; but we are very reluctant to turn away any job that offers under these circumstances, and making allowance for time consumed, sorting, packing, crating, and returning finished goods, we should esteem it a favor if you would see

your way to forwarding an additional ten ($10) dollars to the *Tribune* Fresh Air Fund.

"Very sincerely yours,
"R. KIPLING & Co."

(Autographs supplied on moderate terms; guaranteed sentiments to order. Verse a specialty. No discount for cash.)

MY "BENEFIT" EXPERIENCE.

I had never believed in benefits for managers, for it is generally looked upon as a sort of give-away—an acknowledgment of an impecunious condition, like the beggar who stands on the street holding out his hat or turning a little hand-organ, labelled with the sign, "I am blind"—and one's friends are liable to cut an old comrade in the street, or pass by on the other side, as an after-effect of such an appeal to the public.

It had been a hard season, and some of my friends had reaped pretty fair profits and urged me to accept a complimentary benefit, tendering their services and assistance gratuitously. My friend Bill Nye visited the proprietors of Chickering Hall and obtained from them the free use of that edifice for the entertainment, and my printers went so far as to volunteer to furnish programmes, tickets, and such advertising material as I wished. The newspapers, however, didn't open their advertising columns gratuitously, as that would have been an innovation and an instance unparalleled in that department of newspaperdom, but the editors were very generous with their puffs.

So it was suggested by my friends George W. Cable, Max O'Rell, Bill Nye, and James Whitcomb Riley that I accept a testimonial. It was arranged that George W. Cable should be introduced by his friend Roswell Smith, president of the Century Co.; that Max O'Rell should be introduced by his friend, Gen. Horace Porter; Bill Nye by Col. John A. Cockerell, editor of the New York *World*, and one of the finest editor-orators of the time; and James Whitcomb Riley was to

be introduced by Dr. Edward Eggleston, the Hoosier novelist, author of "The Hoosier Schoolmaster" and "The Hoosier Schoolboy." Each one of these introducers was considered an attraction in himself.

The occasion was well advertised, circulars were sent out, and I think I never had a more copious response by mail than I had at that time from my friends, all asking for one or two tickets—complimentary, of course.

The time arrived, and my old friends turned out in full force—the old free list. The expenses were about $200, and the receipts about $110. I pocketed my loss of $90, and have discouraged every suggestion of a "benefit" offered since that time.

The entertainment was delightful. No audience ever went out of Chickering Hall with more beaming countenances, and I had congratulations from all my friends. I was asked by one friend, who had paid for her ticket, if I contemplated a tour to Europe. I certainly could afford it after receiving such a rousing benefit!

In an appropriate speech, Mr. Roswell Smith introduced his friend George W. Cable as the most successful magazine writer of his time, and dwelt upon the good fortune his writings had brought to the Century Co., of which he had the honor to be known as president.

His speech brought a hearty round of applause to Mr. Cable, as he stepped forward and read "Posson Jone'," his favorite Creole story.

Then Col. John Cockerell, in his characteristic eloquence, presented his pet humorist, Bill Nye, who had come from the West on his invitation and accepted a position on the editorial staff of the New York *World*, and whose writings had quadrupled the circulation of the Sunday edition of that paper. He was eloquent in his eulogistic introduction, and Nye caught the inspiration as he wabbled down to the front of the stage. Without uttering a word he had the audience convulsed for a long time, and when he did begin his story of how he earned his first dollar, the audience fairly bubbled over, while there

was not the slightest ripple on the speaker's round countenance. Nye was bald-headed all over, and more so when in front of an audience.

Then Edward Eggleston, the Hoosier novelist, introduced James Whitcomb Riley, the Hoosier poet, with many happy turns on the term Hoosier and the Hoosier State. Roswell Smith was from Indiana, Nye was part Hoosier, and every one down on the programme was Indianian to some degree except possibly Max O'Rell, the French humorist.

Mr. Eggleston's introduction of James Whitcomb Riley put the poet in trim for his best Hoosier interpretations, and before he had finished his recital everybody in that audience was Hoosier more or less.

General Porter was saved for the last. His witty introduction of the French humorist was the climax of the day. There had been so much Indiana and Hoosier in the programme, he said, that he felt a little embarrassed and discouraged, as the only novelty about his candidate for the audience's amusement was that he was not from Indiana.

It was an interesting two hours' display of ability and genius, wit and humor, such as would be difficult to reproduce at the present time.

GENERAL SURVEY OF THE LYCEUM FIELD

JAMES REDPATH.—No reference to the American lyceum, its lecturers or lectures, would be complete without telling something about the many-sided man who picked up the famous old lyceum system that had done so much to "educate and agitate" back in the fifties and sixties, and who created out of its wonderful fragments the equally notable plan of entertainment and lecturing which then took its place.

Previous to Mr. James Redpath's establishment of the Redpath Lyceum Bureau, the entertainment agency system of to-day had no existence; and to Mr. James Redpath, in connection with his energetic partner, Mr. George L. Fall, deceased, belongs the credit of instituting the bureau system, by means of which nearly all the lecture business of the country is now conducted. That I have had so much to do with this more latterly is due largely to my good fortune in knowing so well his methods, while winning and holding the personal friendship of the founder of "Redpath's Lyceum Bureau."

Mr. James Redpath was born in Berwick-on-Tweed, England, August 24, 1833, coming to this country in 1848 with his family. For two or three years he worked as a printer at Kalamazoo, Detroit, and Chicago, then went to New York, where he began to write for the daily and weekly press, and

soon afterward became editorially connected with the New York *Tribune*.

His health failing, in 1854 he started on a tour on foot through the Southern seaboard States to see with his own eyes what slavery was. When winter set in he renewed his journey, partly on foot and partly by railroads and steamers, until he reached New Orleans. During all this long journey he talked with the slaves, slept in their cabins, ate of their humble fare, and listened to their distressing revelations. These conversations Mr. Redpath took down in shorthand, and sent a series of letters, descriptive of his walks and talks, to the New York *Anti-Slavery Standard* (William Lloyd Garrison's paper)—letters which were afterward collected and published, and which elicited the highest praise of the leaders of the anti-slavery party.

From New Orleans Mr. Redpath went to St. Louis, where he at once obtained a position as reporter on the *Missouri Democrat*, a Republican daily paper. In 1855 the proprietors of that journal sent him to Kansas to report the proceedings of the "bogus legislature" convened at the Shawnee Mission. His reports of its proceedings and his descriptions of the scenes which took place were copied far and wide by the Republican press, and gave him at once a national reputation.

I was an awkward boy of eighteen, working at the "case" in beleagured Lawrence, Kansas Territory, during the summer of 1856, and was drawn to the keen-witted, brave, friendly, and untiring young fellow who was constantly on the move as special correspondent of the New York *Tribune* and of the old *Missouri Democrat* of St. Louis. I had been reared on the old *Try-bune* up in the Wisconsin pioneer home where my boyhood was passed. That's why I found myself out there in that Kansas summer of danger. When Redpath asked me to go to Prairie City with him—he was intending to interview John Brown, and it was dangerous—I was eager to go, because his articles in the *Tribune* had caused me to look upon him almost as a god, and where he went it was my ambition to follow.

In October, 1856, during the time of the blockade of the Missouri River by the border ruffians, Mr. Redpath led in an armed company of immigrants, whom he had brought overland from Illinois, and succeeded in locating them on the free soil of Kansas. He remained there for some months, taking an active part in Free State politics, and still acting as correspondent of the *Missouri Democrat*, the Chicago *Tribune*, and the New York *Tribune*. Early in 1857 he left Kansas for Massachusetts, married, and resided at Malden, near Boston, until 1875, when he moved to New York.

In the fall of 1857 he went to Kansas to establish a weekly newspaper, and at Doniphan, December 15th, he issued the first number of *The Crusader of Freedom*. It was a radical anti-slavery journal; but owing to the failure of parties who had agreed to support him to fulfil their pledges, he was obliged to discontinue it, after three months' publication, and returned to Boston.

At the time of John Brown's raid at Harper's Ferry, the press of all parties cried out against the act, and denounced old John Brown as a madman and a murderer. Mr. Redpath, who had long been on terms of intimacy with Brown, published a series of articles in his defence, and indorsed the step he had taken. These letters were followed by a "Life of John Brown," which was written in three weeks. It was published in December, 1859, and had a sale of forty thousand copies. It was followed by the "Echoes of Harper's Ferry," which was a collection of the best speeches, sermons, articles, etc., relating to John Brown's raid, and by "Southern Notes for National Circulation," a large pamphlet exhibiting the character of the Southern people as seen by their acts following the execution of John Brown and some of his captured followers.

In 1863 Mr. Redpath began business as a publisher; but finding it uncongenial to his tastes, he soon abandoned it. His life from the fall of 1864 to 1866 was spent in the South, chiefly as army correspondent of Northern journals. He was at Atlanta with General Sherman, at the battle of Nashville with General Thomas, and with General Steadman and Colonel

Rousseau in their movements to flank General Hood. Having accepted an offer from the New York *Tribune* to join Sherman's army, Mr. Redpath arrived in South Carolina in time to send the first report of the capture of Charleston to the North. General Sherman having gone forward, Mr. Redpath was appointed to superintend the white and colored schools of that city, and resigned his office as correspondent. During his three or four months' stay in Charleston he organized all the day schools, and established night schools for adults; he instituted a public reading-room and library for the freedmen, recruited the first colored militia companies, founded an asylum for colored orphans, and established the custom, which has since become national, of decorating the graves of those who fell in the war. *He was the founder of Decoration Day.* On its first celebration, which occurred in Charleston, S. C., on the first day of May, 1865, upward of ten thousand persons, with a full battalion of soldiers, were present, and advantage was taken of the occasion to consecrate the ground where the martyrs of the Civil War were buried, the ground having been previously enclosed by the colored people of the district. Mr. Redpath was afterward appointed General Superintendent of Education of the Freedmen for the "Department of the South," which included South Carolina, Georgia, and Florida; but he did not accept the position, as business affairs obliged him to leave that part of the country.

On his return to the North, Mr. Redpath devoted himself exclusively to journalism, and contributed to the leading newspapers of New York and Boston until 1868. In that year he established the Boston Lyceum Bureau—now the Redpath Lyceum Bureau—in conjunction with Mr. George L. Fall, and up to October, 1874, was engaged chiefly in this sphere of labor. The bureau, it is now generally admitted, has done more than any other agency to revive the lecture system, which was rapidly dying out all over the country. Since the establishment of the bureau, the number of lectures given in the United States has increased tenfold, chiefly under the impulse which it gave to the system. It has more than quad-

rupled the number of lectures that were given in New England when it was organized.

"Jim" Redpath did several first things, to some of which I have already made reference. He was also the first "interviewer" in the United States, as his "interview" (as he called it in the *Tribune*) with old John Brown, which I witnessed, giving the Puritan leader's account of the fight with Henry Clay Pate at "Black Jack"—one of the memorable events of the "Free State" struggle—was the earliest of actual newspaper interviews. He afterward popularized this form of getting at public men's opinions in an easy way by calling those he had early in the Civil War days with Charles Sumner, "Stump Speeches in Slippers."

As I think of my friend, whose name to the public was perhaps written in water, I wonder why he was not wider, better, and more enduringly known.

Some one has told me of an old clergyman who in his later years had slipped from all organization and yet managed to keep actively engaged in sermonizing and teaching. Some one asked him what church he was "ministering to." His reply was, "The Church of Divine Fragments." The last words seem to me always to fit the years and career of James Redpath. His days and his intellect were made indeed of "divine fragments." Every ethical breath or cause seemed to draw him, but he did not remain to round out either the cause or his own work. But what a lot of service, according to his light, he rendered! The anti-slavery struggle captured his clear-brained youth. His courage, moral and physical alike, was beyond compare. The remarkable series of letters that he wrote, "unsigned," from the slave States in the winter of 1855–56, of the long journeys "a-foot" that he made among the slaves and non-slave-holding whites, would have made him world-famous could they have fitted to and happened in these days. Then his equally remarkable journeys in Ireland, nearly thirty years later, during the early Land League agitation, the account of which also appeared in the New York *Tribune*, were almost equal to them for the peril encountered and the high courage

displayed. Between these two points Redpath had been the first superintendent of non-racial public schools in Charleston, S. C., and had also been the first Northern journalist to interview Jefferson Davis, whom he invited to a lecture tour in the Union States. His life was full of large beginnings and alive with "divine fragments," dramatic contrasts, and active with vigorous work, so that while he moved, and where he did so, he for the time being filled the centre of the stage. Yet he has left little behind him, and that little is fading. He published "The Roving Editor," a record of his audacious journeys and insurrectionary agitation in the seaboard slave States—a book that is quite forgotten and of which copies are not easily to be found. He wrote "The Public Life of John Brown," which was published within twenty days of the latter's execution in Virginia, and during the last year of his life he wrote "The Life of Jefferson Davis."

At one time Redpath entered the service of "The Black Republic"—Hayti—planning an exodus to it of our free colored people and, *sub rosa*, it has been said, an extended slave insurrection, which Fort Sumter made nugatory. Yet he had no war record, civic or military, except for a brief space as a recruiting officer of colored troops. It is reported that he got possessed with some Tolstoian views against war, yet there never lived a braver man than James Redpath. In his last years he identified himself with Henry George's single-tax views, after he had been managing editor, under Thorndyke Rice, of *The North American Review*.

But his enduring public monument is the early shaping of the American lecture-platform system as we now see it, and the enduring personal, even tender regard with which all who knew James Redpath continue to hold him in memory. No man was more loved and admired by those who knew him well. Even those who in later years differed widely from him on personal grounds speak of him still in terms of lingering affection and loving regret.

THE LYCEUM.

THE lyceum platform stands for ability, genius, education, reform, and entertainment. On it the greatest readers, orators, and thinkers have stood. On it reform has found her noblest advocates, literature her finest expression, progress her bravest pleaders, and humor its happiest translations. Some of the most gifted, most highly educated, and warmest-hearted men and women of the English-speaking race have in the last fifty years given their best efforts to the lyceum, and by their noble utterances have made its platform not only historic, but symbolic of talent, education, genius, and reform.

Until the Redpath Lyceum Bureau was founded by James Redpath in Boston, in 1867, lecture committees were in the habit of applying to lecturers or readers direct. These committees were usually made up from the leading citizens of the town, with a view to securing the services of the ablest men and women of letters for the entertainment of their public. The fee was generally nominal, but sufficient to cover the actual expenses of the star and furnish a small honorarium. Edward Everett, Ralph Waldo Emerson, John B. Gough, Wendell Phillips, George William Curtis, Garrison, Sumner, Lowell, Edward Everett Hale, Bayard Taylor, Frederick Douglass, Dr. Chapin, Henry Ward Beecher, Julia Ward Howe, Susan B. Anthony, Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Anna E. Dickinson, and Mary A. Livermore were the principal men and women of letters obtainable on these conditions.

Among the great readers who could attract large metropolitan audiences year after year were George Vandenhoff and James E. Murdoch—famous Shakespearian actors in their day—Professor Churchill of Andover, Prof. Robert R. Raymond, and Charlotte Cushman. All of these were attractions wherever they appeared. Mr. Shillaber ("Mrs. Partington") as a humorous lecturer was also very popular. Of course

there were many lesser lights, but the platform stars available before the war could almost be numbered on one's fingers.

The lyceum had never been regarded by these gifted advocates of reform and progress from the point of view of "revenue only." In every city and village there was a lyceum, sustained by the people for the purpose of furnishing the best courses of lectures and entertainments. The expenses for talent being light, and attractions of the highest class being popular, most lyceums were financially prosperous.

At that time music had not been introduced into the courses, which were at once the pride and the boast of every community. Then the music hall and town hall were considered the only proper places for wholesome entertainments, such as concerts and lectures. The religious element predominated in getting up courses of lectures. New England town and public halls were all arranged for lectures and concerts, with an express proviso that no entertainment should be given that required a drop-curtain. A year or two after the war, when over a million men had returned from military strife to civil pursuits, having been through four years of excitement that rendered it next to impossible to settle quietly down, there came an unprecedented demand for entertainments and amusements. The men and women nearest to the hearts of the public were those whose patriotism and ability had made their names household words during the war, and they were sought after for lectures all over the country.

It was about this time (1867) that James Redpath, one of the earliest founders of "The Freedman's Bureau," a journalist and father of many brilliant thoughts, conceived the idea of making and booking engagements for lectures. His bureau revolutionized the lyceum and lecture field. It created a profession, and made the management of the work a business requiring skill and systematic care. Redpath was the friend of Phillips, Garrison, Sumner, Gough, Emerson, Whittier, Mrs. Livermore, Mrs. Stanton, Miss Anthony, Anna Dickinson, and other patriotic platform heroes and heroines. Before that time our great lecturers were satisfied to receive from $50

to $100 a night and their expenses. Even John B. Gough never accepted a higher fee. When Charles Sumner was paid $500 for a lecture in Providence, such a fee was unprecedented. Even Wendell Phillips used to lecture for $25 or $50, and seemed to be willing to do so for that sum quite as eadily as for $500 afterward. He wished the people to hear him, and he spoke for a cause. One morning Mr. Phillips came into our office in Boston to get his list of appointments. I said:

"Mr. Phillips, we have an open date. Springfield offers $250 for it. Natick wants it, but they can pay only $75."

"What's the population of the two towns?" asked Mr. Phillips.

We looked it up, and gave him the census report of each town.

"Natick offers more in proportion to its number of inhabitants than Springfield. Let Natick have it," he said.

Mr. Redpath satisfied these lecturers that he could save them the trouble and annoyance of voluminous correspondence, and at the same time could obtain such fees as the lectures were worth, a suggestion which seemed to meet with general favor. By paying Redpath ten per cent. on all their business transactions they could be relieved of the care of bookings, and their income would not be diminished, to say the least. Redpath's Bureau took charge of Mr. Gough's business, and he cleared $40,000 for the season of 1871 and 1872, and during the last decade of his life his income was never less than $30,000, thus showing what could be done with experience and good management.

Mr. Redpath was the first manager to pay a lecturer a $1,000 fee. He paid it to Mr. Beecher for a lecture in Music Hall, Boston, in 1872. The gross receipts were over $3,000.

When the Redpath Bureau took Wendell Phillips' business, he could easily get from $250 to $500 a night. There were several men who could command these figures. Men like Beecher, Chapin, Phillips, Sumner, Gough, and Emerson did not lecture merely for the money they made out of it. They

put a good deal of love of their ideas, cause, or purposes into their work. There are men now who could make large incomes by lecturing if they would. There are almost daily calls for Seth Low, Chauncey M. Depew, Gen. Horace Porter, Bourke Cockran, and St. Clair McKelway, but they are not available.

Redpath would have been unsuccessful if he had depended upon himself for the management of the details of the business; but he was fortunate in associating with him his friend Mr. George Fall, a man of remarkable executive ability, who at once grasped the magnitude of the scheme and assumed the direction of the business details.

It was to be the Redpath Lyceum Bureau (Redpath & Fall, proprietors). Circulars were sent out over the country announcing the list of lectures to be secured. The newspapers talked about the plan, saying that every city, East and West, could have a lecture course of the best talent in the world by merely addressing the Redpath Lyceum Bureau. In the town in which I lived (Janesville, Wis.), John B. Gough and Anna Dickinson were secured. Each received $400 per night. Tickets sold at from $1 to $5, and the local lyceum cleared about $600, after paying all expenses. It was the same way all over the country. There was not a town which could not afford a great lecturer, but experience and ability were required to secure one.

About this time (1867–68) Petroleum V. Nasby was a great attraction and money-maker. Such a thing as losing money on a big lecture course seemed impossible. Carpenter & Sheldon, managers of the Star Course in Chicago, secured every lecturer and reader that the bureau had at its command, and they paid the highest prices. Their "Chicago Star Course" tickets invariably sold at a premium. Long before the date of the first lecture of the course there was not a ticket to be had. It was the same in Cleveland, Detroit, Buffalo, Rochester, Pittsburg, Columbus, Cincinnati, and St. Louis. Everywhere the star course was the fad. One Sunday in Rochester I attended a Baptist Sunday-school Two of the prizes for

some specially meritorious object were tickets to the Athenæum Star Course, in Corinthian Hall, where the holders could hear John B. Gough, Mary A. Livermore, Mrs. Scott-Siddons, the Rev. George Dawson of England, and the Hon. William Parsons of Ireland, and Ann Eliza Young of Utah. The list of lecturers was printed on the ticket and read off by the superintendent.

T. B. Pugh's Star Course in Philadelphia was considered a greater property than any theatre in that city. He gave an annual course of ten lectures and concerts, and sold every seat in the great Academy of Music, from orchestra to amphitheatre (all reserved), just as soon as the tickets could possibly be passed out to the waiting crowd. The prices ranged from $3 to $8. It was the same with Hathaway & Pond's Star Course in Music Hall, Boston, and with the Franklin Lyceum in Providence; in fact, all the large cities looked to the star lecture courses for the highest class of entertainments, and they surely had them. Lyceum treasuries were full, the people were liberal in their patronage, and the public was satisfied. It was a marvellous intellectual movement, and that it no longer exists in this shape must be looked upon with sincere regret by those who watch the progress of the age.

The first hard blow that the lecture platform got was from the clear, humorous light operas of Gilbert and Sullivan. People went to hear them who would not previously go to the theatre. To a large extent they took the place of the lecturers in New England, causing the public halls to be remodelled; and the curtain went up where previously it had been forbidden. The fun and the good music were popular, wholesome, and profitable; but when less gifted imitators sent out poor companies, not so clean, with poor music, there was a reaction, and the lecture-concert system began to regain some of its lost ground, and the poor trash of the show business had to go under.

During the years between 1871 and 1877 the lyceum flourished. It began to show weakness in 1874–75. There were not enough good lecturers. The war-horses of the platform

were disappearing. Sumner died. Emerson was worn out. Curtis had assumed the editorship of *Harper's Weekly*. Gough's throat was thickening up, and it was an effort to listen to him. Douglass had gone as minister to Hayti. Henry Ward Beecher's lecture engagements must bend to his church obligations at home. He was a preacher and the pastor of a church. Anna Dickinson got to scolding her audiences; besides, she had a craze for the stage. Mrs. Livermore could lecture only six nights a week. She had over eight hundred applications for a single season, more than she could accept, not only from lyceums, but from churches, colleges, temperance and women's societies. About the same conditions obtained with Mrs. Julia Ward Howe. There were over five hundred lyceums to be supplied. The great champions of woman's right had said and told all that there was to say. Nast had abruptly stopped in the very zenith of his popularity. Spurgeon, Gladstone, and John Bright refused to consider fabulous offers inviting them to come to America. There must be something to make the courses attractive or they would go under. It was determined to augment them with music. I went to New York and arranged for a grand concert company to open the principal courses in the large cities. It had to be composed of the leading stars in the profession, and nothing but the very best would do. One season we paid Max Strakosch $10,000 for ten concerts to be given in the leading star courses in Boston, Portland, Providence, Worcester, Springfield, Hartford, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Washington. That company consisted of Clara Louise Kellogg, Anna Louise Cary, George Conley, basso, Brignoli, tenor, Alfred Pease, pianist, George W. Colby, accompanist. We used one of these concerts for the star course in Boston. I ran one independently on Sunday night in the Boston theatre. They were sold to each of the other courses for $200 more than we paid Strakosch. It was the finest vocal quartette available in America, and I would like to see it "bested" now under conditions similar to those then existing.

Next came a great lyceum star, Ole Bull, the most popular violinist ever known. His name assured the success of almost any course where there was an auditorum of ample capacity. I paid him $500 a concert every time he played for me. The great Norwegian "fiddler," as musicians called him, had not appeared in public for several years. It was almost accidental that I secured him. He was at the Parker House, Boston, on his way from his home in Norway to Madison, Wis., his American home. I met him in the elevator, and asked if he were not going to play in Boston. His wife, who was with him, replied that he would not play in Boston until he could receive $500 a concert. Boston had never appreciated him.

I was looking for a substitute for one of the attractions that had disappointed us for the star course in Boston, the date being the following Tuesday. I told Mr. Bull that our house was sold out, being in the star course, and that there was no way of making it possible for him to draw a great crowd on his merits. The audience, however, would be of more than average intelligence, and would be appreciative. I offered to give him $250 and all the money taken in at the door on the night of the concert. He accepted at once, saying that was fair enough. Mrs. Bull did not like it, and was persistent in insisting that her husband ought to have $500. We left the matter as Mr. Bull and I had agreed. They returned to New York that day (it was Friday). I announced in the papers that Ole Bull would play in the star course the Tuesday following. The next evening

I got a note from the manager of Music Hall asking me to send around the tickets for the Ole Bull concert. He said that over four hundred applications had come in, and one especially, from Henry W. Longfellow, for six seats. What were we to do? There were four rows of seats under the back gallery that we had never put on sale, because no one could ever hear a speaker from that part of the hall. We concluded to number and sell those seats at $1.50 each. We also figured that we could put three hundred chairs on the stage, and four hundred "standees" wherever they could get in. On Sunday before the concert, Mr. and Mrs. Bull arrived in Boston. I called and found Mrs. Bull still determined that Mr. Bull must have $500. I did not tell her that under the present arrangement he would get twice that sum, but I gave her a check for $500, and took her receipt. The sale, in addition to the course tickets, was over $1,100. I afterward paid Ole Bull $25,000 for fifty concerts, and made a handsome profit.

Concerts and novelties were now called for in courses. In consequence, the call for lectures was much diminished. Gilmore's band was a strong attraction for large cities, but too expensive for the average lyceum, so we made a feature for two seasons of Mme. Camilla Urso, the violinist, and a supporting company, which proved very profitable, not only to lyceums, but to the star. Adelaide Phillips, the popular contralto, was another great lyceum favorite, supported by Tom Karl, then the handsomest young tenor, and with the ladies the greatest favorite in the profession. It was found necessary that a new attraction for a feature of courses must be produced every season, and that feature music. Redpath had another thought—opera; English opera in lyceums, so "The Redpath English Opera Company" was organized with this original announcement:

"To meet a long-felt want in lyceums for an entertainment which would combine exquisite music and dramatic situations, to take the place of the miscellaneous concerts which have become almost as unpopular as readings," etc.

This little company consisted of a quartette of young singers. They gave Flotow's opera, "Martha," complete, omitting the choruses. The orchestra was a piano only. They were beautiful singers. Miss Clara Nichols, soprano; Flora E. Barry, contralto; George H. Clark, tenor; Edward Payson, basso; John Howard, piano.

This was the most delightful hit of that season (1875–76). We could give a whole opera, without a chorus, for $250, and if necessary for much less. Every lyceum applied for it. In many places it could not be given, because the drop-curtain was the dividing line in classifying the character of the entertainment to be given in the public halls. In Worcester, Providence, Salem, Clinton, Natick, and suburban cities, where we could not use scenery, we produced the opera without. It gave great delight, and seemed to whet the appetite for richer feasts of real opera, and the advancement of the drama, which now so largely occupies the field of amusements. The bureau made about eighteen thousand dollars for that little opera company the first season it was out. It was the pioneer English opera company outside of the largest cities. In less than two years there were scores of English opera companies.

But the intellectual character of the lyceum entertainments has been gradually falling. There is seldom a lecture course nowadays that can get support from the general public as in former times. There will always be some one person more famous and universally popular than all the rest. Samuel L. Clemens (Mark Twain) is such a man. His books are in every home, and his name has been a household word for a generation, wherever the language is English. He could command a greater fee now than ever before in his life, but he says "No."

Of those who are actively engaged in platform work, the one who to-day (1900–01) has reached the highest point of popularity—and that, too, by a sudden bound—is Ernest Seton-Thompson, the author of "Wild Animals I have Known."

To be attractions, heroes must make the history they relate. There will never be another Stanley, unless Peary finds the North Pole. I doubt if there will be another George Kennan, who delivered two hundred lectures on two hundred consecutive secular nights, the season after his return from Siberia, and who is about as good a lecturer as we now have. Peary's adventures have been the most hazardous and the most successful of any of our Arctic explorers. Here is Dr. Cook, the first man to set foot on the Antarctic continent. But his unique success does not create the excitement it merits. Times have so changed that it is impossible to bring this, one of the bravest of our young heroes, into public demand. Of late our people have had so much to read about and to talk about that even heroes are common.

In the palmy days of the lyceum great magazines were of limited circulation. Now their circulations are incalculable. The Sunday newspapers employ a hundred writers where they had one twenty years ago, and the facilities for the manufacture of printing paper have increased in proportion to the writers. The machinery for printing one thousand newspapers an hour was considered wonderful twenty-five years ago. Now a hundred thousand is expected to be printed in the same space of time, and all this paper contains almost everything to be said on the subjects of progress, genius, education, reform, and entertainment that was formerly the function of the lyceum.

Opera houses have taken the places of magnificent halls. The greatest actor has been knighted, thereby compelling recognition of the acted drama as a peer of all other arts; the minister's family goes to the theatre while he attends his prayer meeting up-town, and then calls for his family on his way home, and sees the last act of the play. The theatre is attractive, and its prices are no higher than the prices of the best lecture, while the public halls receive so little patronage that it does not pay to make them inviting by keeping them in order.

Right here I quote from United States Senator Albert J.

Beveridge's article on public speaking, recently printed in the *Saturday Evening Post*, Philadelphia:

"What nonsense the repeated statement that public speaking has had its day, that the newspaper has taken its place, and all the rest of that kind of talk. Public speaking will never decline until men cease to have ears to hear. How hard it is to read a speech—how delightful to listen. Speaking is nature's method of instruction. It begins with the mother to child; it continues with teacher to pupil; it continues still in lecturer or professor to his student (for the universities are all going back to the old oral method of instruction); and it still continues in all the forms of effective human communication.

"The newspapers are a marvellous influence, but they are not everything and they do not supply everything. For example, it is commonly supposed that they absolutely and exclusively mould and control public opinion. But they do not. When all has been said, the most powerful public opinion, after all, is that from mouth-to-mouth public opinion—that living, moving opinion which spreads from neighbor to neighbor, and has fused into it the vitality of the personality of nearly every man—yes, and woman, don't forget that—in the whole community."

The veteran theatrical manager, Mr. J. H. McVicker, was in my office about twelve years ago, and said to me: "Pond, have you any idea how many travelling operatic and theatrical combinations are on the road?" I replied that I had not, but possibly there might be fifty. "Well," he said, "there are over eighty!" It surprised me. To-day there are probably fifteen hundred travelling shows going from town to town doing "one-night stands," though most of them are making little or nothing.

In cities like New Haven, Hartford, Springfield, Worcester, Holyoke, Lowell, Fitchburg, Salem, Fall River, and all over the country, theatres book time solid with these "combinations" from August to May. It is only through accident to some standard attraction or some disappointment that a big lecturer or concert company can find an open date. The

best theatres will not risk losing a week for any good lecturer or concert company, consequently the lyceum attraction must secure a church, rink, armory, or some unfrequented barracks, or stay away. This overdoing of the "show business" has proved poor judgment on the part of local managers, with disastrous results to many of the combinations, and a loss of faith on the part of the public.

The men and women who have long been able to hold the public attention on questions outside such subjects as literature, historical themes, poetry, drama, exploration, adventure, science, or their own writings and personality, have been those who with eloquence and learning, or exceptional capacity and repute of some kind, have devoted themselves to a cause or question which, while it aroused public interest, did not at the time command access to the ordinary channels of discussion by the press partisan or other conventional procedure and methods. In fact, the lyceum and lecture platform, outside of its instruction and entertainment features, has always been more or less a field of propaganda. It illustrates the broadness of the American character that the people are willing to pay largely for the best presentation to them of causes and issues, even isms, which are held only by the minority. Intellectual curiosity, as well as an active sense of mental fairness, has a good deal to do with this fad. It is one that was more apparent thirty years since than it is today, yet it is still strong enough to be an important factor on the business side of the lecture management.

There is still a demand for good lecturers, as may be seen from the fact that I am regularly corresponding with some three thousand different persons associated with the management of lectures and platform entertainments, and at least sixty per cent. of them are women. Lecturers who interest people and do not offend the public taste (which I have always found to be very nearly a correct measurement also, apart from the rule of profit) can find constant occupation.

Clergymen are quite naturally among the successful lecturers. Of Americans, Dr. Hillis is now in the lead, Talmage

next, and Gunsaulis next—the present triumvirate of American lecture kings. The Rev. Dr. John Watson ("Ian Maclaren") is the best England has yet produced, and his popularity is still very great; and there are clergymen of the Church of England that would be as successful as any yet imported if they would only accept the invitation to come. There is no other profession or occupation which has given more brilliant and scholarly minds to this division of the people's university, the lecture platform, than the ministry.

Going back briefly to the decade preceding the Civil War, in which the early lyceum obtained its largest development, memory recalls most readily, as among formative and directing minds, both in civic and educational influence, the names of such preachers and teachers as Theodore Parker, Thomas Starr King, Henry Ward Beecher, his brother Edward, Edward Everett Hale, John Lord, Robert Collyer, Dr. Chapin, Thomas Wentworth Higginson, Dr. Vincent, Robert Laird Collier, and Bishop Simpson, among others who are also worthy of remembrance. The war period did not lessen the lyceum's influence, but it vastly intensified the power of those who had become its leading lecturers and orators.

The church bodies and the associated religious societies which have grown from them have, from the earliest lyceum beginnings, been among its chief mainstays. During the culminating period of the slavery debate, the churches were, as a rule, conservative, and as such did not lend themselves heartily to either side of the great agitation. There were, as all know, many clergymen who did, and who, in so doing, were strong enough to carry their congregations with them. But at that date religious denominations were not lecture and platform builders. They are now. Nor were colleges and educational institutions then, in general, favorable to the secular teacher. Now the reverse is the case. The old star courses have mainly passed away. The dependence of the average and smaller lecture and entertainment courses to-day throughout the land, though largely arranged by individuals, may be found in the churches and colleges, or in the

active bodies grouped around them. The Young Men's Christian Associations, the Christian Endeavor Societies, Epworth Leagues, Women's Clubs, and Societies of Sons and Daughters of the Revolution, with many literary and educational societies which pastors now so carefully foster, are active centres of support to systematic lecturing and entertainments throughout the United States, and the same is largely true also of Great Britain and Canada. The Australian colonies appear to depend more directly upon individual enterprise for such forms of mental catering as I am considering. One result of this condition is seen in the increased attention to personal character on the platform. The ethical need is marked by the social one. The old and enthusiastic agitating spirit has virtually departed. Instruction and amusement of a worthy character are more sought for. There is one result, however, in later days which is to be regretted, and that is in the very marked decrease of the scale of remuneration among the large number of small lyceum organizations that call for such service.

These two factors, the lessened interest in the discussion of disturbing public questions, and the decreased financial remuneration, have worked notable changes. What has taken the place of the aggressive spirit is a desire for an intelligent, broad, ethical insight on disputed issues. Controversial subjects are not popular. The platform teaching to-day must be imbued with the scientific spirit. Audiences want to know the why and wherefore of things set forth or brought before them. Lecturers are thrown back not only upon their eloquence of advocacy and sincerity of conviction, but upon comprehensive experiences and the thoroughness of knowledge. Lecturers do not succeed as pessimists merely. American audiences, if critical, are optimistic also. The merely grotesque, odd, or unusual, unless related to live interests, does not hold them long. All this is not due to indifference. It comes in reality from knowing more—at least more thoroughly —what they do assume to know.

After the Civil War and the era of strife that political reconstruction produced, there was a period of several years

when even the soberest of lecture audiences desired far more to be amused than instructed. Yet live characters and strong brains that had learned, seen, and known the wider forces in the world's activities, soon began again to have ample recognition. The men who tried to wrest the secrets of Polar seas from the grip of cosmic ice and snow; those who toiled under equatorial suns to win the unknown areas to the service of man; soldiers and sailors who dared all in supreme struggle for their several causes; all who had some genuine theme to offer, so that the minds of their hearers might grow, received an abounding welcome. The men of action are especially in demand. Thus there has grown again, slowly but surely, that new life of the platform that is now beginning to be more clearly seen and felt. Audiences are eager to hear those who tell of the great historical past, as well as of the living present. The platform compels illustration by voice and picture alike. But the mere pictorial lecture is losing popularity. Poets and novelists are drawn from personal retirement as never before. The humorists and wits are at the service of delighted thousands who listen just as they read, with enthusiasm guided by an increasing critical acumen. There is a healthy, gracious, normal loosening, too, of Puritan harness. The lyceum brings wholesome laughter and pleasure to vast audiences throughout the land. It is clean and human; it clears the brain while it cheers the heart. You cannot fit scandal to this platform, but you can make its audiences grow jolly and laugh with wholesome glee. There is no room for innuendo, and there is little of false modesty either.

Nearly a quarter of a century of work in supplying the demands of such bodies as gather about the lyceum and the platform has enabled me to judge clearly of a decided growth of keen intelligence and solid morality. The American lyceum entertainers are more than a popular match for the London music-hall artists or the Parisian chansonists. Excellent music is required, only good singers are the vogue, while those who read or give recitals must be of the best type.

More than all do I find a steady growth on the ethical side of things. A man or a woman who, like Mrs. Booth, has a cause to present which appeals to human sympathy is sure of a hearing. But the public demands of even such a lecturer accurate information and wealth of illustration. Only a clear demonstration of the fitness of the appeal, with positive evidence of the due relation of the cause to common needs and daily requirements, will command continued attention. More than all these, there must be a looking forward to growth and upward to the sunlight. Such a speaker must believe as well as know, and must link his cause to the historical past as well as to the evolutionary future. The spirit of our lecture audiences demands inquiry with hope, knowledge with faith. An examination of themes and topics, as well as of names and capacity during my managerial experience, covering, as it does, so long a time, convinces me of the correctness of the cheering vein thus taken.

Concerning the business side of my life, I would like to say that the object of my work has never been simply to make money. If it had been money alone that I sought in my dealings with the talented people whose tours and business I have managed, I would very soon have found myself falling short of my ambition. A manager must be kind and liberal, and as far as he himself is concerned, the money consideration must be kept in the background. I have never desired to make great money. My object has been the approbation of those I served. I can say honestly that that has been the height of my ambition, and is at present as much as ever. That is why I am in love with my business, I suppose. I am thoroughly satisfied with the results, and would not exchange the friends that I have made for the wealth of many of our merchant princes.

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